

THE OPTIMIST'S
GOOD NIGHT

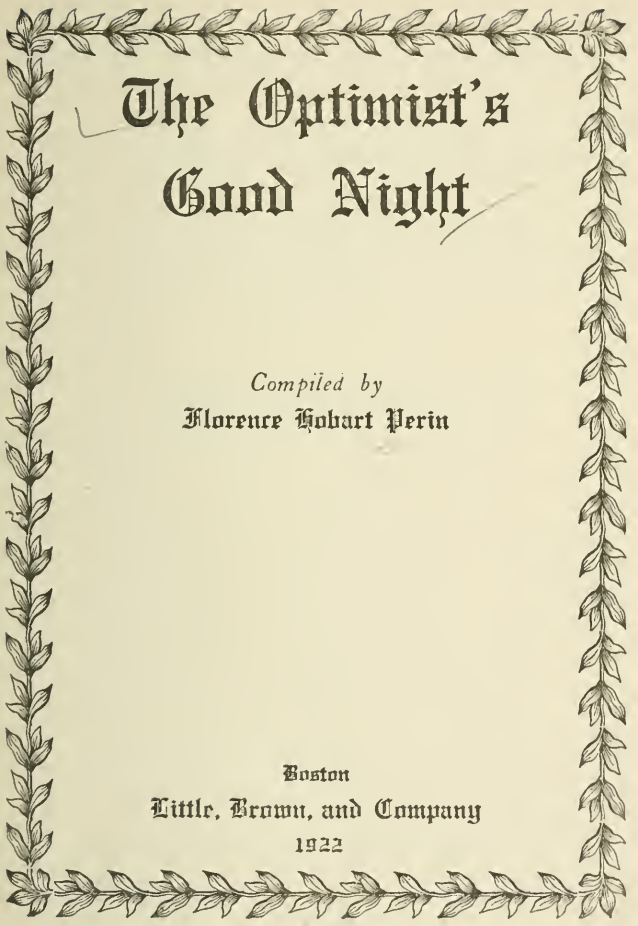


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The Optimist's Good
Night



The Optimist's Good Night

Compiled by
Florence Hobart Perin

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TO
George L. and George L. Jr.

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Preface

THE days are noisy and there is much feverish rushing to and fro, and hurrying on aimless feet. What with the noise and the hurry and worry many of us are in danger of losing all conscious Divine Communication. Faith's whisper in the heart is lost in the uproar of life's tumult. Hence the necessity for a little pause at the end of the day for the readjustment which comes through thought and prayer. "The Optimist's Good Morning," published a few years ago, was meant to be a help to busy people to begin the day with God. "The Optimist's Good Night" now goes forth with the hope that it may be as useful in helping many to close the day with God.

FLORENCE HOBART PERIN.

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The Optimist's Good Night

With outstretched hand and eager heart, I shall meet the New Year like a messenger of God come to bring me good news. I shall not be afraid as if he were come to spy upon my actions; I shall not question him as if I doubted his veracity; I shall not distrust him as if he bore a poisoned chalice, for then were he to me no messenger of God. The years have all been good, but this year shall be the best of all because the very latest word from Him who loves me.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Our Heavenly Father, it is good for us to start upon the year's journey with hope and with noble resolution. Let us not be dismayed by any consciousness of failure in the past. This is a new year, and Thou art still with us. Give us vision to see a better way; give us strength to carry our resolutions into actions. O, may life seem real, may work be to us a constant joy. Renew our strength from day to day, quicken and deepen our faith, enrich our lives that this may be to us the best of all the years. In this mood of faith, we would lie down to rest on the evening of the first day. May faith make our sleep sweet. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused. He answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."*

*"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried;
And ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do."*

*Once more I asked: "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer softly fell:
"Yes; this one thing, all other things above —
God's will to love."*

ANONYMOUS.

Our Heavenly Father, we would close the day with Thee who dost guard and guide us all the way. We thank Thee for that wise goodness that has attended us all the years and which, we are certain, will go with us into this new year that waits veiled before. We know not what the future holds, but we face it confidently because it is Thine and we also are Thine. Give to us, we pray, the courage and cheer of perfect faith, and teach us all, O God, in this new year to do and love Thy holy will that we may have the freedom of truth, the peace of obedience, and the joy of loving Thee. Protect us through the night, O Lord, and may the morning find us ready for our work and Thine. Amen.

CARL F. HENRY.

*Life shall be richer in you more and more,
And each New Year, far surer than before,
The soul in you shall find,
Responsive to her sight,
Resource of Heart and Mind —
Her treasure-trove of might
That each Day's need had sought,
With each new Sun divined,
Full ready to be wrought!
Her mystic rod of light
Shall tremble and dip down to your pure ore,
And show it waiting secretly and true,
A mine of unsuspected gold in you!
The sensitive witch-hazel of each sun,
Sparkling the darkling mood,
Shall find your Fairy Gold, and make it one
With all your life holds good!*

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

O God! We know that Thou wilt send us no night in which there is no star of hope. May we ever look for the light which shines from above, and is the reflection of Thine own goodness. Give us the vision of the open heaven, and make our lives radiant with its divine glory. Help us to see that the clearest revelation of Thyself is found in our own Christ-like lives. Grant to us the power to become what Thou art in love and character; and when at last the sun shall set to rise no more, take us to Thyself, where an immortal dawn may kiss our souls away into an eternal life. Amen.

WILLIAM W. BUSTARD.

*Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter naught but pain;
Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much and more.*

*Love, exacting nothing back,
Never knoweth any lack;
Love, compelling love to pay,
Sees him bankrupt every day.*

MICHAEL FIELD.

Our Heavenly Father, help us to appreciate Thy love in the many good things that have come to us today and to see Thy kindness intended in all things. Forgive us if we have not spent the day in self-forgetful service of others. Even in toil and pain for others let us have joy. Help us to remember that life is worth to us and to the world just the amount of good we do. Let tomorrow be better than today. May love sweeten our tones and brighten our faces. Let the grasp of our hands convey healing to some soul. May all our words be kind and our acts helpful. So shall we have rest and peace and strength. Let us live as well as we pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

EVERETT S. STACKPOLE.

I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. FRANKLIN.

*For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.*

GEORGE HERBERT.

We return this night to Thy heart, O God, our Father, like children come home when the darkness comes on. This day we have been kept by Thy bounty, and sustained by Thy grace. All day long we have been bathed in Thy goodness. For us the birds have sung their sweetest songs: for us the flowers have bloomed, and the very air has vibrated with music. Thou hast come to us on all sides bearing gifts. Thou hast strengthened us by our trials. Thou hast purified us by our sorrows. Thou hast given us sympathy through our sorrows. We are glad that we have been alive in this beautiful world today. It has been a joy to breathe and think and feel; our daily toil has been like a sacrament, for work is sweet when God is nigh. Forgive us our sins for we have been wayward children; Thy goodness leads us to repentance. Keep us through the night, as Thou hast through the day. We lie down in peace, knowing that if we never know another day, we will have no cause for complaint. Accept our love and gratitude in Jesus' name. Amen.

CHARLES BAYARD MITCHELL.

Opportunity

*They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day:—
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead
But never bind a moment yet to come!*

WALTER MALONE.

We come to Thee, O Lord, at nightfall and, for an evening offering, present our day. This, truly, is no unblemished gift—is far from what we wish it were and meant it to have been; yet, as Thou knowest, we have tried to do well. Count the will for the deed, Great Friend! Correct the faults, overlook the follies, forgive the sins: and whatever Thou canst find herein of honest service, receive it with our love. We thank Thee for perpetual discontent and that Thou ever shinest before us with both hope and promise of better things to come. Take, therefore, the best we can offer tonight, and out of tomorrow, by Thy help, we'll build Thee a better day.

SAMUEL LANE LOOMIS.

*I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.
A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.*

*My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.
My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
I give a patient God
My patient heart.*

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

My body and brain are weary, Father, and crave their rest. Thou hast given strength for the day, but the day's tasks have used it up. Of all the brave purposes of the morning only a few have found their fulfillment and even these few but haltingly and brokenly. I have not to boast before Thee, but I do not fear Thy face. Thou knowest all things, and Thy name is Love. My day's work with its success and its failures, my day's life with its joys and sorrows I lay at Thy feet, and lean back on Thee, Thou eternal rest and refuge of my soul. Now grant my soul Thy peace and my body Thy sleep, and tomorrow I shall rise and by Thy grace do better. Amen.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

*Our lives are full of odds and ends;
First one and then another —
And though we know not how or when,
They're deftly wove together.*

*The weaver has a master's skill,
And proves it by this token, —
No loop is dropped, no strand is missed,
And not a thread is broken.*

*Not e'en a shred is thrown aside,
So careful is the weaver,
Who joining all with wondrous skill,
Weaves odds and ends together.*

AUBREY DE VERE.

Thou, Lord, who weavest sky and lands and leaf of tree and flower, and the stranger web of human souls, give ear unto our prayer. We are Thy flowers, Thy skies, Thy seas, always and gladly Thine. We laud Thy holy name that Thou art so set into our lives and that Thou hast set Thy heart upon our lives. We are precious in Thy sight. Thou hast a pattern of rare devising which Thou designest to weave into the fabric of each soul of woman and of man. Have Thy way with us, O God. May we not mar what Thou wouldst weave. Take time and care and spare not the thread so be we come out of Thy loom, Divine tapestries on the which, when Thou dost cast Thine eyes, Thou shalt be glad and from Thy lips shall fall a word of praise. Amen.

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE.

Over a broad open plain there blows a strong, steady wind. It never stops, it never changes. All over the plain there are men and women on their journeys. Hear them cry out. "This wind, this dreadful wind!" cries one, all out of breath, and gasping. "How bitter it is, how cruel, how it bates me!" "This wind, this blessed wind!" cries another, within hail of him. "How kind it is, how helpful, how it loves me!" Are there two winds, or has the one fickle wind its favourites? No, the one constant wind is blowing steadily and is no respecter of persons; but one man has set his face against it and the other man is walking with it.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Lord of the wind and wave, by whose unchanging law nature is governed, help me to journey bravely through Thy world. I ask no more that Thou shouldst turn the tide and the breeze to favour me, for Thou hast other ships upon the sea, and other pilgrims on the earth, whose ways are not mine. But give me a heart to take the weather as it comes; and whether I must face the gale or travel with the wind, teach me to go forward steadily and cheerfully, and bring me home at last for Christ's sake. Amen.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

*Do you sometimes feel that you're running down,
That life is a bubble, a darksome frown,
With nothing but bitters within your cup?
Look out on the broad and boundless sea,
And let your spirit go roving free,
Afar from your thoughts of misery.
Cheer up!*

*Do you sometimes feel that your nerves are wrecked,
And with wish to do that you cannot act;
Do you dream by night of your epitaph?
Look out on the fair and gracious sky,
And list to the bird notes sounding high,
And there let your unleashed spirit fly,
And laugh.*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

We thank Thee, O Father, for Thy blessed promise that at evening time it shall be light. Help us to remember, when shadows lengthen and cares multiply that at evening time *it shall be light*. Bring us in again, O Father, to faith and cheer. Bind up for us the raveled sleeve of care; and grant us to receive, and help us to radiate, the light of Thy presence as revealed in Jesus Christ our Savior; for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

FRED WINSLOW ADAMS.

*Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Come to my blankets and come to my bed,
Come to my legs and my arms and my head,
Over me, under me, into me creep.*

*Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Blow on my face like a soft breath of air,
Lay your cool hand on my forehead and hair,
Carry me down through the dream-waters deep.*

*Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Tell me the secrets that you alone know,
Show me the wonders none other can show,
Open the box where your treasures you keep.*

*Sleep, Sleep, come to me, Sleep,
Softly I call you; as soft and as slow
Come to me, cuddle me, stay with me so,
Stay till the dawn is beginning to peep.*

HENRY JOHNSTONE.

Our Father in Heaven, as we lie down to-night tired but not discouraged, we thank Thee for the strange mysterious renewal that comes from sleep. In some magic way, the how of which we do not know, Thou pourest out Thy Spirit upon us while we are unconscious. It enters into our hearts and minds, into our veins and blood, and behold we awake refreshed and strong for a new day. Be Thou with us while we sleep tonight. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*One of the sweet old chapters,
After a day like this.
The day brought tears and troubles,
The evening brings no kiss,
Nor rest in the arms I long for, —
Rest and refuge and home,
Grieved and lonely and weary,
Unto the book I come.*

*One of the sweet old chapters, —
The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies
Out in the meadow dew.
His evening lies soft around them,
Their faith is only to be;
Ah! hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me rest in Thee!*

ALICE CARY.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for everything Thou dost send into our lives. We thank Thee for the Blessed Book and what it teaches us. It soothes our sorrows, dries our tears and comforts our hearts. Thy word reveals Thyself to us, and thus we may know God; it reveals Jesus Christ to us, thus may we have a Saviour. It reveals the Holy Spirit to us and thus may we be enlightened. Blessed Word! It is our refuge, our guide, our inspiration. With it we can never be alone, for our Father speaks to us. May we now and always rest in Thee. Watch over us this night and all nights, tomorrow and all tomorrows, until days and nights blend into one blessed eternity of joy with Thee. Amen.

W. H. MAIN.

*Be strong to hope, O Heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look towards the light!*

.
*Be strong to love, O Heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love, creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in Heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong.*

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Father of Lights, with whom can be no variation neither shadow that is cast by turning, we lift our hearts to Thee. The lights in our skies come and go; but however moons may wane and stars hide under the clouds, may the twin stars of hope and love never fail us. Give us hope for the causes and the men that seem most hopeless and may we never cease our toil in their behalf. Grant that we may never be quite hopeless concerning ourselves whatever our ill desert. We have attempted little and failed much. Forgive us. Grant us the love of our kind if it may be, but give us above all to realize the love which brings heaven to earth. Amen.

C. L. GOODELL.

There was a great fire in the pit. It was built with toil, and it was fierce, and bright. Huge logs blazed up heating each other, and the flames roared hungrily. On the edge of the pit, beyond the fire, a fagot had been thrown. No one saw it. The outside of it was charred and cold. But its heart glowed. It was a little fagot. The great fire went out, for all its fuel was consumed. The air grew damp and chill. There came a wind from God and the fire in the little fagot waked. Slowly a wreath of smoke curled out, slowly a little tongue pushed up, and the fagot burst into flame. Softly the flame crept through the grass; it touched a tree and vaulted wildly up—the forest was afire, and its brightness lighted up the World. The little fagot burned out, like the great fire. No one noticed it. Its fuel was consumed.

BOLTON HALL.

Mysterious Life, Who art not far from any one of us, we would be conscious of Thy presence everywhere. As the day and its toil recede may its tumult cease in us. Be near us as we turn from labor, and from our hearthstone contemplate all the manifold activities of life. Remind us of Thy everlasting care. Cover with the shadow of thy wing. Brood us as a mother does her child. Sing us to sleep with music such as angels sung, of Thy good will to men. Thus, even while we sleep may sparks of vestal fire burn low within our souls, until when morning comes again and men go forth unto their labors they will light their fires of love and devotion from our deathless flame. Amen.

FREDERICK W. BETTS.

*God builds the blind bird's nest;
Will He not build for me
A home of sheltering love and rest,
From worldly tumult free?*

*No bird more blind than I;
The tiniest, tenderest wing
Through unknown space doth safely fly,
Unawed, unquestioning.*

*The poor blind bird and I,
Thy children both are we;
Build Thou for her, nor, Lord, deny
Thy nest of peace to me!*

ZITELLA COCKE.

It is true, Father, that the mystery of Thy universe deepens with the growth of mind. Though the foundation standeth sure as the more certain conviction of reason, yet the necklace of the sky, with its millions of shining suns, the terrifying forces about unknown and uncontrolled, bewilder us in our larger hopes until with the Psalmist we gasp "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Stretch forth Thy hand, Father, that in the shadows of this evening's twilight, I may feel for the Presence I cannot see. Give to Thy beloved in sleep, that with the morning light the soul of Thy servant may catch the rhythmic music of Thy world, and join the trustful little songsters at the window in their opening hymn of praise. Amen.

CLAUDE H. PRIDDY.

There are persons who have an impediment of speech, so that the thoughts that shape themselves in the brain are smothered there, and can never be born in fitting utterance. There are many who have an impediment in life. A something wanting — withheld — that hinders the inner existence from flowering out into visible fact and deed. Flowers it not somewhere? Is there not building somewhere, all the while, that which God hath reserved for them from the foundation of the world?

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Heavenly Father, we bring to Thee the deep needs of our hearts. We pray not for the removal of the mysteries of our lives, nor for answers to the questions we often ask. We seek for better knowledge of Thee, the God of all hope: we would feel Thy presence and receive Thy benediction, to the end that, when failure and disappointment are ours, when our attainments come far short of our ideals, when again and again we are defeated and humbled, we shall be saved from discouragement, the consecration of our lives shall be strengthened, and we shall with good heart be faithful to our high calling. Thus may we be cheered and sustained by the hope that is in thee. Amen.

FREDERIC GILL.

*Ah, never sank a sinning soul so low,
But God's paternal hand could deeper go
His perishing child to save.*

*Though shipwrecked by sin's overwhelming weight,
God's hand has rescued from as hard a fate
Some other castaway.*

*How shall I set a limit to His grace,
How dare I cloud the glory of His face? —*

*Abide His time; have faith through weary days
That at the last each soul shall sing His praise
Who moulds the hearts of men.*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

O Thou, who seest and knowest all hearts, Thou hast witnessed the strife and the trials of the day now spent. Thou knowest the disappointments and the sense of failure and of shame with which we come to its close, and remember how we have come short of the resolve and the desire of the morning, and have sinned against the goodness and the love which gave us a day more of life and of opportunity. Be patient with us, Lord, and help us to be patient with ourselves, and to wait in simple faith, and in unshaken purpose, the day of fulfilment and of triumph, when Thou shalt conquer in and with our souls. Amen.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

*He had his dream, and all through life,
Worked up to it through toil and strife.
Afloat fore'er before his eyes,
It colored for him all his skies:
The storm-cloud dark
Above his bark,
The calm and listless vault of blue
Took on its hopeful hue,
It tintured every passing beam —
He had his dream.*

*He labored hard and failed at last,
His sails too weak to bear the blast,
The raging tempests tore away
And sent his beating bark astray.
But what cared he
For wind or sea!
He said, "The tempest will be short,
My bark will come to port."
He saw through every cloud a gleam —
He had his dream.*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow caused by turning, we dwell amid shifting shadows, the earth turns and we are in darkness, with the darkness comes sleep, and with sleep, dreams. May the dreams of the night give courage for the day. The night reveals the depths of space, and teaches eternity, may the dreams of the night broaden our horizon, and gird us with strength to bear burdens and face storms when the world seems narrow and heart and flesh fail us, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

O. P. GIFFORD.

*The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While winged spirits here and there,
The firelight shadows muttering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from the further room
Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep."*

*And somehow, with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years,
And linger with the loved ones there;
And so I hear my child's "amen,"
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.*

*Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone —
Magic sweet, of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."*

EUGENE FIELD.

Our heavenly Father, by the magic of memory, we are carried back through the years to the sweet experience when, enfolded in arms of love, we learned the mystery of the divine love, through the beauty and the joy of mother love. While the years recede, let our trust in Thee abide. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

There is no joy, — there is no beauty, — there is no glory of living or of acting, — no supreme moment you can picture in your dreams, that is not in your life, as God sees it, — stirring in the intuition you have of it now, — waiting for you in the glorious fulfilment that shall be There!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

This infinite universe is unfathomable, inconceivable, in its whole; every human creature must slowly spell out, and long contemplate, such part of it as may be possible for him to reach; then set forth what he has learned of it for those beneath him, extricating it from infinity, as one gathers a violet out of the grass.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Eternal and infinite God, Thou hast made us as like Thyself as finiteness can be to infinity. Thou hast poured Thyself into us with no more measure than our littleness required. There is that in us which is greater than ourselves, and it cries out in us with longings which cannot be uttered. Help us to remember that these yearnings are the inspiration of Thine own Spirit in us, and earnest of the glorious fulfilment which is one day to be. Truly we know not what we shall be then, but such Spirit-kindled hopes assure us we shall be like Thee. Of this grant us daily to possess the further witness of an increasing habit of Heavenly living now. Amen.

JAMES H. SPENCER.

*We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done today?*

*We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?*

NIXON WATERMAN.

O Thou, who dost give the day for labor and the night for rest, help us to work Thy works while yet the day time lasteth, that when the night shuts in around us we may rest in Thee. Teach us, we pray Thee, and help us, to do Thy will not with eye-service but heartily; not as those who shrink from service, but as those who find their joy in duties done. One by one as opportunities present themselves for kindness, for helpfulness, for generosity, may we take and use them to the glory of Thy holy name, and the building up of Thy great kingdom on the Earth. Amen.

PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM.

Is there anything that pleases you more than to be trusted, — to have even a little child look up into your face, and put out its hand to meet yours, and come to you confidingly? By so much as God is better than you are, by so much more does he love to be trusted. . . . There is a hand stretched out to you, — a hand with a wound in the palm of it. Reach out the hand of your faith to clasp it, and cling to it, for without faith it is impossible to please God.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Father Divine, we come to Thee as the night falls about us with confiding trustful hearts. Only so can we find the mood of peace which gives repose and helpful rest. Thou knowest our sins and our sufferings but Thou knowest also the good we long for and the sunshine in our souls, and so according to our needs we are sure Thy blessing will rest upon us in discipline, or uplift, in peace or stress; but whatever it be we know it is for our greatest good. Then not as "Infants crying in the night and with no language but a cry" but children looking into the face of Father, Friend, Helper Divine, we come to praise and to adore. Amen.

STEPHEN HERBERT ROBLIN.

*By one great Heart, the universe is stirred;
By its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird:*

*By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that Heart against his rapturous own,
And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan;
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.*

*'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling, as in mother's tears;
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, God!*
MARGARET DELAND.

And now, O God, Our God, we would do more than speak about Thee; we would speak to Thee. We would do more than hear about Thee, we would listen directly to Thee in the intimate communion of our prayer. Speak to us the word which is best for us and we shall try to be willing to listen to it and receive it. We pray to Thee out of our needs; fill our emptiness with Thy power and love. We pray to Thee out of the fulness of our souls; help us to appreciate it and consecrate it for ourselves and others. Thou hast indeed been much to the world and to many; be much to us now and here. As in the earnestness of labor, so in the quietness of rest be our divine parent; and let us work and rest under Thy strong and kind protection. Amen.

HENRY T. SECRIST.

*Be still and sleep, my soul!
Now gentle footed Night
In softly shadowed stole
Hides all the world from sight.*

.
*Thou hast no need to wake,
Thou art no sentinel,
Love all the care will take
And wisdom watcheth well.*

*Wake not, weep not, but rest.
The stars in silence roll
On the world's mother breast.
Be still and sleep, my soul!*

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

My Father, as a little child rests in its mother's arms, so would we rest this night in Thee who art the mother and father of all who live. Help us to be still; to put aside every anxious or troubled thought, committing our spirits into Thy keeping as did the Master and like Him finding mind and heart filled with the peace of God which passeth understanding. In quietness and confidence has been our strength all through the day; in quietness and confidence we now lay down to sleep; assured that it is well with us and with all whom we love, because Thou art with all. We feel Thine everlasting arms beneath us, they will cradle us all through the night. Amen.

ALFRED D. K. SHURTLEFF.

"Bid me come," said Peter. "Come," said Christ. Peter went as far as his little faith would carry him; he also cried as far as his little faith would help: "Lord, save me; I perish;" and so with coming and crying he was kept from sinking, though he had but little faith. Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

BUNYAN.

God's law for the ascending dove and for the ascending soul is identical. It is the law of overcoming resistance. It is in the strong gale that the white-winged sea-gull can soar without moving her wings; the force of gravity that would draw her downwards is counteracted by the force of the air striking against her wings. The one thing needful is right attitude.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Heavenly Father, since Thou hast called us children, and put the arms of Thy providence about us, nourished us, and comforted us in times of trouble, we will trust in Thee, and live in that faith far beyond our understanding of Thy ways. We cannot perceive the mystery of life; but we believe in Thee, and that Thou art not only all that is best in men, out of all proportion to any experience of men, but that Thou art a being of attribute and of character such as no man can understand in this state. Be thou a refuge to us tonight. Let our souls fly to Thee as doves to their windows. Let Thy heart be the pavilion in which we are placed until all storms are past. Amen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

*I sailed away on a sea of dreams,
In a boat of fancy's building,
And my oars were rays from the brightest beams
Of a summer sunset's gilding;
And I steered my boat over wavelets fair
By a red cloud rudder reflected there, —*

*Away from petty cares and ties,
Away from the round of duty,
To the limitless sweep of radiant skies,
And the reach of boundless beauty.
And I brought my boat to an island green,
Where gladness reigns o'er a realm supreme.*

*Then back to earth — for one may not stay
On the Isle of Gladness ever,
But I brought my boat from its strand away
To shine on my life endeavor.
And this gem of hope in the darkness gleams
Like my sunbright oars on the Sea of Dreams.*

W. F. MERRILL.

Most merciful Father, let the dreams and visions of joy and gladness dispel the discouragements arising from the disappointments and failures of the day. Let the ideal take the place of the imperfect real. Let hope for the morrow possess us lest the memory of today or yesterday crush us. Whether joy or sorrow, let us find life's highest purpose realized in obedience to Thee and service to our fellows in Thy name. Amen.

ALBERT EVANS.

*Doubt shrouds man's path in fog and mist,
Yet God's revealments still persist,
And he who follows, day by day,
The best he meets upon the way
Shall ever climb, and ever learn
The truer good at every turn,
Until his feet are given wings
To haste toward eternal things,
And reach at last, upon the height,
The glory of unclouded Light.*

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

O Thou loving Father, heed our cry. Sometimes our faith falters and our love seems almost to lapse. In a moment of melancholy with Thomas of old, we almost say, "We will not believe." Forgive us, our Father. Lead us through the portals of love out into the field of faith. Dissolve the doubt of fog and mist and so reveal Thyself to our blinded eyes that we can in joy exclaim, "Our Lord and our God." And if we cannot see, may we know the greater blessing which comes to those who "have not seen and yet have believed." Amen.

LLEWELLYN L. HENSON.

*If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of birds in spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.*

*If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay,
Say them now.*

*If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now.*

CHARLES R. SKINNER.

O God, Thou art the God of all joy and of all love. Thou hast made all things in heaven and earth after the beauty of Thine own image, and infinitely multiplied the sources of happiness. Help us to drink in through every pore of our beings the brightness, buoyancy and inspiration with which the universe is filled, dissipating gloom and despondency in ourselves and others, and filling the world with rejoicing and rapture. So may our souls and all souls rise above depression and pessimism into self-confidence, elation and victory. And thus may the eventide of our lives bring us to rest and peace! Amen.

LEVI GILBERT.

*Dear restless heart, be still! Don't fret and worry so;
God hath a thousand ways His love and help to show;
Just trust and trust and trust until His will you know.*

*Dear restless heart, be still; for peace is God's own
smile,
His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile.
Just love and love and love and calmly wait awhile.*

*Dear restless heart, be brave! Don't moan and sorrow
so.
Just hope and hope and hope until you braver grow,
He hath a meaning kind in the chilly winds that blow.*

EDITH WILLIS LINN.

Take unto Thyself, O Father!
This folded day of Thine,
This weary day of mine;
Its ragged corners cut me yet.
Oh, still the jar and fret!
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of Thine.

Breathe Thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of Thine,
This wandering day of mine;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot,
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved Thee
On this day of Thine.

AMEN.

*Whence comes the dream, if none may see
The daylight of reality?*

*Whence comes to human hearts sweet love
If high all mortal thought above*

*There lives not, Lord of star and sun,
Maker and lover all in one?*

*Whence comes the will for high emprise,
The winged hopes that touch the skies,*

*The dear belief in life to be
The picture of eternity,*

*If not (secure from Time's mischance)
By our divine inheritance?*

MARY F. BUTTS.

O God, who hast made us for Thy fellowship, we thank Thee for a day in Thy service. For every true thought we thank Thee, and for all impulses of love and all willingness to labor at our appointed tasks. We bless Thee for intimations of an immortal life and a world of infinite good. Help us to walk by faith while we wait for the clear vision. Forgive the doubt and fear of hearts that seek Thee, and all sins that we have committed when forgetful of Thee. May we lie down in peace knowing that Thy love encompasses us. Grant us renewing of strength and refreshing of heart that we may enter upon the coming day in gladness and hope. Amen.

WILBERT L. ANDERSON.

We leave something of our hearts in every place where joy or sorrow comes to us. And so the hearth; the door-stone; the old tree, that threw its branches over the house where we were reared as children; the well, into which, from day to day, many tears, it may be, were dropped, as the mother went to and fro; the brook, that sang to our sighing; the mountain ravine, where we wandered to get rid of busy life; a thousand places that in youth or in struggling manhood have been witnesses to our deep emotions,—these things become personal to us, and afterwards throw back, in their shadow, something of our own selves upon us, and greet us with a human sympathy.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our Heavenly Shepherd, we thank Thee for the “green pastures” and the “still waters”; for here we have known Thy presence. We thank Thee for our places of business and our homes of service; for here Thy rod and staff have comforted us. Today Thou hast met us in our daily task, in our earnest conversation, in our Christian fellowship, in our moments of relaxation. May we so retain these experiences that tomorrow we may meet them all with the joy of recognition; may find them true friends and fellow-workers; may use them once again to climb heavenward and love them because they are rounds of our Jacob’s ladder. Thou art our king and Lord, and so we accept Thy assignment; but Thou art our Father, and so we accept these experiences as a part of the “all things” freely given to us with Christ. Amen.

CARL D. CASE.

*Sing a song o' sunshine;
 Blue the winter's sky,
 Snows melt for the crocus,
 Spring comes by and by,
 Sing a song o' sunshine for each passing day,
 'Twill life's labor lighten, cheer earth's pilgrim way.*

*Sing a song o' sunshine;
 Tho' today is drear,
 Rainbows arch the heavens
 When clouds disappear.
 Sing a song o' sunshine to the hearts you love —
 Harmonies of heaven from the heights above.*

.

*Sing a song o' sunshine,
 Live a life of cheer,
 Smile instead of frowning,
 Never fret or fear;
 Do your duty gayly, cast your cares aside —
 There is sunshine somewhere — choose life's sunny
 side.*

GERTRUDE RUGG FIELD.

Our dear heavenly Father, the clouds may have hung heavily over us this day, and the approaching night may be of the blackest, but within our hearts there is brightness and cheer, for we have put our trust in Thee, whom we know to be the unfailing source of light and life and joy. As we lay our selves down to sleep, may we trust that Thou wilt guard us safely, until we again waken refreshed for the duties and responsibilities of life. Amen.

FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK.

Shall a child cry when the mother takes it up at night out of a frightful dream? No. The child seeks its mother's bosom, and is at rest. Shall God's great arm be round about you, and shall the bosom of unfailing love be your supply, and shall you go moaning and crying as if you were orphans and were neglected? Oh, let the light of Christ's love, the joy of his presence, the opening of the heavens so that you shall see Him as He is, redeem you from anxious care!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Unto Thee, O Lord, we come with thanksgiving for all Thou hast done and hast promised to do for Thy children. We pray for wisdom. There appears to be food, clothing and shelter enough for all Thy human family. There seems to be grace enough, love enough, health enough for us all, if we were wise enough to seek Thee aright. Fill us with the best ideas from the world of sense, and inspire our souls with love and life from the world divine, that we may with the use of both worlds be wiser than the ancients. Open our eyes to see our golden opportunities and deepen our appreciation of the blessings placed by Thee at our hands: till the joy of a great gratitude fills our hearts with peace and moves our tongues to praise.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

*Hope stood one morning by the way,
And stretched her fair white hand to me,
And softly whispered, "For this day
I'll company with thee."*

*"Ah no, dear Hope," I sighing said,
"Oft have you joined me in the morn,
But when evening came you fled
And left me all forlorn."*

*"'Tis better far to walk alone
Than have your company awhile
And then to lose it and go on
For weary mile on mile."*

*She turned rebuked. I went my way
But sad the sunshine seemed, and chill;
I missed her, missed her all the day,
And oh! I miss her still.*

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

O Master! It is not so. Thank God! We have not found it so. Thou hast not failed us, Hope of our souls; Hope of glory, Thou art with us still. Abide with us. We will not say Thee nay. "One step enough for me," if Thou wilt go with us but that one. But we trust Thee for all the steps, all the days, all the nights, — nights of ignorance, nights of sorrow, the night of death. We have refused in the past, but not now. No more forever. Henceforth we walk together. The loneliness is gone. We are leaning on Him who has promised "I am with you always." We thank Thee, Master, and will go on. Amen.

WILLIAM O. SHEPARD.

Body, how hast thou fared today?

*"I have had the best that the world can give;
With my costly feasting and rich array.*

Where is the prince who could better live?"

And how has it been with thee, O soul?

*"I have lived on a crust or two of prayer,
And had not a vestment that was whole:—*

Ay! how much worse could a beggar fare?"

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

O God, we pray this night for the power, the desire, to pray. Starved are we, but we feel no hunger; naked, but we feel no shame. The cry of our bodies for rich fare and vesture has stifled the cry of our souls—ourselves. We are as one sick unto death but who in folly thinks himself in abounding health. Pity us, that we know this and care not. Save us from that tyranny of the flesh which is dearer to us than the immortal hope, the service of our fellows, the companionship of Thy spirit. Grant unto us the suffering sense of our soul's bitter poverty, that we may be led to seek and find the blessedness of Thy heavenly kingdom. Amen.

ROBERT E. BROWN.

*One ship drives east, and another west,
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales,
Which decides the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.*

ANONYMOUS.

Our Father, the tossing, restless, terrifying sea is Thine. And life's sea with all its voyaging craft is under Thy watchful eye. In this thought do Thou now give our hearts calm. And give us to see more clearly the place and power of our own souls in determining our haven. More than this, — may this present hold for us such interest, and sacred worth, and may the future beckon us with such charm that we shall crave and receive from Thee the strong heart and hand for our voyage. Cheer us, if it please Thee, with brighter skies. But may darkness and light alike contribute to the sturdiness of our spirit. In the shadows that now gather, becalmed, we trustingly commit all to Thee. May we be off cheerily with the morning. Amen.

ARTHUR W. STALKER.

*He shall give his angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways.
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.*

*Though the terror come so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet, —
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.*

*All thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong, I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah! my God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.*

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

O Father, we would not forget Thy benefits. For life we thank Thee; the throbbing life of Nature; the quick-beating pulse of human hearts; for love we thank Thee; that love which has been ours, blessing us, saving us, creating us anew. O God, we call Thee, and Thou art here. We are not strong; grant us Thy strength. We cannot see; grant us Thy light. We do not know the way; lead us, O Father, by Thy Spirit. We falter, we wander, we dare not speak; only teach Thou us to pray. So, in us, and through us, may Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

I ought. I can. I will.

VINCENT.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.

THOREAU.

Gracious Father, every eventide might remind us of life's final sunset. Each day, with time's privilege and earth's resources and the bright, blue firmament overhanging, is a call to action and improvement. Aid and inspire us to feel that benevolence is beauty — that virtue is victory, that childlike faith in Thy wise love will gladden for us the new and everlasting day. Amen.

ROBERT BRUCE CLARK.

*It is hardly worth while to be anything else but kind,
There are sinners around us, 'tis true, but 'tis easy to
find
That they stumble and fall, not because they are bad,
but ore blind.*

*It is hardly worth while to be anything else but just,
For today or tomorrow we die, and our bodies are dust,
And the millionaire lies with the beggar who craved
for a crust.*

*It is hardly worth while to be anything else but good,
It is meet that we serve our Redeemer the way that we
should,
It is meet that we love Him and serve Him the way
that He would.*

*To be honest and pure, to be faithful and brave and
resigned —
Is the standard He sets for a heart and a soul and a
mind,
And always and aye to the end, to be kind — to be kind.*
DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Our Heavenly Father, as we leave the day and commit ourselves to Thy care for the night, help us to put away all bitterness, all criticism and all envy. Help us to be kind and just and good. Then with peace in our hearts shall we sleep sweetly and even while we sleep shall we be enriched with love, and awake refreshed. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*His eyes were dim with dust of the mart.
With woe of the world he was sick at heart.*

*Then lo! he was met by a mighty song.
Its surge upbore him above the throng,—
It left him clean and brave and strong.*

*Never again shall he hate the mart.
He yearns to give it the song of his heart.*

KATHARINE H. AUSTIN.

We thank Thee, Master, that Thou hast not left us to toil unaided and alone. This day we have heard Thy voice above the clamor of the marketplace. Thou hast given us visions of earth's beauty and of Thy gracious love, even while our eyes have looked upon struggle and unrest. Thou hast filled our hearts with songs of gratitude and hast made us to rejoice, although the burdens were heavy and our cherished plans failed of fruition. Thou hast kept alive our faith in our fellow men, although the weakness and wickedness of the heart have been revealed to us anew. Keep our ears ever open to Thy messages of cheer, and our eyes undimmed that we may behold Thee. Amen.

LATHAN A. CRANDALL.

Men often think, "Oh, if my father were here, he would do so and so." Why do you not go to God? "Well," you answer, "he is divine." Yes, he is divine, but not in the sense that he is less good than your father. He is not visible as your father is, he does not speak as your father speaks, he does not touch your hand as your father touches it; but, in so far as that which constitutes the goodness of your father to you, God is unspeakably more than your father is. He is richer in heart, purer in sympathy, and more continuous in his desires and yearnings for you, than any earthly parent can be.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our Father, give us the faith that makes Thy Fatherhood real to us. That like a sense divine quickens memory so that precious promise, and tender words of love, come assuringly to us. Be Thyself the inner light that causes the night to shine beyond the day. Then wilt Thou be so real, so constant — and we so warmly in Thy thought, interest, doing, that all doubt will go, and the joy of believing will abide. Thy voice will be heard in the sweet silence of our perfect trust; Thy touch be felt in the sense of a Father's goodness enswathing us and making us deeply glad. Again and again will our hearts remind us that all Thy riches are for Thy children, and that we are graven on the palms of Thy hands, and abide in an Infinite heart that ever loves and never forgets its own. Amen.

CHARLES H. WATSON.

*At vesper-tide,
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
" Since none I wronged in deed or word today,
From whom should I crave pardon? Master, say."*

*A voice replied:
" From the sad child whose joy thou hast not planned;
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not stand;
The rose that died for water from thy hand."*

EMILY SARGENT LEWIS.

Our Father in heaven, as the day goeth away and the shadows of evening are stretched out, we seek Thy pardon and peace. Thou who dost feed the birds, clothe the grass, adorn the lily, Thou who dost shepherd the one sheep and seek the one lost son, teach us how little words and feeble prayers and small services enter into character and immortality. Forgive, we beseech Thee, our selfish satisfactions and the sin that has been mingled with the best we have tried to do. Help us to see that nothing done for self alone is great, and nothing done for Thee is small. Teach us to appreciate everyday joys, to be faithful in trifles, to feel that duty is near. Remember not against us the service neglected, the duty forgotten, and help us henceforth to do our work with pure intent and loving obedience. May we lay ourselves down in peace to sleep; and, should our eyes behold the morning light, may we have strength to correct the mistakes of this day, and with patience follow Him who went about doing good. Amen.

FRANK L. GOODSPEED.

(Abraham Lincoln. Born 1809)

Fate struck the hour!

A crisis hour of Time.

*The tocsin of a people clanging forth
Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North
Called for a leader, Master of his kind,
Fearless and firm, with clear, foreseeing mind;
Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn,
Who in the depth of night, could ken the morn;*

Wielding a giant power

Humbly, with faith sublime.

*God knew the man his sovereign grace had sealed;
God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed!*

J. L. H.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the land in which we live. Thy providence has kept us in the past, and Thy right hand is upon us for good at all times. In times of darkness and disaster, Thou didst raise up for us men who were to this nation what Moses and Joshua and David were to Israel, men who bore, as they did, Thy Divine Commission. We thank Thee for Washington, the Father of his country, and for Lincoln, its saviour. We pray Thee that the holy spirit of patriotism proceeding from them may so inspire our citizens that we may grow more and more into the image and likeness of these divinely appointed leaders. And raise up for us, O Father, in days to come, those who shall perpetuate the work of the past, and make our land a blessing to all the nations. Amen.

MARION D. SHUTTER.

When you cry out for God, He will cry out for you. There was never a heart homesick for heaven, that heaven was not homesick for it. Never did a soul long for God, that God did not long for that soul.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is no loneliness to the believer. He may be misunderstood, slandered, disliked, persecuted; but near him is the mysterious presence of a sympathizing Father, shaping, guiding, influencing every step in his path through life towards a definite and a blessed end.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavors and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
But O Thou sovereign Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown;—
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

AMEN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

*In the loom of life we weave each day
On the warp of circumstance,
The colors grave and the colors gay,
However the threads may chance.*

*But the web is ours to make or mar,
And the pattern we may choose;
We may make the fabric strong and fair,
And blend as we will the hues.*

*The glint of gold from our happy days
May shine through the sombre shades,
And love's warm gleams, like the morning's rays,
And beauty that never fades.*

MARY VAUGHAN.

Lord, Thou knowest the circumstance into which we have this day woven a thread that must constitute an imperishable part of the fabric of our lives. Make the thread strong and the fabric stainless. Impress us deeply with the truth that the web we are today weaving is our own and that we are responsible for its pattern, its strength, and its hues. If in our lives today there have been sombre shades there have also been some glintings of golden sunshine, helpful, we trust, to all with whom we have been associated. Forgive whatever there may have been amiss in thought, word or deed during the day that is ending and grant that when the loom of our lives shall cease their weaving, the finished fabric may be strong and fair, possessed of a beauty that shall never fade. Amen.

A. B. LEONARD.

*"Your way is dark," the angel said,
"Because you downward gaze;
Look up! the sun is overhead;
Look up and learn to praise."
I looked. I learned: Who looks above
Will find in Heaven both Light and Love.*

*"Why upward gaze?" the angel said;
"Have you not learned to know
The Light of God shines overhead
That men may work below?"
I learned: Who only looks above
May miss below the work of Love.*

*And thus I learned the lessons twain:
The heart whose treasure is above
Will gladly turn to earth again
Because the heavens is Love.
Yea, Love that framed the starry height
Came down to earth and gave it Light.*

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

O Thou who makest the darkness as well as the light, and who art blessing Thy children in the gloom of sorrow as well as in the brightness of joy, we lift our hearts to Thee, that we may find ourselves evermore in the light that is born of love and the consciousness that we are ever the objects of Thy care. Help us, O Heavenly Father, as the light of Thy love comes into our lives, to use it to walk in the paths of peace and righteousness, and to do the work that falls to our lot in a way that is acceptable in Thy sight by being of service to our fellows.

LE GRAND POWERS.

*What matters, then, where your feet stand, or where-
with your hands are busy? So that it is the spot where
God has put you, and the work He has given you to do?*

*Sacrifice is the beginning of all redemption. We
must give up. We must even give up the wish and
seeming to have a hand in things, that we may work
unseen in the elements, and make them fit and health-
ful; that daily bread and daily life may be sweet again
in dear, old homely ways, and plentiful with all truly
blessed opportunities.*

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that the evening
is here, when we may give back to Thee the work
and the care which have been ours for the day.
Forgive us if we have not done the work well, forgive
us if we have put ourselves forward or have sought
name or fame even in our little sphere, but most of all
forgive us if we have borne the care of the day as a
burden of our own rather than a trust, from Thee.
Let us find our joy in being in the place of Thy
will, counting it better to follow Thee in obscurity
than to go alone in a larger place. For the night let
us cast off all burdens and rest in Thy love, and so
be ready to undertake tomorrow's work and care
worthily. Amen.

CLELAND B. MCAFEE.

"I will fear no evil" voices the higher self.

We must eliminate every particle of the poison of fear from our minds before we can arrive at the perfect peace which cometh through understanding.

Fear is only indolence of will.

"Awake! Awake! Put on strength!" was the cry of the old prophet.

CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

Our Father in heaven, we thank Thee for Thy preserving care of this day, and for all the comforts of life it has brought to us; for the peace of mind which fears no evil in the assurance that Thou art with us equally when we walk in the sunshine of prosperity and under the clouds of adversity. As the disciples of Thy Son, may we follow in His footsteps, having the same mind which was in him. Graciously watch over us this night and let us sleep in quiet, having that love for Thee and for our fellow-men which casteth out fear. Let us awake, refreshed, faithfully to perform every duty, endure every trial, and enjoy every blessing Thou shalt send. Amen.

W. W. CURRY.

The longer I live the more I see

*Of the struggles of souls towards the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me:*

*That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love;
A love so limitless, deep, and broad,*

That men have renamed it and called it — God.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

*God has made you after his own plan, and he places
you just where he wishes you to work with him to bring
about the highest results for yourself. He has given
you every opportunity. Make yourself what you will.
Remember it lies with you. God can make no mis-
takes!*

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

O Thou, who hast made us in Thine own image —
who knowest our weaknesses, no less than the strength
which, through Thee, is possible for us — look in
mercy we pray Thee upon this day's failures. Re-
member them no more against us. Establish Thou
the work of our hands upon us. Help us to stay our
hearts on Thee. Keep us from complaints and mis-
judgments of ourselves or of our fortune. Incline
our spirits to perceive Thy will and to seek eagerly
that which, in perfect wisdom, Thou hast ordained.
May the evening and the night come upon us in
heavenly benediction and the morrow find us, as
never before, exultant children of God. Amen.

DE WITT S. CLARK.

*Our little thoughts gambol close to God's abyss,
Children whose home is by the precipice.
Fear not thy little ones shall o'er it fall:
Solid, though viewless, is the girdling wall.*

WILLIAM WATSON.

*So faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,
Moving on to some grand climax, shake our souls,
With influx new that makes new energies,
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

Heavenly Father, God of the Day and of the Night,
Thou whom we need so much at all times but especially when darkness enshrouds and we are alone;
Thou who knowing better than ourselves our need are ever nearer than we think, grant us this night the unconsciousness and perfect rest without which we cannot renew our strength. Work Thou for us while we sleep, so that when we wake we shall find the puzzling problem solved, the anxiety gone, fear displaced by hope, weariness by energy. Why is it that we are not always strong and joyous and confident when Thou, who hast never failed us, offerest freely for our use all the Divine store of Thy strength and joy and buoyant faith? We purpose to do better tomorrow. Lord forgive us yet once more as we lie down to sleep tonight. Amen.

CHARLES P. FAGNANI.

*You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow-birds' song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.*

*And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why! Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust;
Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.*

JOAQUIN MILLER.

O Father of Compassion, we do not ask Thee this night for good fortune, but only for faithfulness. For the sake of our own souls, for the sake of those who love us, for the sake of those who trust in us, hold us to the steady course of Thy pleasurable will! Remind us by Thy Spirit this night that we are not lone mariners but our lives are as vessels crowded with many souls and we ourselves the captains of their salvation or destruction. Thou hast created us with influence upon others, with constant contacts and relationships. Oh grant us, Father, that we may bring them all in safety to the Isles of Grace. Amen.

JOHN MARVIN DEAN.

*Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear;
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*Tomorrow hath a rare, alluring sound;
Today is very prose; and yet the twain
Are but one vision seen through altered eyes.
Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain
Surge through the other. Heaven is but today
Made lovely with tomorrow's face, for aye.*

RICHARD BURTON.

We thank Thee, Our Father, that we are come to the season for rest and refreshment with a vision for tomorrow. This day has brought duties and pleasures. It has held for us successes and disappointments. The real things of today have not seemed to us the fulfillment of the dreams of yesterday. We pray that we may use these experiences even though they seem to us commonplace as the foundation stones on which we shall build the bright anticipation of the future. Wilt Thou so guide our thought that we shall look forward to a Heavenly joy which is made up of a day's commonplace service lived in the spirit of loving obedience to Thee. Teach us we pray to grow within us that spirit of love and service which throws the mantle of glory over the homely duties of life, making them the joys of heaven. Amen.

ASA M. BRADLEY.

(George Washington. Born 1732)

Let a man fasten himself to some great idea, some large truth, some noble cause, even in the affairs of this world, and it will send him forward with energy, with steadfastness, with confidence. This is what Emerson meant when he said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." These are the potent, the commanding, the enduring, the inspiring men,—in our own history, men like Washington and Lincoln. They may fall, they may be defeated, they may perish; but onward moves the cause, and their souls go marching on with it, for they are part of it, they have believed in it.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we rejoice in the great ideas that are born in the minds of men, and the great emotions kindled in their hearts. We thank Thee for the great leaders of thought, for the heads of great causes. If we may not be leaders, teach us, we pray Thee, to be followers and disciples. We rejoice in our own country's heroes whose thoughts and deeds keep alive the flame of patriotism. We thank Thee for the greatest leader of all, our Master and theirs. Let us bravely follow where He leads. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*Fierce was the wild billow, dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily, foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled, peril was nigh;
Then said the God of Gods, "Peace, it is I!"*

*Jesu, Deliverer! come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth, "Peace, it is I!"*

SAINT ANATOLIUS.

O Lord our God, Thou Infinite One, within and above earth's storm and calm, we look to Thee through the evening clouds. We praise Thy great and holy name for Thy safe pilotage through the years that have passed, and that often in the storm Thou hast whispered to us the word of peace. We thank Thee that God is faithful, Who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. We rejoice in Thine assurance that Jesus our Lord will voyage with us, as with His disciples of old, if we will truly let Him into our hearts; and that in every storm we may have His calm. Our hearts sing Thy praise as we realize that He has overcome death for us, earth's darkest night and fiercest tempest. With an abiding confidence and peace we pray that the God of peace, will make us perfect in every good work, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight. Amen.

ANSON P. ATTERBURY.

Life's a strange thing, and worlds are mixed. The devils and the angels go up and down together; no wonder we want the telling of the sure foundation.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

*Sometimes the Angel in me's down,
Struggling among men in the town;
Sometimes, aloof, along the peak,
Alone, it hears the Lord God speak.*

*Sometimes, it is so strong, I bear
His word to me where all men fare:
O best! if in the battling street
Life's harshest voice to me rings sweet!*

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Our Father, help us to bear without rebellion those things in our life we cannot understand. This day, like all our days, has been full of mystery. We have added many to the questions we shall ask Thee when, as Thou hast promised, "we shall know as we are known." Help us to thank Thee even for the mystery; for the pain as well as the pleasure, the failures as well as the successes, the sorrow as well as the joy; in confidence in Thine assurance that Thou art making "all things work together for good to them that love Thee." And we love Thee, our Blessed Redeemer! Pardon our sins. Thine eye that never slumbers will be upon us while we sleep. And when the morrow comes for us, may it be to better service and fuller enjoyment of Thee; whether here or in the Eternal Day. Amen.

ALLAN DOUGLAS CARLILE.

*I lived with Pride; the house was hung
With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
The house of Pride was very cold.*

*I lived with Love; all she possest
Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
And made our life a sacrament.*

W. J. DAWSON.

We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for another day of Thy life. It is pleasant for us to live and to rejoice in Thy goodness. Take from this day all which is unworthy of it. We are trustful and glad as we enter this new night. Keep us while we sleep, and when we awake, may our thoughts be of Thee. Fill our hearts with Thine own spirit, that there may be no room for pride. Even while we rest let Thy gentleness make us great in humility. We rejoice in Thy constant love, and pray that we may have grace to live in Him Who is the Love of God. In His name we crown the day with these grateful desires. Amen.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

*Will winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?*

*Ah, lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing:
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the spring!*

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

O, thou Eternal Spirit, whose love fadeth not with the waning light of day, beneath whose coverlet of frost the still earth slumbereth, our weary hearts would thank Thee for the blessed house of quiet. As the unawakened seed in the ground and the close-folded bud upon the tree await Thy kindling touch of life, so through this night would we confide our souls and bodies unto Thee, Thou great Renewer of the world. And when the morrow dawns in beauty may we arise, grateful for Thy refreshing power, eager to fulfil the duties of another day. Amen.

HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

*Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only, how did you take it?
You are beaten to earth? Well, what of that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there — that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're hit that counts,
It's how did you fight — and why?*

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

We thank Thee, O Father, for the strength for each day's needs and for the knowledge that we are not required to bear life's burdens and meet its temptations and suffer its pains and disappointments and defeats alone. Teach us, we pray Thee, that the resources of Omnipotence are available to them who are doing Thy work and that if we make Thy program ours we cannot fail. We do not ask, O God, that Thou lead us always in ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, but that Thou wilt give us the invincibleness of perfect confidence in Thee. Wilt Thou keep us in safety through the night? And may its hours of peaceful rest hearten us for the duties of another day and make us able to endure and do all that Thou shalt ask, through Him who giveth strength. Amen.

CARL F. HENRY.

*Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.*

*Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.*

*Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Grant us, O God, to fathom the truth that "the kingdom of God is within." Not in strong, audacious flights of discovery, not even in tireless enterprises of duty, but in the kindling of pure enthusiasms, the cherishing of tranquil faiths, the doing divinely of homely tasks, shall we find the peace that passes understanding. Help us not only to think and to do, but to live. And may we demonstrate that a man's life consisteth not of the abundance of things he possesses, but in the richness of his moral and intellectual and emotional experiences. Forbid, our Father, that we should be ever seeking, never attaining this truth. And may we resolve this night to achieve the life that is hid with Christ in God. Amen.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

*A hermit there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy, folks said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said: " Well,
Young man, by your looks you want something, I see:
Now tell me the business that brings you to me."*

*" The way to be happy, folks say, you have got;
And wishing to learn it, I've come to your grot.
Now, I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,
That you write it down as plain as you can."
Upon which the old hermit, he went to his pen,
And brought this note when he came back again:*

*" 'Tis being and doing and having that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mankind partake;
To be what God pleases, to do a man's best
And to have a good heart, is the way to be blest."*

BYRON.

O Thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, help us to turn aside from our customary cares and compose ourselves as in Thy presence. Assured that Thou dost provide for our welfare, may we live in harmony with Thy blessed will. May it be our joy to become what Thou wouldst have us be in Thy wise purpose. May we so use our talents and opportunities as to attain to our highest life as we shall see it in Thy light. And through all life's vicissitudes may we have a heart of good cheer for each morrow. Amen.

BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY.

*Blow, March, with mighty winds away
The outworn things of yesterday;
Sweep through the soul, as through the earth;
And bear afar the signs of dearth,
Dead leaves, dead dreams and blighted hours;
Clear hearts and fields for coming flowers!
Blow, March, with great wings, to make room
For life to bud and love to bloom!
Take in your flight, old wrongs, regrets —
Give place to hope's new violets!*

EDITH HOPE KINNEY.

O Thou Spirit of the Living God, brood over us at this evening hour. As on the primal waters, move on our souls to-night, and recreate our lives. We throw our chamber windows open to the cool night winds, and all our being, heart and mind, to the God of the open air. Heal our bodies for their tasks and breathe Thy life into our quickened spirits. Let winds from Heaven cleanse the chambers of our souls from every damp and germ of wrong, and wake us to the morning, born anew to beauty, truth, and good. And such a blessing grant, we pray, to those we love, and unto all souls, till Thy Kingdom come. Amen.

EDWARD HOLYOKE.

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit, from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul!*

*In the strong stress of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed!*

*Beyond this vale of wrath and tears
Looms up the horror of the shade;
And yet, the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid!*

*It matters not how strait the gate —
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate —
I am the captain of my soul!*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

I thank Thee, O God, for the precious powers of my being; for power to will, power to achieve, power to keep peace and hope and courage. I will fear no evil, in life or death. But, Lord, it is because Thou art with me. Stay Thou near in every valley of shadow, every rough way. My powers are from Thee; and I am at my best when Thou are near. The joy of the Lord is my strength. In the world I have tribulation; but I will be of good cheer and come off a conqueror through Thy help, even as Thy Son overcame the world and hath sat down at Thy right hand, my Savior. Amen.

WILLIAM A. KNIGHT.

As birds, when after moulting they begin to sing, break down in mid-song and give only a snatch here and a snatch there of the full volume of their summer strains; so the hints, the little tinkling notes of love on earth, beautiful as they are in themselves, are not perfect and are not understood until we trace them back and feel that there is above, somewhere, One whose nature embraces all these things.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Nothing will prove a stronger, better stimulus to right-doing than an increasing realization of the knowledge and responsibility of the eternal Fatherhood for every individual that He has caused to be. Lift up your hearts and believe it.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Thou Source of all good, in whose love the joys of life find their birth, we would feel Thee so close to our spirits that in the twilight of this day our hearts may be full of the gratitude that can trace back through all its experiences, some expression of Thyself, that in our joys has blessed us, in our temptations has strengthened us, that has consecrated our disappointments and sorrows, and that now ushers to the peace and rest of the night season. Forbid, kind Father, that in the quiet of the day's close, we should fail to think of Thee as the guardian of our sleeping, as Thou hast been the guide of our waking hours, so that in the night of rest and in the day of work, we shall live in the deepening consciousness that we are enfolded in Thine Almightyness, and rise to meet whatever experiences the morrow may have in store with new courage and trust. Amen.

JOHN VANNEVAR.

*"I worked for men," my Lord will say
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
"I walked with the beggar along the road,
I kissed the bondsman stung by the goad,
I bore my half of the porter's load.
And what did you?" my Lord will say,
"As you travelled along the King's Highway?"*

*"I showed men God," my Lord will say,
"As I travelled along the King's Highway.
I eased the sister's troubled mind;
I helped the blighted to be resigned;
I showed the sky to the souls grown blind.
And what did you?" my Lord will say
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.
ROBERT DAVIS.*

Heavenly Father, as we rest at the end of another stage in our earthly pilgrimage, our minds are oppressed with the thought of the things which we ought to have done but which we have left undone. We might have put our shoulders under the load weighing too heavily upon some overburdened fellow traveller. We know that our own burden would have seemed lighter for such service. We might, without expense or time or trouble, at least have contributed words of cheer, a smile, good fellowship, neighborly kindness to those we met by the way. All this we acknowledge we have too often failed to do. We ask thy forgiveness and thy help in our homely but high resolution that henceforth we will be more friendly, more neighborly, more kindly, as we travel along the King's Highway. Amen.

FRANK OLIVER HALL.

*We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
To be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.*

M. L. DICKINSON.

Hitherto, O Lord, Thou hast helped us and strengthened us in the journey of life. Day by day Thou hast led us and provided for our necessities, even as in the days of old Thou didst guide Thy people through the wilderness, giving them manna from Heaven to eat. And if we, like them, have been weak and foolish, often turning aside from Thy perfect way in pursuit of our timid and selfish devices, forgive us, we beseech Thee, and assist us by Thy holy spirit to turn our backs upon the past, and press on henceforward towards the future, doing our duty without distrust or repining as followers of Him who is the way and the truth and the life. Amen.

EDWIN C. SWEETSER.

*The seedling bidden in the sod
Were ill content immured to stay;
Slowly it upward makes its way
And finds the light at last, thank God!*

*The most despised of mortal things —
The worm devoid of hope or bliss,
Discovers in the chrysalis
Too narrow space for urgent wings.*

*These are my kindred of the clay:
But as I struggled from the ground
Such weakness in my strength is found,
I seem less fortunate than they.*

*Yet though my progress be but slow,
And failure oft obscure the past,
I, too, victorious at last,
Shall reach the longed-for light, I know!*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

O Father of our spirits, Thou art light ineffable and eternal. Our ears have been dulled by the rumblings of the caravans of earth; our eyes have been dimmed by the blinding glare of false lights; our hearts have been oppressed and heavy laden with many cares and manifold burdens, the full weight of which we need never have borne. Through the advancing years comes the increasing conviction that we were made for Thee, and that in Thy light only do we see light. As the shades of evening fall, may the steady radiance of Thy peace flood our beings with its calm serenity, and for us, with each closing day, as at life's evening, may there be light! Amen.

CLARENCE A. BARBOUR.

“ And underneath are the everlasting arms.”

DEUT. XXXIII: 27.

When I hear those words spoken, I see a little boy—a tired little boy—sitting in a church and thinking: “ I’m so sleepy; but I must keep awake, father will be cross.” Then the lights in the aisle spout flame, the figures in the painted window dance, his head nods, his eyes close. A minute later they open with a start to find his father’s eyes fixed upon him—that stern father in whose strenuous life there was no place for a little boy. “ Even if I close my eyes for one minute father will be angry,” thought the little boy. The preacher droned on. The little boy’s chin sank upon his jacket. When he awoke, his father’s eyes, angrily the little boy thought, were again fixed upon him. His father moved; the boy trembled. Then, wonder of wonders! he was lifted from his place, his father’s arms were underneath him, around him. Thus, without fear—indeed with exquisite joy and in great confidence—the little boy fell asleep in those kind arms. So, I believe, it will be with us who are older when our times comes.

ANONYMOUS.

Thou gracious Spirit, our Heavenly Father, how sweet it is to think of ourselves as children, with all the frailties, all the carelessness and all the faults of children, and yet to know that Thou art patient with us. If we keep awake when we ought to sleep or sleep when we ought to keep awake Thou lovest us just the same. May it be ours to put ourselves trustingly into Thy hands to-night to sleep secure, and then rising refreshed to go forth to the new day’s duties certain that our Father cares. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*Into the darkness and the bush of night
Slowly the landscape sinks and fades away
And with it fade the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the flight,
The unprofitable splendor and display,
The agitations, and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.
The better life begins; the world no more
Molests us; all its records we erase
From the dull commonplace book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and place,
And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O God, our Father, we bless Thee for another day with its temptations, its struggles, its joys and its pleasures. We thank Thee for the associations, for our work and the inspiration which it has brought to us, and now as the twilight deepens, and we commune with Thee, may our hearts seek Thy will, Thy wisdom, Thy love. May this communion with Thee make us forgetful of self, honest in the uncovering of all our own wrong doing which has led to strife, prejudice, sorrow or hardship for others. May we find our chiefest joys through all the coming days in bringing gladness upon earth, and in spending our strength in making earth a heaven for all Thy children. Amen.

GEORGE A. BELLAMY.

*I have no fear! what is in store for me
Shall find me self-reliant, undismayed.
God grant my only cowardice may be:
Afraid — to be afraid!*

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

Whether in politics or religion, it is none of your business whether you are in the majority or in the minority. It is none of your concern whether your idea is too old or too new; whether you are ahead or behind the times. If what you teach is true, and the world is not with you, then so much the worse for the world.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Lord of Eternity! all our times are in Thy hand; with each rising and setting sun, we move with Thy moving world. Thou ledest forth the stars in their mighty courses, and in the divine order of nature and humanity Thou hast appointed our nobler place. We thank Thee for the laws that never change; for the love that never slumbers; for the high calling of truth and righteousness; and for the responsibilities of rational freedom. Oh if other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us — if through carelessness or cowardice or love of ease and praise, we have conformed to customs and opinions that are not true and right — we humbly own our folly and fault; and would go to our rest confiding in Thy pardoning grace, and with a sincere purpose to live henceforth as Thy loving and obedient children. Amen.

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

I am quite clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because everybody does it, and because our fathers and mothers did it; all which may be the very reason why we should not do it. . . . There is no station of life, and no place of one's home, where, if he want to enlarge his life by caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of life.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Our Heavenly Father, may we so profit by the experiences of this day now closing that we shall know how to live tomorrow in a better way; when its opportunities shall open to us may we be able to avoid the things which bring regret tonight. Help us to profit by our failures and keep us from stumbling twice and thrice over the same things. We want to find our lives larger and better at the close of each new day. May it be our holy purpose that on the morrow we shall not be so small again. Help us to lead our souls more and more to those high altars of thought and service which lead to Thee. Amen.

JOHN WESLEY CARTER.

*A second voice was at mine ear;
A little whisper, silvery clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."*

*As from some blissful neighborhood,
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end and know the good."*

*A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know!"*

*Like an Æolian harp, that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes, —*

*Such seemed the whisper at my side;
"What is't thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried:
"A hidden hope," the voice replied.*

TENNYSON.

Eternal God, our Heavenly Father: with Thee began, with Thee shall end this day. We have lived it in Thy life and we have shared in the bounties of Thy love. For all Thy mercies, known and unknown, we render Thee our hearts' devotion and our praise. Defend us, we beseech Thee, from all perils and dangers of the approaching night. Abide with us now that the hours of light are spent and let Thy presence make melody in our souls during the eventide watches. Thou All-True and All-Compassionate God, in Thee will we put our trust, until the day again breaketh, and the shadows flee away. Amen.

S. PARKES CADMAN.

*Often at night my little daughter stirs
And cries, perhaps at some rude dream of ill,
But when she feels her father's hand on hers
She sinks again to slumber sweet and still.*

*Often at night, I, too, from dreaming start,
Shaken by fears, alas, that are not dreams,
But when Thou layest Thy hand upon my heart,
O Christ, the Comforter, how sweet it seems!*
DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Father in Heaven, as the shadows of the night gather about me, shutting out from my vision so much that has interested and inspired me, separating me from so many fellow laborers whose companionship has strengthened my spirit and sweetened my toil, I feel the need of Thy personal presence. May I have such full consciousness of Thy being, such absolute confidence in Thy goodness, such steadfast faith in Thy protecting providence that no fear shall trouble my heart though the night be dark about me or the elements rage without. Let no morbid figment of my imagination distort, for an instant, in my deepest consciousness, the great central fact that God is Love, and "Love worketh no ill." Amen.

CHARLES CONKLIN.

“Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by-and-by.” Life is like that — one stitch at a time taken patiently and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Into Thy loving care, O Thou, whom we have been taught to call our Father, we would commit ourselves this night. Thou art father and mother to our souls and as the child, full of trust, falls asleep in its mother's arms so may we now rest in Thee knowing that Thou wilt protect us from evil and raise us up in the new day refreshed for the duties of life. We desire stronger faith, we crave closer fellowship with Thee, we are anxious to obey more fully Thy holy laws that we may harmonize our lives with Thy divine purpose. Bless us to these ends and bring us into Thy Kingdom. Amen.

HERBERT W. CARR.

*He sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's peculiar share;
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
To be sole tenant there.*

*For dreams were his, and in the dawn's fair shining,
His spirit soared beyond the mounting lark;
But from his lips no accent of repining
Fell when the days grew dark.*

*And though contending long dread Fate to master,
He failed at last her enmity to cheat,
He turned with such a smile to face disaster
That he sublimed defeat.*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Our Father, take Thy child by the hand and lead me into the garden of life where I can breathe the air of the upper world and listen to the music of the angels and drink from the fountain of Heavenly Joy. Keep me in Thy companionship and help me to catch Thy divine spirit. Grant me courage for the darkness and welcome for the light until the shadows forever flee away and the new day breaks. Amen.

CORTLAND MYERS.

*It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face;
That blends gray hair with the dusky
And robs the form of its grace.
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With a weary despondent light.*

*It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah no! but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.*

INEZ MAY FELT.

Dear Father, we bring to Thine altar our evening's offering of another day's service. They are too few and small we know, but we bring them in all frankness and simplicity. We pray that Thou wilt not judge our worthiness by the strength of our hands; but that Thou wilt draw us so close to Thee that we can interpret to Thee our mind's struggles and heart's desires. We have gladly given out our strength, but are weary and annoyed at the meagre results, and are anxious for the things unrealized. Give us, Father, that assurance and peace that will fit us for rest and then grant us the gift of sleep. Bring us to the privileges of the new day refreshed in body and mind and renewed in faith. Amen.

A. B. CHURCH.

*The robin chants when the thrush is dumb,
Snow smoothes a bed for the clover,
Life flames anew, and days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over.*

*The tide that ebbs by the moon flows back,
Faith builds on the ruins of sorrow,
The halcyon flutters in winter's track,
And night makes way for the morrow.*

*And ever a strain, of joys the sum,
Sings on in the heart of the lover —
In death sings on — that days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over!*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Dear Father, we believe Thou art speaking to us every day; not a year in which Thou hast not spoken. Thou art speaking now; Thou wilt be speaking to us in the morning. Only let us be ready to hear and to follow. We bless Thee for this hope of immortality; we cherish it; we believe it; we will walk in the light of it until the shadows flee away and that light dawns that is never to set in darkness again. Amen.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do not say it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

It is only fools who make a mock at sin. The sensitive, the highly strung, the easily tempted, the men of good intentions, weak will, and strong passions — they know its agony, its thralldom, its reality. Praise the Lord! He is never so far off as even to be near. He is within in the ship of life; our spirit is that which He holds most dear.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Dear Father in Heaven, I have walked this day amid the fires of temptation which have beset me without and within. I have known the impelling force of passion imperfectly controlled. I have felt the lure of the world's attraction. But, thanks be to Thee, I have also felt the power of Thy love and the influence of Thy holy spirit. I dare not say I have this day succeeded. If I have not utterly failed it is because I have not forgotten Thee. Help me to love Thee better and to remember Thee more constantly. May the love and the truth that are in Thee so fill my life that all my thoughts, words, and deeds shall be kind, true, helpful and obedient. Help me by Thy grace so to live and so to pray that each day, even in its errors and failures, may be the parent of a better tomorrow. Amen.

FREDERICK W. HAMILTON.

*Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose —
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.*

*The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are —
These are things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.*

*Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do —
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.*

*Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live —
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.*

CLARENCE URMY.

We give Thee thanks, O God, for the privilege of life through another day, and for the help which Thou hast given us to live our lives aright. We bless Thee for the power to choose between things of differing values, the high and low, the near and far, the seen and unseen. We rejoice in the insight of faith whereby we lay hold upon Thee, realize Thy presence and dare to do the things we ought. Forgive us for our failure thus to make use of Thine assistance, and give us grace in days to come so steadfastly to walk in the pathway of Thy commandments that all our life may be pleasing in Thy sight, and that we may increasingly realize Thy purpose concerning us. Amen.

SAMUEL CLARKE BUSHNELL.

*I sought for Truth. I long had thought
She dwelt on high, from the world apart;
I found her, nearer than I had sought,
In the love and trust of a human heart.*

*I listened for Truth. Her voice, I deemed,
Was the voice of wisdom, deep and strong;
I heard her, sweeter than I had dreamed,
In the simple notes of a little song!*

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

O God of Truth, who seekest truth in the hearts of those who worship Thee, we bless Thy Name that Thou hast given unto us the Spirit of Truth, and that He now dwells within us. As the shadows of the evening gather about us, we would lift our hearts to Thee and pray that we may know Him aright, and ever walk before Thee in the consciousness that the Spirit of Christ, who is the Truth, abides in our hearts. Heavenly Father, may the Spirit of Thy Son, the Spirit of Truth, be our life, and may His word, through Thy grace, be made true in us. And now, O our Father, seal us in Thy Truth, that our lives may abound with the gracious fruits of the Spirit—yea that it may become a constant hymn of praise to Thee, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Amen.

GEORGE M. HOWE.

In the early spring when the first venturous blossom pushes its way out, tempted by a rare warmth, there often comes a sudden chilling of the air. The snow falls. How alone, bereft, and deserted this little messenger of life must seem! But if there should insinuate itself into its little heart a belief that it is the child of light, the child of the sun, and that this great shining power has thought of this little blossom, would it not be comforted? What a snug feeling would come to it when it knew that it was no longer a child of the winter and of the cold, but of the heat and the light! And so, a man can come through many hard things in life, if there dwell within him the belief that he is the child of the King, that he is the son and heir of Him who holds all things in His hands. How courageous are his battles with himself, how hopefully he bears the burdens of his sorrows, knowing that he is the child of light!

CHARLES LUTHER KLOSS.

Thou Eternal One, we rejoice in Thy boundless power. Thou art the central source of all life and all light. We rejoice that Thou hast made us as Thy sons and daughters. Strengthen in us the glad confidence that because Thou livest and lovest, we shall live also. In all doubt, pain or anxiety we would take refuge in the covert of Thy wings. Full often our days are overclouded and darkness gathers thick about us. Help us to know that Thou dost daily bear our burden. May all our way be bright with the clear shining of Thy love. And bring to our hearts Thy blessed Kingdom of peace. Amen.

FRANK B. McALLISTER.

*God cares !
How sweet the strain !
My aching heart and weary brain
Are rested by the sweet refrain, —
He cares, our Father cares !*

*God cares !
Oh, sing the song
In lonely spot, amid the throng:
'Twill make the way less hard and long, —
He cares, our Father cares !*

*God cares !
The words so sweet
My lips and life shall e'er repeat,
My burdens all left at His feet, —
God cares, He always cares !*

HELEN A. CASTERLINE.

Infinite and Eternal God, Thou who dost never slumber nor sleep, Who through the long watches of the night are caring for all the works of Thy hand, we thank Thee for the gift of this day now drawing to its close, and for the peace and joy and strength which have come to us through its hours. Grant, we pray Thee, that sweet sleep may be our share this night, that we may rise to greet the morning light refreshed and renewed in body, mind and soul. In the simple trust of a little child sinking to rest upon its mother's breast, we give ourselves into Thy keeping, now and forevermore. Amen.

H. D. MAXWELL.

*Out of my grief I made a joy,
Out of my tears a song;
Since sorrow is so hard to bear
And life is overlong.*

*And peace I call the joy I made —
Forgiveness is the song.
One could not have it otherwise
Since life is overlong.*

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

O Lord, Thou sendest the evening time once more. Thou dost give us these quiet hours that we may consider the gains and losses of the day, and the still quieter hours in which we may rest in order that we may work again. This day has brought us griefs and tears. If these have come from our own faults, forgive us freely. If they have come because conditions have been adverse, or because others have done us wrong, teach us that there may be a joy so deeply lodged in our hearts that no man's hand can take it from us. If we cannot have pleasure, give us peace. Grant our spirits tonight a rest like that which gentle sleep brings to our bodies so that we may face the coming day with souls refreshed and strength renewed and with the faith that life is very good. Amen.

EDWIN H. HUGHES.

*Be not afraid to pray — to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material heaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

O God, we thank Thee for another day and now when weary with the work and care of this busy and happy day, we thank Thee for the privilege of prayer. We are too weary to tell how much we need, but we know that we need Thee more than anything else. We ask that we may learn the simplicity of prayer and the reality of our Father. We pray that God may give us the things that would do us good and withhold from us the things that would do us harm. We pray to be like our Master so that as men see us they may see Him in us. Thus may our prayer life be as natural, beautiful and helpful as God has planned it. Amen.

GEORGE S. BUTTERS.

*When storms arise
And dark'ning skies
 About me threat'ning lower,
To Thee, O Lord, I raise mine eyes,
To Thee my tortured spirit flies
 For solace in that hour.*

*Thy mighty arm
Will let no harm
 Come near me nor befall me;
Thy voice shall quiet my alarm,
When life's great battle waxeth warm —
 No foeman shall appall me.*

*Upon thy breast
Secure I rest,
 From sorrow and vexation;
No more by sinful cares oppressed,
But in Thy presence ever blest,
 O God of my salvation.*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Creator of the world and Father of the souls whom Thou hast made to dwell therein, Thou who dost keep the heavens serenely blue while storms rage in the lower air, grant us Thy peace in our little lives. As we lay ourselves down to sleep and confide ourselves to Thy protecting and preserving care, grant us to feel through the darkness and stillness of the night the brooding presence of Thy love. So shall our sleep be sweet and when we wake, we shall find ourselves still with Thee. The day shall bring fresh life to soul as well as to body, and we shall feel no ill because Thou art with us. Amen.

WILLIAM H. LYON.

*Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below, —
 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
 Fearless, noiseless, safe, and slow:
 Falls the light of God's face bending
 Down and watching us below.*

*And as feeble babes that suffer,
 Toss and cry, and will not rest
 Are the ones the tender mother
 Holds the closest, loves the best, —
 So when we are weak and wretched,
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,
 Then it is that God's great patience
 Holds us closest, loves us best.*

SAXE HOLM.

The night is deepening, gracious Lord; be with us through the darkness while we sleep. This is our trust — that Thou, the sleepless Friend and Father of us all, dost watch above us though the night be long. If rest come not, if shame and sorrow for the sins or failures of the day keep slumber from us, or, if pain of any sort distress, give us of Thy peace. Teach us the meaning of the words, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." For rest, for pardon, for the consciousness of Thine enfolding care — for this we pray, in the name of Him through whom we know Thee best. Amen.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

I heard a raven croak, but I persuaded myself it was the song of the nightingale. I smelled the smell of the mould, but thought of the violets it nourished.

THOMAS HOOD.

*There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.*

KEBLE.

O Lord, our God, so little loved, so little served, save us from living loveless and faithless lives. Bring us back, O Thou Shepherd of souls, from foolish and selfish ways, and let us wander no more. So reconcile us to Thy holy and blessed will that Thy law may be our delight, Thy statutes our songs, and duty and service and sacrifice be one with joy. Give us wisdom and strength to meet and bear and use aright all the circumstances of our days that we may be trained by life to make melody in our hearts unto the Lord. O Thou in whom there is eternal peace and harmony, win us and all men to the obedience of Jesus Christ who did Thy perfect will perfectly. Amen.

JOHN HUNTER.

Only add

*Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to some called charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou . . . possess
A Paradise within thee.*

MILTON.

*All is well, I know, without;
I alone the beauty mar,
I alone the music jar
Yet, with hands by evil stained,
And an ear by discord pained
I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Ever-living and ever-loving Father, the day is far spent; the gathering shadows bid us seek our nightly rest; here we pause in conscious gratitude for the blessings of the day. The busy world has brushed us closely but we trust that we have been enabled to impart to it some sweeter influence, and out of our contact with one another, we hope that we have built up our spiritual equipment, adding fresh knowledge, a clearer faith, some definite virtue, a large patience, a wise temperance, and above all a love which asks no more for self than for all others. May this power within put us in tune with Thy great moral universe and so result in peace. Through obedience, service, love, may we find the keys of the heavenly harmonies. Amen.

L. W. COONS.

*Good things had befallen me all through the day:
A blessing of morsels, — small helps by the way;
Work running on even, and coming out right;
Bright thoughts with the morning, good words at the
night;*

*So evening was sweet, and as shadows fell deep,
My spirit was turned to the Lord of the sheep.
"Thou leadest! Thou feedest!" in silence I said:
"And the crumbs from thy hand are the best of the
bread.*

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*"O dear daily bread, and the thought for no more!
The not knowing whence that is infinite store!
The grand peradventure it is to be poor,
Through sureness of waiting on Him who is sure!"*

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

O Thou great Shepherd of the sheep, led through the day by Thee I have wanted nothing. Thou hast found for me the still waters; cool and quiet they have refreshed me. When thought has grown weary and faith has hesitated, Thou hast restored my soul. This little day of mine has brought to me stern tests and hungry needs; into it Thou hast poured the bounty of Thy limitless years. O how strong art Thou! How tender! The evening rests down upon me softly, because Thy strength is within its shadows. Thou art more than my Shepherd; Thou art my Father! Thou wilt not fail me, when again comes the day; when in another morning's light I look up into Thy face and say, "Give me this day my daily bread." Amen.

FRANK MASON NORTH.

Good-night!
Be thy cares forgotten quite!
Day approaches to its close;
Weary nature seeks repose.
Till the morning dawns in light,
Good-night!

Go to rest!
Close thine eyes in slumber blest!
Now 'tis still and quiet all;
Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest.
Go to rest!

Good-night!
Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its sorrow with its ray.
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! good-night! good-night!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the day and the night; for the blessed assurance that Thy unfailing help is ever present in all our service by day, and that Thy tender care is our rest by night. Now the day is over and we come like tired children from our hurts, our pains, our sorrows, our failures to realize in the day all the promise of the morning. We pray, our Father, that the night like a tender and loving mother, may fold us gently in the soft arms of sleep. Grant that in the great silence of the night, deep into our hearts there may come, the power, the joy, the peace of Thy Spirit. Amen.

GEORGE G. HAMILTON.

*Lord, make my heart a place where angels sing!
For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;
And where a home they see
Swept clean and garnished with adoring joy,
They enter in and dwell,
And teach that heart to swell
With heavenly melody, their own untired employ.*
JOHN KEBLE.

Dear Father in Heaven, the sun has gone, the night has fallen, but Thy love has not departed, and Thy Spirit lingers to bless and comfort us. In perfect confidence we give ourselves to sleep and dreams. May our sleep be the sleep of rest and peace. May our dreams be sweet, in which there are no jarring notes of discord or despair. Unseen, but not unfelt may heavenly powers minister unto us. Help us to live so well each day, that all of Heaven that bends over us in the night-watches, may not be strange to us. Help us that day by day, we may have the companionship of clean thoughts and pure desires. So shall our hearts be fit abiding places for all those holy ministries of Thy Spirit and Thy truth, that we pray may attend us and make us awake with joy, to the toil of another day. Amen.

RANSOM A. GREENE.

*What if the battle end and thou hast lost?
Others have lost the battle thou hast won;
Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor count the cost;
Over the field will rise tomorrow's sun.
'Tis all in a lifetime.*

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

*Through every web of life the dark threads run.
Oh, why and whither? God knows all;
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that could.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Our Heavenly Father, we turn to Thee to find rest in the calm of Thy Spirit. Help us to enter into its peace after the weariness of this day's struggle. Whatever we may have been able to do by Thy grace do Thou use for Thy service and the advancement of Thy Kingdom among Thy children in the earth. In whatever we may have failed do Thou in Thy great kindness turn to some good account that it be not altogether lost; enable us to see clearly the cause of our failure, giving us greater wisdom and strength that we too may be able to turn it to some good account; and refresh us anew by this night's sleep for whatever tasks Thou mayst see fit to assign us with the coming of another day. Amen.

GEORGE M. HARMON.

*"My name is April, sir; and I
Often laugh, as often cry;
And I cannot tell what makes me;
Only as the fit o'ertakes me
I must dimple, smile, and frown,
Laughing though the tears roll down.
But 'tis nature, sir, not art;
And I'm happy at my heart."*

Z. B. GUSTAFSON.

Teach us, O God, to understand ourselves and to be patient with ourselves. Like the moods of April, like the flushing and waning tides, our spirits change. Now this enthusiasm or that, now this apathy or chill, seizes us, and makes us cry out for a steadier and nobler mind. But forbid that we should therefore lose courage or self-respect, so long as we can find it in our hearts to love Thee and to pray to Thee. May we realize and prove that the relation of the soul to God is so natural that it may sometime sink out of consciousness, and that health of the soul is shown by its very response and adaptation to the varieties of experience. Therefore we pray this night, not for one uninterrupted mood of piety, but that the thought of Thy nearness and Fatherhood may underlie and tincture every other thought, in increasing the joy of joy, as well as easing the burden of sorrow. Amen.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

*'Tis spring again and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain,
The sign of approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain,
The robin rests in his flight and shakes
A clinging drop from his shining wing,
And over the woodland silence breaks
The first sweet song of the spring!*

*'Tis spring again and the grasses bark
To the magic message the winds convey,
The flowers push through the damp and the dark
To star the meadows of May;
The rivers long in the winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance
Through the blossoms and buds of spring.*

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Our Father: that is the word we need — our Father — for it is the word that the evening calls for. We know that we cannot walk in the day any better than in the night without Thee, we seem to be able to depend on ourselves in the light but in the night we must cast our all on Thee. The winter through which we have just passed has given us a new confidence in Thee for out of it spring has come. And we have learned, not that we should endure the winter in hopes of spring but that the boisterous winter was just as perfectly Thy love message as is the sweet spring. O God, there are many nights and many winters, give us the faith spirit that makes them into morning and into spring. Amen. .

ALBERT C. GRIER.

*If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine,
 May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
 And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.*

ANONYMOUS.

*If you bring a smile to the trembling lips of another,
you will soon discover that a smile is alighting on your
own lips, like a butterfly on a flower.*

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Our Heavenly Father, we come to the close of another day, weary and worn, but thankful and happy. We believe that all our days are given to us out of Thy great love, and that in some wise way Thou dost make them minister to our real needs. Therefore we can thank Thee, O Lord God, for the sunshine and the shadow of each day, for the bitterness and the sweetness of our lives. We rejoice in the joy of other hearts and in the privilege of sharing our own courage, strength and gladness with our fellowmen. Touch our lips with holy fire, that they may utter only words of truth and love; fill our souls with light and music, that the only songs we shall sing may breathe a message of peace and hope to all who hear. Thus shall we be in living communion with Thee and through us in some slight measure the blessings of spiritual harmony may flow. Amen.

WILLARD CHAMBERLAIN SELLECK.

*Has Fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know when storms are past, the heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.*

*Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?
Hast thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?
Look thou beyond;
If life is bitter,—there forever shine
Hopes more divine.*

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Our Father which art in Heaven, we turn to Thee as the shades of evening gather close about us, earnestly desiring to feel Thy presence near. We would experience the confidence and peace of the Psalmist, when he wrote, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." We know not what awaits us on the morrow, but we know we shall have need of poise, of serenity, of faith and of strength. Therefore, O most loving Father, may we forget all that has been perplexing and distressing during the day, and like tired children, nestle in thy loving embrace, to sleep the sleep that shall mean a renewal of body and soul on the morrow. Amen.

NELLIE MANN OPDALE.

Perhaps he shows us things, sometimes, and puts them away again for us, to give us by and by, when we are bigger; as mothers do with children's playthings that are too beautiful for them to have right off.

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When people don't know which way to turn, it is very often good not to turn at all: if they are driven they do know. It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impossible, that a happening comes. It has to. A dead block can't last, any more than a vacuum. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need. God is turning the world round all the time.

MRS. A. T. D. WHITNEY.

O God of light, as the evening shades descend and stars, one by one, shine forth; so, as the shadows of life gather about us through the darkness may Thy light shine revealing the hidden joys and riches of eternity. As Jesus taught, "love worketh no ill to his neighbor," so upon our awakening from sleep may we learn to know and love our neighbor, hitherto a stranger. We pray that Thou wilt accept us in the service of faith and love, and that Thou wilt help us to place all our hope and dependence in Thee. Help us to overcome the disappointments of time, that we may entertain the joys of eternity. Amen.

GEORGE A. SAHLIN.

*I think if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain, —
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.*

*And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou couldst trust, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest:
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.*
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Our Father, we rejoice that Thy knowledge is as perfect as Thy goodness and mercy and that love tempers and controls Thy acquaintance with all our ways. Teach us to restrain our complaints. Put a new song in our mouth, even praise to the Most High. Create within us trustful as well as clean hearts; and make us desire more Thyself than the things Thou canst give. When we walk in the valley of disappointment or sorrow, give us, we pray Thee, the light of hope and the guide of faith. May we hear the Divine Voice saying to us as to the disciples of old, "My peace I give unto you;" and help us to encourage others with that comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. Amen.

FRANK W. MERRICK.

*Did early hope
Dream of a gentler slope,
Tuneful with Spring's alluring roundelay,
And bright
With cloudless light
Poured on thy joyful way?
Ab, courage keep;
Press on and scale the steep
Till thou the last sharp, rugged crag shall climb;
There shalt thou gain a view far more sublime,
And fairer seem thy track
When looking back!*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Our Father of the sunset and the evening, let us feel the silent providence of Thy love. Help us to recall the glad achievement of Thy presence in the eager moments of endeavor; and now in the restfulness of sweet fatigue lead us into communion with Thy strength. Let Thy covering of the friendly night protect us for the morrow's task, and so, mature within the waiting breast the high enterprise of the coming day. Lead us up the pathway of the vales and along the firm footing of the crags until we stand upon the heights of life and see Thy beauty in the stars and in the light of day. As we look back upon Thy companionship in the toil and pain of our adventure, let us see the fair wisdom of the way; and grant to us the power to share Thy patience and Thine everlasting courage. Amen.

DANIEL DULANEY ADDISON.

Let us try to be sensible; let us try to be good-natured; let us try to be fair.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Be a good comrade. Learn the secret of good comradeship. Many men do not know it at all. Be just, strong, frank, fearless, independent, but add your strength to the strength of your fellows. Do not stand aloof, or sulk, or be unsocial. Do not jeer at other men and find fault with them. Learn to do "team work," learn to cooperate. Give and take in friendly conversation. Be generous.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

We bring to Thee, our heavenly Father and our earthly Comrade, the day just closing, and ask Thy benediction upon it. Forgive the wrongs we have done. Forgive the foolish things that mar our pleasure as we recall the day's experiences. As Thou art "faithful and just to forgive," may we try to forget all that Thou art willing to forgive. We bless Thee for whatever of success the day has brought us, and we thank Thee for all its many gladnesses, for "every good gift and every perfect gift" is from Thee. May the memory of Thy goodness and Thy grace today be an incentive to a stronger faith on the morrow. May the days to come see less of wrong and more of loving loyalty to Thyself. May we be true comrades with one another in the inspiration of Thine own true comradeship. Amen.

CLARENCE F. SWIFT.

*Here is a door that opens on
A chamber darkened full of gloom.
A ghostly light shines in upon
The dwellers in this spacious room.
Here fear and trouble pace about,
Anxiety and woe and grief,
Foreboding weariness and doubt
And worry that escapes relief.
This door I call "Forgetfulness" —
In letters deep the word is cut —
And, though the dwellers madly press,
I keep it ever tightly shut.*

*This other door "Remembrance" is,
It opens on a cheerful scene —
Past joys and little tastes of bliss
And happy moments that have been.
Dear peace and sweet content are here
And little deeds of kindness done
And hope and love and faith and cheer
And blessings that my life hath won.
This door is open all the while,
Flung wide that every one may share
Possessions that make life a smile
And put to rout all thoughts of care.*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Dear Father in heaven, we would forget the failures and prejudices of the past. We would put them behind us and bury them in the sea of oblivion. Let us as we lie down to sleep forget all the heartache and sorrow and remember only that we are still with Thee. Amen.

JOSEPH K. MASON.

*I heard a robin singing in the rain,
Its bird-soul pleading low. Again, again
It called to those sore-spent with Life's dull sting
To open their soul-windows to the Spring.
Surely it seemed those vibrant notes might lend
Fresh courage; my tired heart defend
'Gainst utter numbness. Yet all sound
First touched my senses, sorrow-bound, in vain,
E'en as the tranquil cadence of the rain
Upon a home deserted, lone, remote.
And then there fell one low, pulsating note,
That jarred a slumbering hurt and freshly smote
My soul, awoke the old, insistent pain;
New consciousness and heart to fight again.*

MARY BALDWIN.

O Lord, we thank Thee for the revelation of Thyself in Thy Word and in Nature. Jesus gathered lessons from the sower who went forth to sow; the sparrow worth half a farthing, and the lilies in their beauty. All Nature speaks of Thee. Thy power upholdeth the mountains and gives lustre to the insect's wing. The sunshine and the rain are Thine; Thine is the Land and Thine the sea. All Nature praises Thee and we praise Thee. We give thanks for the sunlight and for the shadows; for the changing seasons; for joy and for sorrow too.

“ Even sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.”

We rest in Thee. May Thy guardian angels watch over us while we sleep. Amen.

ROBERT FORBES.

*I know a boy across the way
Who whistles all the livelong day;
I pause to listen, glad to hear
His shrill crescendos, sweet and clear.*

*He's all a boy, a sturdy lad;
He's always gay and always glad,
For care and trouble dare not stay—
He simply whistles them away!*

*He has his daily tasks to do,
His morning chores, his lessons, too;
And yet he whistles like a lark
From early dawn to falling dark.*

*O wise yet boyish friend of mine!
What true philosophy is thine!
Thy joy is catching—I would be
A messenger of cheer, like thee!*

LEW MARSTON WARD.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast put some song into every heart. Often we allow it to be suppressed before it is articulated. By the discouragements of the day, by the ills of the body, by the suggestions of our own thoughts we kill the song that would find expression. Oh help us to throw off the sorrow and the fear and the anxiety and with glad abandon sing as the boy would sing or whistle the pent up music of his heart. So may we by expression make our gladness more. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrows plowed by care,
The lines of the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.*

*'Tis a little thing to say "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find —
For love is tender, as love is blind —
As we climb life's rugged height.*

*We starve each other for love's caresses;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.*

ANONYMOUS.

God of the morning and evening, through the day
Thou hast been our protector, through the night wilt
Thou be our guardian? Wilt Thou blot from Thy book
of remembrance the injustice we have done, the unkind
word that we have spoken, the unloving thought which
we have cherished, anything and everything that
has made life harder or sadder for our kind? May
our prayer for forgiveness for our sins be a pledge to
Thee that the new day shall be a day of larger loyalty
to Thee and of greater service to our fellows. Let
Thy love watch over us as loving mothers love and
watch their babes, and sleeping or waking may we be
enfolded in the arms of Him to whom the darkness
and the light are both alike. Amen.

ALMON GUNNISON.

You were made for enjoyment and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased by them, or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to other account than mere delight.

RUSKIN.

For ages, happiness has been represented as a huge, precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so; happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art form a graceful design.

DE GIRARDIN.

Almighty God, the Father of our Saviour and our constant Friend, we thank Thee that Thou wast pleased to bring us into this world of Thine as children who lay upon their mothers' breasts in trust and who there learned contentment. We thank Thee for Thy Son who preserved His childlike trust through life and through the agony of death. We thank Thee that through Him we have learned the beauty and the righteousness of peace and joy. In His Name we thank Thee for all things bright and good that have ministered to our cheer today. We lament before Thee those wilful stirrings of our pride which have turned this beauty to ashes and this praise to heaviness. And before we sleep we thank Thee for Thy forgiveness and lay us down under the ordered brilliance of Thy stars and with the holy hope of a life everlasting. Amen.

AMBROSE W. VERNON.

*O, holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before!
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.*

*Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
 The best-beloved Night!*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O Lord, let this be a time to be alone, to be quiet and to be serene, a time to think charitably; a time to realize that the world is large and that I am tiny; a time to be brave and to be fair of soul. O God, grant me this and that I may be fully born in the character of my noblest dreams of day or night. And I ask that no morning flood of light, or noon-day fire, or evening chill may ever again surprise me as less than this. Amen.

ELIHU GRANT.

"Thy sun shall no more go down. Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

ISAIAH 60: 20.

*For darkness passes; storms shall not abide;
A little patience, and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
The singing floods return in joy at last.*

*The night is long and pain weighs heavily,
But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lurid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.*
CELIA THAXTER.

Father, we believe that we stand here in the midst of the turmoil with the sounds of pain in our ears and the sights of evil saddening our hearts, and still may trust in God, believing that this mighty maze is not without a plan, believing that there is a heart that loves, a hand that guides and an intelligence that points out the way to that final victory which shall make the process through which we are passing here grandly worth while. Lead us as Thou wilt. Let the sun shine on us, let the rains fall, let the way be mist-hidden; but still let us clasp Thy hand and stand waiting for the way to open, or taking the next step as soon as it appears,—in any case, trusting in Thee, and lifted and led by the thought of Thy goodness forever. Amen.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

When we open our eyes morning after morning and find the old struggle on which we closed our eyes last night awaiting us; . . . when all our habits and thoughts have become entwined and colored with some tyrannical necessity, which, however much it may change the form of its tyranny, will never let us go, — it grows so hard as almost to appear impossible for us to anticipate that that dominion ever is to disappear. But the day comes, nevertheless. Some morning we go out to meet the old struggle and it is not there. . . . Things do get done, and when anything is really finished, then come thoughtful moments in which we ask ourselves whether we have let that which we shall know no longer do for us all that it had in its power to do, whether we are carrying out of the finished experience that which it has all along been trying to give to our characters and souls.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Dear Father, ere we rest our bodies this night, we would compose our minds and solace our spirits by a moment of communion with Thee. The day has brought its labors and cares and some of its hours have been filled with anxieties. Though the day is done, its perplexities remain, and in the darkness they even seem greater. We bear up to Thee, O Thou unwearied and unperplexed Guardian of our lives, the burdens we have not been able to dismiss, and pray that it may be Thy good pleasure that when morning dawns again, we may find them gone. Only let it be Thy holy will that the good our cares and worries are fitted to educe, be not lost out of our lives. So may Thy peace ever enfold us. Amen.

I. M. ATWOOD.

*When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.*

*I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.*

*But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Truly, O Lord, we have left undone those things which we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. At best we are but unprofitable servants. But Thou, O Lord, who art not quick to mark iniquity, Thou art quick to discern the good intents and purposes of our hearts. Like as a father joys in them so dost Thou joy in them and dost perceive them when yet they are a great way off. Thou judgest us not by what we are but by what we would be. O Lord, increase our faith, and grant us a due sense of Thy wondrous compassions. Teach us how to rest in Thee, the comfort of the sorrowing and the lifter-up of all who fall. Awaken us on the morrow with strength renewed for gladsome service of Thee and of Thy Kingdom. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER W. COLLIER.

*Beat thou with joy, my Heart, for thou dost beat
Within the fount of love that beats in thee!
Rise and breathe free, my Soul! Thou breathest not
In earthly damps, but in the air of God.
Sail joyful forth, my Ship of Life! Nor wind,
Nor wave, can work thee harm! Thy haven is
Thine anchor. Even wreck is still in God.*

LUELLE DOWD SMITH.

Infinite Love, fill our hearts from the fountain of Thy goodness. May we know that only in love do we truly live and move and have our being. May we know the joy of living in the light and air of devotion and service to others. May we sleep in peace and the morning deepen our consciousness and joy that we are called to the heavenly dignity of fellow-workers with Thee in creating among men the kingdom of love, peace and joy. May we call the Pilot of Galilee aboard our ship and outride the storms of life's sea of change and temptations. We thank Thee for our Captain's strong, firm hand on the rudder of the world's ship of progress making against every wind of disaster for the port of truth, liberty and righteousness. Amen.

RICHMOND FISK.

*So many gods, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You will find, as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out — the moments when you have really lived — are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those round about you, things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Father, Thou hast given me another day to live and love and labor, and now, while the night shades fall around me and rest time draws near, I thank Thee for all that this day has meant to me. When the morrow comes, with its new opportunities and its new messages and its new experiences, may I move through it stronger, braver, kinder, truer, because of the love and the light which has so filled today. Teach me, my Father, to love as Thou dost love. Help me to love my fellow men. Help me to know their needs, their sorrows, their heart hunger, their spiritual yearnings, and then strengthen me to go to them, in the spirit of Jesus, and do all that lieth in my power to make the morrow brighter and happier and more heaven-like for them. And may that "peace which passeth all understanding," be theirs, and mine, forever. Amen.

HAZEN CONKLIN.

*It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of grey engulf the day
And overwhelm the town —
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.*

*It isn't raining rain to me
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy
A fig for him who frets —
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.*

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Heavenly Father, we rejoice in that inner vision which makes us superior to anything that can happen in the world about us; which enables us to see the summer when it is winter, to see the sun when the clouds are thick, to think of daffodils, clover blossoms and violets when the rain is falling. Help us to look with eyes of faith beyond all failure, all misfortune, all threatened disaster, to the finer and larger ends of life. Lead us on with hope. Build us up in righteous purpose and crown our lives with peace. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*Oh, if a man could be but as a star,
Having his place appointed here to rise
And there to set, unchanged by earthly change,
Content if it can guide some wandering bark,
Or be a beacon to some home-sick soul!*

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

*We are to take it for granted that every creature of
God is in some way good, and has a duty and specific
operation providentially accessory to the well-being
of all.*

RUSKIN.

Almighty Father Eternal, Unchangeable, who
blesseth all; who sendest the sunshine and the storm;
whose gifts upon the worthy and the outcast fall;
whose mighty arm holdest in safety all Thy children;
whose goodness and perfection guidest our steps in
the pathway of eternal life, — from the dawning light
through the noontide heat until the evening calm
Thy servant hath toiled for the daily needs and in
loving service to the neighbor and the friend. O
Father! If we have wrought deeds helpful and sweet
and kind and pure, have heartened any soul, made a
little brighter for another and safer the King's high-
way, comforted any heart with something of the love
wherewith Thou comfortest me, grant Thy gracious
word, "Well done!" Our deeds, unfruitful, O Lord,
forgive! Amen.

ARTHUR W. LITTLEFIELD.

Remember, you cannot see both sides of the coin at once. When you are discouraged by the striving of the animal nature and utterly disgusted with yourself and hating yourself as wholly unregenerate, the noblest exercise of your mental faculty is to force yourself to turn over the coin of yourself, and think intensely into the other side. Say "But I am the Lord's; His image is stamped on me. His life is in me; His eternal purpose is my perfection. My true ego is His Divine Spirit."

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

O Thou, who art the strength of my days, and the comfort of my nights, to whom shall I go, but unto Thee, when the shadows veil my sight and the din of the closing day lingers in my ears. My spirit feels the jar of the world's restlessness; my heart seems so scant of courage, and my will so feeble to do Thy will. Hold Thou my hand, while on bended knee I seek that light which makes the night brighter than the day. As the shadows dissolve I behold Thine image in me so long obscured. I turn my darkened side to Thee, my sun and my shield. Open my eyes to the grace and beauty of Thy divine reflection in my being. Defend me in my weakness and clothe me safely round with infinite love and wisdom. Amen.

WILLIAM FREDERICK DICKERMAN.

*It's the kindly hearts of earth that make
This good old world worth while,
It's the lips with tender words that wake
The care-erasing smile.*

*And I ask my soul this question when
My goodly gifts I see, —
Am I a friend to as many men
As have been good friends to me?*

*When my brothers speak a word of praise
My wavering will to aid,
I ask if ever their long, long ways
My words have brighter made.
And to my heart I bring again
This eager, earnest plea, —
Make me a friend to as many men
As are good, staunch friends to me.*

NIXON WATERMAN.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee to help us to follow in the footsteps of our Lord and Master who had compassion on men, was touched with the feeling of their infirmities, healed their sicknesses, went about doing good. May our ministries be offered in His name, and for the sake of His Kingdom on earth. Increase our love for Thee, that our love for our fellow men may be more effective in service for their good. Make us glad to do all faithful work for Thee here, in the assurance that, at the last, when life's evening comes, the Master will say — “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.” Amen.

WILLIAM E. HUNTINGTON.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

BESSIE A. STANLEY.

Almighty and loving Heavenly Father; the evening darkness has come, another day's record is before Thee. Grant that what we have done in love may have brought the smile to some weary face, gladness and comfort to some sad heart. Grant that we may have won the respect of men by our manliness and the affection of children by our gentleness. Grant that trying to fulfil Thy plan for us today this strange world may be a little better for our living, our serving. Bless, O God, our personal endeavor to exalt the beautiful and the good and our effort to search out and uplift a soul. We are grateful for life. Keep us by Thy grace at our best and because we are the friends of Christ help us to be always and ever a hope and a blessing to everyone. Amen.

CHARLES F. WEEDEN.

Be strong.

The way is steep, the way is long;

*There is no ending till thy strength shall end,—
And yet, be strong.*

Be brave.

The night is dark, the goal's the grave.

*They need not courage who have Hope for friend,
But thou, be brave.*

L. B. BRIDGMAN.

O God, our Father, we thank Thee for the night. We bless Thee that through its darkness and perils, we are under the watch-care and protection of One who never slumbers nor sleeps, and that therefore we are not afraid for the terror by night, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness. We thank Thee for all the rich blessings which the night brings, its quiet and rest, its sleep, its refreshment for the body, its revelations, its lessons. And whenever the night comes to us, grant us all these blessings which the darkness may bring. Give us sleep; or if this should be denied us, give us the peace that comes from knowing that Thou art watching over us, and in the stillness of its wakeful hours, when all other voices are hushed, may we hear Thy voice. And then at last bring us to the land of which it is said "there shall be no night there; and they need no candle neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light." Amen.

WILLIAM WIRT KING.

Our course is onward, onward into light:
 What though the darkness gathereth amain,
 Yet to return or tarry, both are vain.
 How tarry, when around us is thick night?
 Whither return? what flower yet ever might,
 In days of gloom, and cold, and stormy rain,
 Enclose itself in its green bud again,
 Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight?
 Courage! — we travel through a darksome cave;
 But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
 Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,
 And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
 The darkness lightens more, till full of awe
 We stand in the open sunshine — unaware.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

O God, Father of us all, hear our prayer. The day is past. The night is come. While the day was we were in Thy hands and the objects of Thy tender solicitude. While the night is may we not depart out of Thy care and keeping. Give sleep to our eyes and slumber to our eyelids. Give refreshing rest to our bodies, wearied with the burden-bearing. Give sweet content to our minds cumbered with many anxieties. Give comfort to our hearts, heavy, it may be, with sorrow, and torn, it may be, with anguish. Give peace to our spirits, disturbed by our fretfulness, disquieted by our disappointments, distraught, perchance, by our unbelief. May the spirit of fear depart. May the spirit of love abide. Grant unto us quietness and peace in the night watches. And may we face the new day with a new access of joy and hope and courage, and with the purpose of high service holding undisputed sway over our hearts. Amen.

STEPHEN J. HERBEN.

*Whither upon this strange and changeful sea —
Now calm, now joyful, sparkling in the sun
As if a million diamonds rained from heaven,
Now dark with gathering clouds, now swept by storm —
Drifts my frail bark, beset with doubts and fears?
I cannot clearly see, the night comes on,
The hoarse gale blows its bellowing trumpets wild,
And like a shroud the dread mist wraps me in.
I fear the night, I hear the breakers grind
Upon the cruel, threatening rocks. But still
To guide me on my way, to quell my fear,
From the far shores, with oft-repeated tones,
I hear a steady signal blowing loud
Through the thick night, above the tempest's roar,
With clarion voice proclaiming: God is Love.
In vain the angry winds that voice defy,
In vain their tumult would His signal drown,
In vain the murky fog would smother it;
Through all the storm, through all the doubt and gloom,
I hear the broken echoes answer: Love!*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Our Father, we thank Thee for a measure of faith in the "love that will not let us go." We pray that this faith may fail not in the darkness. May it be strong enough to stand the strain of life. When the mists shut in about us, when the storms brew and mutter, when "the shadows of the evening are stretched out," help us still to believe in God, whose goodness faileth not by day or night. Give us to fall quietly asleep this night in the happy consciousness, that always there standeth One within the shadows, "keeping watch above his own." Amen.

LUCIUS H. BUGBEE.

*The world is all too sad for tears;
 I would not weep, not I!
 But smile along my life's short road,
 Until I smiling die.
 The little flowers breathe fragrance out
 Through all the dewy night;
 Shall I more churlish be than they,
 And 'plain for constant light?
 Not so! not so! no load of woe
 Need bring despairing frown;
 For while we bear it, we can bear;
 Past that, we lay it down.*

SARAH WILLIAMS.

Our Heavenly Father, may we feel the joy of Thy comforting and strengthening Hand. May what in the day has been perplexing, in the night be clear and the assurance of Thy guiding and protecting blessing enable us to lie down in peace to sleep, since Thou, Lord, only makest us dwell in safety. May the burdens that have seemed heavy grow light and happy anticipations of the glory that shall be revealed in us, of the day when the faces of friends long lost shall reappear, when sorrow shall be turned into joy. Fill the hours, waking or sleeping, with rich refreshment and so this night prepare us for fresh endeavor and quicken courage for new encounters with ills that shall add to our triumphs and bring more praise to our Redeemer. Amen.

SAMUEL H. VIRGIN.

Leave off thinking of your thoughts and feeling of your feelings.

ANONYMOUS.

Regret and trust do not go together. The person who weeps over a dead past is to all intents and purposes a paralyzed person. It is impossible to live on yesterday's mistakes and enjoy today's blessings. The first step in the process is to stop blaming one's self. The past is dead. Throw the cross of responsibility away. Break it, repudiate it utterly and come to a closer comprehension of the love of God. Rest and trust. The kingdom of God is within and we are to be transformed by the renewing of our minds, here and now.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Heavenly Father, the day is done. Make me grateful for all it has contributed to my welfare. Every day Thou art deepening and broadening my life by some new way in which Thou dost lead; every day there is added power, by personal experience of new things revealed to me. Help me never to look back, except it be to bring out of the past a fresh supply of confidence for tomorrow's work and play. Help me never to look into the past of other lives unless it be to cover it with the mantle of love, as I would be covered by Thee this night. Help me to grow as the clinging vine through the dark and through the light. Amen.

ALFRED W. H. HODDER.

*Launched upon ether float the worlds secure.
 Naught hath the truthful Maker to conceal.
 No trestle-work of adamant or steel
 Is that high firmament where these endure.
 Patient, majestic, round their cynosure
 In secular procession see them wheel;
 Self-poised, but not self-centered, for they feel
 In each tense fibre one all-conquering lure.*

*And need I fret me, Father, for that Thou
 Dost will the weightiest verities to swing
 On viewless orbits? Nay, henceforth I cleave
 More firmly to the Credo; and my vow
 With readier footstep to Thine altar bring,
 As one who counts it wisdom to believe.*

WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON.

Our Father in Heaven, we rejoice that the world is in Thy keeping as it sweeps forward into the night. Thou hast marked out the path for the earth which carries Thy children. May we feel that the journey into the night is ever forward, — forward to the rest by which Thou givest strength, — forward to the silent inner stirrings which tell of Thee, — forward to the breaking of Thy new day. If the night shall bring long anxiety, or troubled restlessness, or pained questionings, may we feel that even these are bearing us onward and forward. We thank Thee for Him who willingly travelled into the night, and who found in the darkness of Gethsemane the light which makes the cross glorious. May we think of Him as we fall asleep, and pray for His spirit as we awake. Amen.

FRANK J. McCONNELL.

*Shall we know in the hereafter
All the reasons that are hid?
Does the butterfly remember what the caterpillar did?
How he waited, toiled and suffered
To become a chrysalid?*

*When we creep so slowly upward;
When each day new burden brings;
When we strive so hard to conquer
Vexing sublunary things;
When we wait and toil and suffer,
We are working for our wings.*

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, in whom we live our life, keep us, we beseech Thee, in the confidence of Thy tenderness and care. Help us to enter into the uncertainties of tomorrow in the spirit in which we enter into the uncertainties of the night, committing ourselves to Thee, setting anxiety aside, trusting in Thy protection. Give us tranquillity of mind and serenity of soul. On we go, O loving Father, led by Thee, holding Thy hand, into such places and along such ways as Thou in Thy wisdom doth appoint. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow us all our days, and we shall come into the peace which passeth understanding. These blessings, for ourselves and for all for whom we ought to pray, we humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

GEORGE HODGES.

The instant you perceive the arising of the mark-of-the-beast tendency, drown it with high thoughts. If you feel the tendency to be angry, mean, selfish, sensual, instantly affirm, with a Godward uplifting of your inmost soul, the opposite — gentleness, integrity, moral purpose, nobleness. Think intensely into them, and these principles will be found to have a creative power; a potency which scatters the lower impulses as the sunshine scatters the night-birds, and which builds up the spiritual life, the true ego, the Divine Sonship, the mark of the King.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Giver of all life, — Giver of my life-gift ! Not breath nor days do reveal Thy intent in the gift, but in my soul's power to return to Thee, day by day, to find eternal life in knowing Thee and Jesus, the Christ whom Thou hast sent, who came that I might have the life eternal and not the death of sin. Didst Thou need me ? Then a thousand-fold more do I need Thee ! Then come, Father and Brother ! Fulfil thy promise, " If a man love me, my Father will love him and we will come and abide with him." Come, divine Friends ! Then shall all false guests depart and only the good abide with us ; so shall I be saved from my enemies and find Thy life in mine. Amen.

RANDALL H. ALDRICH.

*If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear and to forbear!*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O Thou eternal and universal spirit of life and whom we have learned to call our Heavenly Father, we invoke Thy blessing of reassurance upon us in this retiring hour. Within the experiences and activities of the day there have been powerful examples of Thy presence and power in the world, and these have tended to strengthen our faith. And yet there has been much which seemed to declare that Thou art not, and, if Thou art, that Thou art not interested in and active on our account, and this has tended to weaken our faith. Help us to confirm our trust in Thine infinite wisdom and goodness and reality by enlarging and intensifying our observations. May we see to what extent good outrivals evil and find in the right the great reward of greater faith. Amen.

JOHN EVANS.

*Take all away from me
But leave me ecstasy,
And I am richer then
Than all my fellow-men.
Is it becoming me
To dwell so wealthily,
When at my very door
Are those possessing more
In abject poverty?*

EMILY DICKINSON.

A great deal of life is lost in getting ready, as is commonly believed, to live. To scorn delights and live laborious days; to bind one's self to an unceasing and unchanging routine, as Ixion to his wheel, for the sake of amassing money that some time, in a dim and abstract future, one may begin to live, is simply to attempt building a superstructure without a foundation.

LILIAN WHITING.

Once again, Heavenly Father, we bow before Thee with a prayer upon our lips. We have tried to live this day with Thee. Thou knowest, even better than we, how far we have failed or succeeded in our endeavor, for Thou hast taken account both of our weakness and our strength. Grant, however, that our life today shall not have been entirely without some influence for good. Let Thy benediction rest upon us through the darkness of tonight, and bring us to the awakening of another day with strength for its tasks and courage to meet its responsibilities. Amen.

ORIN EDSON CROOKER.

*Come, Angel Sleep, come Angel Sleep,
And kiss mine eyelids to repose!
Thy gentle watch above me keep,
Till I forget my woes,
My weariness and woes!*

*Spread now thy soothing wings abroad!
Beneath their shadow pain shall cease;
To all the weary rest accord,
And wrap the world in peace,
The slumbering world in peace!*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Through the hours of the day Thy mercies have been our portion, Thy strength our support. Thy joy has touched our lives in the beauty of the sun and rain, the sweet fragrance of flowers, and voices of children, in the sacredness of our homes, the ties of friendship, the labor and toil which win our daily bread. Now when we are to enter into the rest of the night, continue Thou Thy watch over us, renew within us the forces of life through peaceful sleep, but if hours of wakefulness come to us, temper them with the thought of Thy presence and Thy care, and bring us to the dawn ready and glad to serve and love and live. Amen.

MARY GRACE CANFIELD.

One hour, we are alone before God, and the soul's grasp stretches out toward the Infinite. All that befalls or may befall it, then seems great, momentous. We sleep,—we rise,—we are our petty selves again—presences and voices come about that call us back into our superficial round,—and, underneath, for weal or woe, the silenced tide of our real being surges onward—whither? So the great earth whereon we dwell wears its crust of hills and plains and cities above its everlasting fires.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Father, to Thee I come, a child weary with the day, its toys, and cares. Hold me near and close, until I rest and forget all, but the comfort of Thy love, the forgiveness of Thy compassion. O Thou, who telleth the number of the stars and calleth them all by their names, give me to know when Thou calleth my name, and strengthen me to answer and obey. Help me, Father, to give myself trustingly to sleep. When Thou calleth me from the unconscious hours, may I awake with the sweet assurance Thou, God, seest me, and in that uplift of spirit live out Thy life in me, even as the blessed Master, Christ. Amen.

WILLIAM H. RIDER.

*There's many a rest on the road of life,
 If we only would stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would wake it:
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaiileth.*

.
*Better to weave in the web of life,
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do God's will with a ready heart,
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate silver thread
 Of our curious life asunder,
 And then heaven blame for the tangled ends,
 And sit and grieve and wonder.*

FABER.

Dear Lord and Father of us all, we would close the day with gratitude for all the great and innumerable blessings which its passing moments have brought to us. We thank Thee for the fresh opportunity which this day has brought for labor and service. We rejoice that we have been able to take even a small part in the work of the world. The toil of midday has prepared us to enjoy the rest of the evening. We thank Thee for the sheltering love of the home with all its sweet and beautiful sanctities; for the tender ministries of precious friends; for inspiring books, enriching Nature, and cheering memories. Grant, dear Father, that we may close the day with tender and thankful hearts. Amen.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

*How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night.*

R. SOUTHEY.

Our gracious God, father of all Mercies, before whom noontime and midnight are as one, we thank Thee for the welcome night to which our weary footsteps have been directed. Guide us ever, we beseech Thee, amid the affairs of life that we may not lose the path nor stumble on the lonely way, but that we like Thy servant of old may finish our course with joy and in acceptance be gathered to Thee above. Amen.

WILLIAM WALLACE ILIFFE.

*In wonder workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;
But in earth's common things He stands revealed,
While grass and flowers and stars spell out his name.*

*The paradise men seek, the city bright
That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies.
Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.*

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Our Heavenly Father, as the shadows lengthen and the night comes on, we draw near unto Thee in whom is no darkness at all. Thou usherest in the morning and spreadest the curtains of evening. Thou art revealed in the splendors of the noontide and made manifest in the glories of the night. We bow before the wonders of Thy majesty. We worship Thee revealed in all Thy creative power. We rear a palace and we pray each stone may be a golden deed to shine as do the stars. This night, Our Father, restore our strength, refresh our spiritual powers, and give us grace to build tomorrow more truly than before. And when the palace is completed, when our earthly day is done, may there be no evening shadows, no darkness, but the morning and the land where Christ Himself is sun. Amen.

LEON H. AUSTIN.

Is it not sad to grow old? Say rather that it is a very difficult art, and one which few men have ever acquired. . . . To grow old is sad indeed if what you want is to hold back the receding years, to keep your hair from growing white, your eyes from becoming dim, and the wrinkles from chiseling their way across your brow. One of the most beautiful things in the world is an old person who, made better by experience, more indulgent, more charitable, loves mankind in spite of its wretchedness and adores youth without the slightest tendency to mimic it. Such a person is like an old Stradivarius whose tone has become so sweet that its value is increased a hundred-fold, and it seems almost to have a soul.

CHARLES WAGNER.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the day and its experiences. It has been blessed because received as a token from Thee. The morning hath its glorious promise, the noon-day its encircling loveliness, the evening its blissful repose. May we so accept our life from Thee that the glory of its morning promise may be illumined by the noon-day and glorified at the gathering twilight with its thankful retrospect and its gilded prospect. To Thy parental arms we entrust ourselves. If we wake to another earthly morn, may the day be spent to Thy glory and service. If we wake to a morn in the great Eternity we are still with Thee, and with Thee there is life and joy and peace. Amen.

F. A. DILLINGHAM.

*We are the mariners, and God the sea,
And though we make false reckonings, and run
Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,
Out of his deeps of love we cannot be.
For by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
Through the fierce fire of sin, through tempering
doubt,
Our natures more and more are beaten out,
To perfecter reflections of his will!*

ALICE CARY.

As sailors upon the boundless deep, we are helpless, O God, without Thee. Temper to us the storms and the winds that we be not carried far out of our course. And while tossed by the tempests of doubt and perplexity, may we never forget Thee, our Pilot of strong hand and sure knowledge. This night as we lie down to sleep, may rest come to us and to all who are driven hard. May the remembrance of other lives that have learned of Thy strength and Thy love, not in the fair days of favoring winds, but only in the seasons of cloud and gale, bring to us assurance. With fearless trust help each one of us to look forward to the great haven to which Thou art guiding, believing that "no harm from Thee can come to me, on ocean or on shore." Amen.

VIRGIL V. JOHNSON.

*The way is dark, my Father! cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head; and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home Thy child.*

*The way is dark, my child, but leads to light;
I would not have thee always walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand
And through the gloom lead safely home My child.*

HENRY N. COBB.

Heavenly Father, how the lights and shadows alternate in our lives! One day we stand upon the Mount of Transfiguration, another we walk sorrowfully in some valley of despair. One day we stand erect and triumphant in the midst of life's great battle-field, another we lie defeated and bleeding on some field of humiliation when we have scarcely fought at all. One day there is an open way between ourselves and Thee, while the angels come and go, another we have lost our Divine communications, the night comes on and it is dark because we have tried to go alone. O Father, now, with pride all gone, we know we cannot see the way alone. Take our hands and lead us home. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

When the tide has been coming in, I have often seen how it chafed and fretted, running into some narrow-mouthed bay, filling it, swirling round, and lapping up on the shores, till by and by, still flowing, and flowing, and flowing, it filled the bay full. The tide had spent itself, and the whole bay at last was at rest. And so the soul, while yet it is being filled, is disturbed by ripples and eddies; but by and by when it shall have been filled with the power and presence of God it will be satisfied, and will be perfectly at peace, and will be full of God.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our God and Father, grant us, as the day closes, the sense of Thine inflowing presence. We have been fretted with many cares, and the tide of Thy divine love has sometimes seemed to us to ebb rather than rise in our hearts. Help us to realize that, notwithstanding all obstructions, Thou art seeking to fill us with Thyself, and that if we will but hold ourselves open to Thy love, Thou wilt sweep over all that stands in the way, and give us constantly Thine own perfect peace. May the very God of peace sanctify us wholly, and our whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

A. J. ROWLAND.

*Never mind a change of scene —
Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining.*

*By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gayly at your door —
Surest cure for fretting.*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Our Father, forgive us that the sense of Thy loving care is not always with us. Forgive the doubt and the distrust. Forgive the discontent and the peevishness. Give us a calm heart, not too wildly moved by passing pleasures, not too much downcast by disappointment and weariness. Give us the firm assurance that Thou hast a plan in our lives, a work for us to do, a place for us to fill, and as we think of Thy providence and our glad duty, may the little worries become small to our opened eyes. Help us bravely to bear our part in the coming of Thy kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy, and find the deepest satisfactions of life in the knowledge of something done for Thee through Thy children. Amen.

HERBERT WELCH.

Our birthright is in the boundless resources of His self-existent life. Oh, to be able to believe it, and to live it! To have faith in God; to know that there is One ever enwrapping us — wholly, absolutely, divinely responsible, and who knows all.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

God is continually giving. He will not withhold from you or me. I hold up my little cup. He fills it full. If yours is greater, rejoice in that, and bring it faithfully to the same urn. He, who fills the violet with beauty and the sun with light, will not fail to inspire you and me. Were your little cup to become as large as the Pacific Sea, He still would fill it.

THEODORE PARKER.

O Thou, who art the giver of all good gifts. Thou hast not withheld from Thy children the Supreme Gift of Thyself. When the morning called it was with the vision of Thy promise and the evening holds the sweet memory of Thy bountiful accomplishment. We are glad to know that the multitude of our possessions and our activities is not able to separate us from Thee, but may, if we will, bring Thee closer to us. And our prayer is, dear Father, that in the morrow that lies beyond the curtain of this night, Thou mayest help us to accept Thy gifts gratefully, to live our lives fully, to search for Thee with all our hearts, and to serve humanity with all the force that comes to us, filled with peace and strength because we know we serve with Thee. Amen.

PLINY A. ALLEN.

*Do not look for wrong and evil —
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.*

*Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.*

ALICE CARY.

*Good comes to pass
We know not when nor how, for, looking to
What seemed a barren waste, there starts to view
Some bunch of grass,
Or snarl of violets, shining with the dew.*

ALICE CARY.

Our Father, as the day ends we rejoice that Thy goodness has been about us so abundantly. Beyond our deserving we have received the joys of life and labor of love. We humbly confess that our doing has been outrun by our dream and our desire, but we pray that new days may bring us a little nearer to the goal of our hopes. Help us to forget the day's fret and pain and to remember only their lessons of patience and courage and hope. We thank Thee for the gift of ease after toil, and may we go to rest like children who take life's gifts joyously but find the shelter of parental arms the dearest joy of all. Hear us in Thy great love. Amen.

EFFIE MCCOLLUM JONES.

It is not in prayer only that the soul approaches God, for it is drawn nigher Him by all the higher objects it turns to. If a poet will sing his noblest strain, it is into the ear of God he does it, if an architect will build in his sublimest manner, it is a house for God he makes. And every earnest movement of the mind is upwards, and to God, making us sure of the Divine Presence.

MOUNTFORD.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me! There have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare:
Abide in me, and they shall ever be!
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer:
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"I simply don't know what to do with myself when the wind is from the east," complained a nervous invalid. "Well, you can't stop the wind," replied the practical physician, "but you surely can get into a cozy south room as far away from it as possible, and find some pleasant employment." The simple bit of advice is as good for the soul as for the body. There are east winds of gloom and unrest that will not down at command, but we can learn to retreat into some south corner of sunny memories or cheerful occupation until they pass.

J. R. MILLER.

Father of my spirit, in the darkness that surrounds me I would know that in Thee no darkness is. No chilling blasts, only warmth and sunshine to the soul that opens to Thee. Make me conscious of this fact, O God, that I may flee to the upper room of my being, open the window toward Thee where the hushed stillness and sweet peace are never disturbed by the winds of adversity, and where Thy voice is saying "Come unto me; I am thy health, thy light, thy peace, thy life and thy salvation." Amen.

ABBIE E. DANFORTH.

*Lord of my waiting soul, Thou Saviour dear,
Why should I longer doubt, what shall I fear?
Come dwell with me, forever be my guest,
That I may share Thy toil and know Thy rest.
Thou showest me a foregleam of the day,
To cheer my drooping heart and light my way.
Even though the path I cannot plainly see,
Through the drear wilderness I follow Thee.
Thou every erring step wilt guide aright
Till night is gone and I behold the light.*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

O Lord, guard and keep us, we pray Thee, throughout the coming night. Grant to us refreshment of body and of mind, that we may awaken with increased powers to serve Thee and our fellow-men. Teach us that as Thou art with us through the night as well as the day, so Thou wilt also guide us through the darkness of perplexity, of sorrow and of doubt. So may we find in Thee our light and strength and courage; may we know Thy peace which passeth understanding, and may our lives bring hope and gladness to all with whom we have to do.

In the name of Christ we ask it. Amen.

MARY DANFORTH DODGE.

*To live, to live, is life's great joy, — to feel
The living God within, — to look abroad
And, in the beauty that all things reveal,
Still meet the living God.*

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

*Give me, O God, to sing this thought,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, Peace, Salvation Universal,
Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's love and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.*

WALT WHITMAN.

O God, who art forever life, — life for us today, but also life for every day of memory or of hope, we bless Thy name for these hours now sinking into shadow, and for their privilege of life with Thee. May rest and sleep be also life. If we have failed today, may it be for gain tomorrow; if we have borne the Cross, may we remember the Crown; if faces come to us in dreams, may they smile on us in love and peace, and bring the unutterable joy of the welcome which Thou hast given them and which Thou wilt not deny to us. Amen.

EDWIN C. BOLLES.

*At first I prayed for Light:—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!*

*And then I prayed for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.*

*But now I pray for Love—
Deep love to God and man:
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan:*

*And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.*

EDNAH DOW CHENEY.

Holy Father, as evening closes the shutters and draws the curtains, I seem nearer now to Thee. The shadows fold me closer than the light. Thou hidest me, I hide myself, in Thee. Thou lovest me. My heart was made for Thee. There surely is for me no hope or home apart from Thee. My life in Thee, Thy life in me, is hope below and Heaven above. My psalm and my prayer are brief tonight. Thy will be done. I trust in Thee, assured of some better thing tomorrow. Do for me and with me, O Father, as seemeth good to Thee. Amen.

DE LOSS M. TOMPKINS.

*There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great;
All things give way before it soon or late,
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its mighty course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.
Why, even Death stands still,
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Bountiful Father of love and blessing, we thank Thee for life and light, joy and hope, friends and faith. We thank Thee for liberty, the privilege of choice, and the power of a human will. We thank Thee for flowers and fragrance and fruits and the limitless charms of earth and sea and sky. We thank Thee, Lord, that we are not doomed to live in the heart of a dull, drab earth, where all the sounds are discords and all the voices complainings and discontent and despair; and we pray Thee save us from the blasphemy of fault-finding in God's good world. We thank Thee, Lord, for beauty and harmony; for food and raiment; and for music and art and literature and little children; and we beseech Thee, keep us grateful and, therefore, humble. Accept, we pray, the service we have tried to render Thee today, and give us rest in Thy care tonight. Amen.

IRA LANDRITH.

It rests with us whether we see good or ill; but in order that we may see as much as possible, let us be as much with, and of, what is fine, clean, patient, as we can.

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Surely this must be a divine world wherein they succeed best, and alone have permanent success, who with most utter loyalty follow ideal and divine ends; who speak truth without fear, perform duty by an inward compulsion, and make their business the service of humanity. Who, then, shall we say is the practical man of affairs, whom the new century demands as its chosen leader and helper? It is the upright, outspoken, noble, and generous gentleman, the friend and lover of men, co-worker with God.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Infinite and ever-loving Father, we come back at the close of the day to tell Thee the story of our words and deeds. We know that there is nothing too small or commonplace to mention for Thy hearing. We ask concerning our success and failure and Thou dost answer us, reminding us that in so far as we have kept with Thee, with the good and true, we have succeeded. We thank Thee that Thou judgest our intentions rather than our achievements. Grant us now forgiveness for those words and deeds which were untrue to our ideal. Grant us strength, after refreshing sleep to pursue our onward way, and may we work with Thee on the morrow and through all the days that are to come. In the name of Him who hath loved us most and best, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, we ask it. Amen.

A. EUGENE BARTLETT.

*I stood beneath the blazing dome of night;
My spirit shrank within me at the sight;
I was as nothing, yea, the earth was lost
In the still presence of that mighty host.
Yet heard I from the heavens a whisper fall;
"Rejoice, O man, thy Father made them all;
A child of God, thyself, a god shalt be,
Heir of the riches of infinity."*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Abide with us, our Heavenly Father, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. The stars twinkle in the darkness of the night, bringing to us their shining testimony of Thy love. We do not fear to be alone with Thee in the darkness, for the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee; we do not tremble at the thought of our insignificance in presence of the immensity of the Universe, for Thou hast told us of our worth to Thee and hast promised Thy watch-care over us. Give to us the security of our faith, we pray, and the sense of our personal value to Thee, O Thou Giver of every good and of every perfect gift. Grant peace to every fear-filled spirit, hope to the despairing, rest to the weary, according to the sympathy and love of Thy Fatherly goodness. Amen.

NEHEMIAH BOYNTON.

*Be like the bird, that halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.*

VICTOR HUGO.

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Your relations to God are not to be shaken by the fact that you do not understand His providence. On the contrary, when the path is rugged and the night is dark — and very dark indeed it is sometimes — cling all the closer to your faith, for it is the only thing under the stars that can give you help.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Father of the night as of the day, as the birdling nestles under the wing of the mother bird for security from all harm, so would we seek the wing of Almighty protection during the night shadows, for we know that in Thee is no darkness at all. We thank Thee for the recuperative power of sleep, and we pray that its repose may not be fretted by any seeming mysteries of Thy providence, however unsolvable or painful they may be to us, because we know that Thou art good, infinitely good, unchangeably good And so may our faith never falter in its trust in Thee. Amen.

CHARLES P. NASH.

*Dark, tender-stepping Night
Oh, let me join thy flight,
Whilst, yielded to thy will,
The whole wide earth is still!*

*E'en as a baby lies
With wonder-smitten eyes
That gaze far, far away
Where golden cloudlets stray —*

*So bear me on thy quest
Through the dim pensive west,
Until the west be east
And day renew her feast!*

*Lead me where nothing mars
The splendor of the stars.
Oh, let me roam with thee,
Who art so calm, so free!*

WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

We come to Thee, Our Father, at the close of this day, to again thank Thee for what the day has brought us. Thou art the cloud by day and the pillar of fire at night — so that we can always see Thee. As the child comes to the mother to find rest in her arms, we come to Thee with faith to find rest in Thine everlasting arms, and hearing the word Father we sleep in peace and safety. To be with Thee is the thought that fills our hearts. Just with Thee, and the clouds disperse, and the shadow is no more — and the darkness is indeed Light! For in Thy life do we see light. Amen.

CALEB E. FISHER.

*Faint Heart, fear not! The path you dread
And shuddering think for you new-born,
Is worn by many feet, whose tread
Its every flower knows, its every thorn.*

*Faint Heart, be strong! The eyes that smile,
The lips that call to you each day
Some common greeting, may the while
Be walking cheerfully your hardest way.*

GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON.

O Lord, the hard-won miles
Have worn my stumbling feet:
Oh, soothe me with thy smiles,
And make my life complete.

The thorns were thick and keen,
Where'er I trembling trod;
The way was long between
My wounded feet and God.

Where healing waters flow
Do Thou my footsteps lead.
My heart is aching so;
Thy gracious balm I need.

Amen.

*Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.*

*In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied:
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.*

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

O Thou who knows our hearts, read Thou aright !
Forgive the thoughts that are not highest, best !
Forgive, O God, and help us to be strong !
Pity our weakness, guide our footsteps, lest
The future bring only remorse, unrest;
The paths we tread are tortuous and long —
O the great shadow of the soul's sad night !
'Tis vain to question why our deed is wrong,
'Tis hard to find the way that leads to light;
But, Thou, our God, our Father, Guide, and Friend,
When all our human power seems at an end,
Reach forth Thy hand and save us by Thy might!
Amen.

LOUISE WINSLOW KIDDER.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PSALM XXIII.

O Lord, Thou Shepherd of our lives, how good it is to throw ourselves upon Thy care. We have tried to live alone and find our own pasture, only to be bruised by the stones and torn by the thorns. If we have wandered in some wilderness today with tired feet and hungry heart, we come back to the fold tonight. Let us rest in the consciousness of Thy care. Tired of all wandering, let us go with Thee when the day breaks to walk in green pastures beside the still waters. Lead us in paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake. And though our way be through the valley of the shadow of death, we will not fear, for Thou art with us. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all, —
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore, —
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more!*

*'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!*

*More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore!*

J. W. CHADWICK.

Father, in this great trust let us work, let us wait, let us be patient, let us be cheerful, and with the words ringing in our ears, "And death shall be no more," let us press on to that fulness of life that waits Thy children forever. Amen.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

*There is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release:
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.*

HELEN GRAY CONE.

I do not know when or how it may please God to give you the quiet of mind that you need; but I tell you I believe it is to be had, and, in the meantime, you must go on doing your work, trusting in God even for this. Tell Him to look at your sorrow, ask Him to come and set it right, making the joy go up in your heart by His presence.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Heavenly Father, make us to feel Thy presence tonight as the touch of a loving hand, and to hear Thy voice as the voice of our dearest friend; and may we realize that Thou art as near as the light we see and the air we breathe. Help us, our Father, that we may pray aright for the things that are most needful to us, for a humble spirit, a patient heart, yet strong and resolute to do the daily duty. We ask Thy blessing upon us, let it descend upon us as the rain falls upon the fields, and let us sleep peacefully in the thought that as the new day opens upon us we may wake full of faith, hope and love, strong for another day of duty. Amen.

JOSHUA YOUNG.

*I hunted Heaven everywhere,
I blindly sought for solace sweet,
While shyly peeping unaware,
Meek daisies nestled at my feet.*

*I cried aloud for hint of God,
Telling my beaded baubles o'er,
While from the quick womb of the sod,
Glad roses climbed to deck my door.*

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

*Happiness rarely is absent. It is we that know not
of its presence. The greatest felicity avails us nothing
if we know not that we are happy.*

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

O Heart of love that keeps the world from sinking in despair, to Thee we come tonight. Thou dost flood the world with light, shining upon the evil and the good. We celebrate Thy compassion: we adore Thine eternal goodness. O gracious and impartial love, let us know some measure of it in our own life, that we shall not too closely scrutinize our blessings, whither they tend, and though the land in which we travel be like a garden, and the portion that is ours be goodly and rich, let us from the midst of Thy mercies wait for Thee as those that wait and watch for the morning, and seek Thee as those that are hungry after God. Amen.

THOMAS R. SLICER.

*Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more, I ask.*

*But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."
HELEN HUNT JACKSON.*

We thank Thee, Father, that we are all spinners and weavers, too, of the web of life, and may the daily prayer of our daily work always be "Thy will, not ours, be done." Forbid that it should ever be anything else, forbid that we should in any way seek to change Thy appointed ways of life's threads. Deliver us from all blindness. Clarify and intensify, and broaden and deepen our vision and may we see and feel and know that like the great Master's, our mission is not to destroy or in any way mar the divine web, but to fulfill it according to Thy immutable purpose. And having done all, to stand listening and hearing Thy Fatherly commendation — "Well done, good and faithful spinners, enter into the joy and rest and peace of good work faithfully accomplished." Amen.

I. P. CODDINGTON.

*Come to me, come to me, O my God!
Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean Thee, and the grassy sod,
And the water and the air!*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

There is a darkness that comes of effulgence; and the most veiling of all veils is the light. That for which the eye exists is light, but through light no human eye can pierce. I find myself beyond my depth. I am ever beyond my depth, afloat in an infinite sea; but the depth of the sea knows me, for the ocean of my being is God.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

O Thou who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment, and in whom is no darkness at all, illumine us by Thy spirit, that we may walk always in the light. Thou dwellest in a light which no man can approach unto, but art not far away from any of us. In the glory of the day we have found Thee; we would find Thee also in the shadows of the night. Let the darkness never hide Thee from us. May every night shine as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. May they be to us co-equal witnesses of Thine unfailing love, every day uttering speech and every night showing knowledge, until our souls are at last prepared for the unfading splendor of the Eternal Morning. Amen.

CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.

O Lord, Thou art my West, my peaceful, restful West! The same glad light that made my morning sky all radiant with hope and beauty, now turns to rose and gold, the sombre clouds of evening. The day is done and it was good, in spite of toil and tears, of struggles and failure, and of hope deferred; the toil is turned to rest, the tears to smiles of trust; the struggles have brought me strength, failures have shown me wisdom, and hope, deferred, unveils to me her heart of peace. I lay me down to sleep without a single fear, for morning follows night and a new and better day is on the way to me! My West! O Holy West, my bark glides softly towards Thy golden bars. The softening light enfolds me like a bath of balm; the twilight gently touches every sense. I rest, I sleep; I rest, I sleep.

MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Thou, whose love encircles the heavens, accept our prayer as an evening sacrifice. We come, changed in character by the trials and successes in another day. Through its burden and heat we have worked in Thy vineyard. Its material gains we hold as Thy stewards. Receive our account with charity. Let the shadows fall in quiet benediction upon well-used opportunities. May the sun go down upon our shortcomings to rise upon stronger efforts. Give us joy in a world so beautiful, in work so inviting, of rest so refreshing. Amen.

EDWARD B. SAUNDERS.

*Ah me, but the day is so long!
 And the toil is so hard, and the brain
 So weary of weighing the right and the wrong,
 So tired of the stress and the strain!
 What dream of delight can endure
 The noise and the dust of the street? —
 Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
 The toil and the trouble are sweet!*

*The heart would be roaming afar,
 These sunshiny days, to the green
 Delights of the grove where the singing birds are,
 And the flash of the river is seen;
 But here are a desk and a chair,
 And a task for a poet unmeet —
 Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
 The toil and the trouble are sweet.*

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

O Thou, who givest power to the faint and joy to the faithful, lo, the day with its heat and burden has fallen upon us and we have grown weary under its strain of toil and its press of care. We live amid the dust of trivial duties and monotonous tasks absorb our powers. Our hearts often long for pastures green and we would sit down by the cool waters of delight. Forgive us our longing for an easier lot and nobler tasks. Consecrate unto us the drudgery of our daily life so that every path may shine and every labor seem divine. Only grant us Thy love to cheer and sustain us and, at the end of the day's toil and stress, may we find the joy of faithful service. Amen.

RODNEY F. JOHNNOT.

*Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to
Thee,*

Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

*I have learned that we are not to find solace in our
own strength; we must seek it in God's omnipotence.
Fortitude is good; but fortitude itself must be shaken
under us to teach us how weak we are.*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

O Christ! in whom was life and whose life was the Light of men! when we sit in darkness be Thou a light unto us, and in Thy life may we see light. When we lie down, may our sleep be sweet unto us, through the ministry of Thy grace; and when we awake may it be to a sense of gladness and of strength in the assurance of Thy favor. Thus, whether we wake or whether we sleep, we shall live together with Thee whose favor is life and whose loving-kindness is better than life. Amen.

CHARLES M. STUART.

The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean. Even so, the humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth that we need to believe, you and I who have no "mission," and no great sphere to move in. The universe is not quite complete without my work well done. Have you ever read George Eliot's poem called "Stradivarius?" Stradivarius was the famous old violin-maker, whose violins, nearly two centuries old, are almost worth their weight in gold today. Says Stradivarius in the poem:

*"If my hand slacked,
I shoul' rob God — since He is fullest good —
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."*

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Dear Father, may we be true just because we are Thy children; and wherever we are, whether any one is looking on or not, whether there is fame to be won or not, let us be true to Thee, true to the ideals of our own souls, and so help produce that perfection and harmony that shall make up the music of the world. We realize that we cannot do any great thing; but we are glad that Thou hast made us a sharer in Thy work at all, and that there is some little thing we can do. Let us do it faithfully, then, as for Thee, and so win the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Amen.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

You are a block of rough marble. You may some time come to be a statue of splendid proportions, but must be chiseled and hammered before that consummation can be reached. Grief, struggle, disappointment, the whole range of sad experiences which fill life so full, are the tools with which the Great Artist will change your shape by slow degrees and convert you from a mere block to a thing of beauty.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears: it's best to have a bit o' silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm'll come, by and by.

EDWARD GARRETT.

Our Father, though Thou standest with Master's tool in hand, we fear Thee not. Thou wilt not strike a blow unneeded or amiss. Thou wilt not mar the work, or fail to change the rude block into beauty. O God, we will rejoice even in the shock of blows which hurt, since we know the Hand which gives them, and the loving Mind which purposes our good. Let us be patient while with blow on blow Thou fashionest our lives according to the image of our Master. Nor let us hinder Thy work by vain complainings, but with glad co-operation let us help Thee with dreams and hopes of nobler life. Amen.

FREDERICK DELAND LEETE.

"What shall I talk about?" Alice Freeman Palmer, one of the earlier presidents of Wellesley College, once asked the girls of a school in the slums of the city. One girl replied, "Tell us how to be happy." "The tears rushed to my eyes," wrote Mrs. Palmer, and a lump came into my throat. Happy in such surroundings! "Well," said I, "I will give you my three rules for being happy, but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day. The first is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of poem or Bible verse. . . . The second rule is, look for something pretty every day, and don't skip a day or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud,—you can all find something. My third rule is—now mind, don't skip a day!—do something for somebody every day."

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou, who hast given us all things, really to enjoy, give us grace, day by day, to treasure up in memory's store-house the truth Thou wouldst have us know, and give us such sensitiveness of soul as shall be swiftly and sweetly responsive to the beauty Thou wouldst have us see and with which Thou hast garnished our pilgrim pathway, and give us strength to perform all the duty Thou wouldst have us do so that we shall be richer for having lived in this Thy world and the world shall be richer for our having lived in it. Amen.

P. S. HENSON.

Oh! that cheerful, childlike trust which believes that all shall be right with the world because God is in Heaven; which believes that, whatever storms shake earth or Heaven, the everlasting pillars are not shaken, — is it not sublime?

N. A. STAPLES.

*As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own;
So, when Thou dwellest in a human soul
All Heaven's own sweetness seems about it thrown;
The soul alone, like a neglected harp
Grows out of tune, and needs Thy hand Divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch its chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine!*
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

O Thou who makest the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice, we thank Thee for the blessings of this day. We thank Thee for the strength which has enabled us to toil, for the love that has prompted us to minister, for the guidance of the still small voice when we were tempted to err, for the light which has sifted through our clouds of sorrow and of doubt, for the hope that has made the step elastic, the yoke easy and the burden light. And now we lay ourselves down in peace to sleep, assured that He who has sustained us during the day will make us dwell in safety beneath His unslumbering eye. Amen.

THOMAS D. ANDERSON.

The secret of life is not to be what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does come to like it in time.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

When a man says, "This is well enough for today, but tomorrow I shall have more and better," he is just in the state of mind that makes the more and the better possible. But when one feels that his circumstances are not only a hardship, but also an injustice, he can neither get out of his present the best there is in it, nor look forward to the future with anything like good cheer.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Thou infinite spirit of ceaseless energy, who workes evermore, we thank Thee for our own divine call to work. Thou givest dignity to our daily toil by calling us to co-operate with Thee. Save us, we pray Thee, from discontent with our task. Save us from the common lot of the drudge, by giving us a sense of the divine partnership in which we are working, and give us grace to be glad in the opportunity for service that comes through work. So may our humblest toils be blessed and our lives be crowned. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light, —
Where is the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?*

*It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars!
It seems a heart beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!*

*O, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky that opens with
Those voices of surprise?*

*Then is God's heaven my very soul!
And his, so sweet and strong,
The Breath that sweeps its silences,
And fills my heart with song!*

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Thou Father of Light, how can we pray unless Thou givest the prayer we utter? May we be still and know that Thou art God. All our springs are in Thee. We live because Thou livest in us. We think because Thou thinkest in us. We love only when Thou lovest in us. So only can we pray when Thou prayest in us. Speak to us, Father, and we will answer Thee. Call us and we will follow Thee. What is it to love Thee, O Father, but to open our hearts to Thy love for us? In Thy restfulness shall be our peace, in Thy purity our perfection, in Thy love our joy, and in Thy service our satisfaction. Amen.

CHARLES E. STOWE.

Look back on your life and see what blessed influences have come to you to form your character, to ennoble your aims, to inspire you with a true spirit. All this is only a preparation for a deeper and fuller life of love, which God means to give to all of us on the condition of faith. Believe that what He has begun He means to carry on and finish. That is, trust Him. Do not doubt His nearness, His influence, His goodwill.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Grant unto us, O Lord, our God, that light of faith by which we shall discern Thee in everything. Art not Thou the tree of life to us? Dost Thou not give shadows as the trees do? But when winter comes, then Thou art not the tree, that with shadow brings chill. Thou art the very sun. Thou art our warmth and our light. Thou art, O Lord, our food. When we are faint, Thou art the water of life to comfort us. Thou art our star, shining in the darkness, and telling us the way when we are lost. Though we cannot see what it is, we follow its light without questioning, and are rescued. Thou art our rest and our home. Thou art all in all.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

*Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain;
For all our acts to many issues lead,
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion in His own good time
Such ends as to His wisdom fittest chime
With His vast love's eternal harmonies.*

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou source of all goodness and strength, I lift my heart in filial confidence to Thee who hast assigned me my task in life. I may have seemed to fail in doing it but I know that Thine heart of infinite love has accepted my service. Faulty indeed it has been, but Thy wisdom has overruled all its imperfection for good. A bruised reed, men may think me to be useless in helping swell the world's harmonies, but Thou, the tender Shepherd, hast not broken it, but refashioned and reattuned it to chime in with the divine music of heaven and earth. I lay me down and sleep resting in this full assurance of faith. May I awake in Thy likeness more ready than when slumber touched my eyelids for more gracious and acceptable service to Thee and my fellowmen. Amen.

SAMUEL FALLOWS.

*There is a peace which no men know
Save those whom suffering hath laid low,—
The peace of pain.*

*A strength, which only comes to those
Who've borne defeat, — greater, God knows,
Than victory.*

*A happiness, which comes at last,
After all happiness seems past,—
The joy of peace.*

ANONYMOUS.

Good Father, we adore Thee for the gifts which enrich our lives. In the contemplation of all Thou sendest us, our gratitude is quickened, our complainings are hushed, and our troubles seem as the fine dust of the balance. Yet we thank Thee even for the difficulties we have had to face, the hardships that have befallen us, and the defeats that seemed at first to crush us. Thou art teaching us that it is not success or victory alone that gives life worth, but that the finer graces of character blossom in the pathway of failure and defeat. Grant us, we beseech Thee, the culture of soul that adversity brings, and may we rise to the joy of Thy companionship, in which alone true peace is found. Amen.

HERBERT L. WILLETT.

*It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.*

*The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Our God and Father, Thou art continually blessing and helping Thy children; Thy bounty and Thy patience never fail. This day has brought again to all the evidence of Thy continued loving-kindness. Forgive us, O our Father, if accepting so much from Thee, we sometimes forget the claims our brothers and sisters make upon our sympathy and our love. Teach us how to minister unto others as Thou art ever ministering unto us. And when the evening of life shall come, may we be able to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant" which shall bring us lasting peace as we lie down to rest. Amen.

ARTHUR WILDER GROSE.

*All day among our fellow-men we move;
 And in our homes, or on the busy street,
 Exchange with them our gold, our hate and love;
 Pass this one by, and this one smiling greet;
 Add yet a little to the boarded store
 That we have heaped in long laborious days;
 Or tired of this, we say we'll toil no more,
 And follow after joy through pleasant ways.
 But at the last the day is done, and when
 Our little earth is fading on the sight,
 God's world-sown universe, appearing then,
 Throngs all the splendid spaces of the night;
 Our waking spirit then begins to rise
 And soar on new-found wings beyond the skies.*

ANONYMOUS.

O gracious Lord, I thank Thee for a busy day. At its close I bring to Thee my evening offering, its service, crude and uncomely in Thy sight, trusting Thou mayest find it precious as a loving service, the best Thy loyal child could give. Confer upon it Thy blessing that the activities of this day may wholly further Thy will. Refresh me this night. Prepare me for further service. I pray not for ease but strength, not for peace but victory. Let not the distractions of a busy life, the allurements of gain, the burden of continuous care, the discouragement of disappointed hope, the invitation of pleasure, or the solicitation of men swerve me from Thee. Make and keep me pure. Guide me unerringly that after the last eventide I may lie down to awaken in Thy glory. Amen.

EDWIN M. RANDALL.

*An angel, robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone,
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

*Above the clear sky was full of stars, and among them
the beautiful planet Jupiter shone serene. The sky
was of a lovely night blue; it was an hour to think, to
dream, to revere, to love — a time when, if ever it
will, the soul reigns, and the coarse rude acts of day are
forgotten in the aspirations of the inmost mind. The
night was calm — still; it was in no haste to do any-
thing — it had nothing it needed to do. To be is enough
for the stars.*

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Our Heavenly Father, let the days and the nights speak to our hearts, that we may join in the song of old, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork, day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge of Thee." When the stars shine amid the blue of the sky may it awake in our hearts some sense of eternity. May we turn away from things that pass in a night and lay hold of the things that abide. Beautiful and wonderful as are the stars in the sky, may the soul of man be to us yet more beautiful and more wonderful. O lead us from Nature up to Nature's God. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Do you not know what it is to be failing every day, and yet to be sure — humbly but deeply sure — that your life is, as a whole, in its great movement, and meaning, not failing, but succeeding? You want to do the best work that a man can do, — to make life brighter and nobler for your fellow-men. Not a day passes, but that you do not somehow try to do that blessed work; but every time you turn away after one of those attempts to give sympathy or inspiration to your brethren, how your heart sinks, so cold and ignoble are the words which you meant to be so generous and warm! And yet after all you know that the whole life does not fail. Still there is the purpose! It does not die. It is not given up. It presses forward, wounded and bleeding, but more and more determined every day. Every day it grows clearer and clearer to you that without that wish and hope and resolution, life would not be worth living.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O God, led by Thee, we have completed another “day’s march” towards heaven! Today the way has been rough, and our feet are torn and bleeding, but we thank Thee that our purpose to serve Thee and our fellow-men has not faltered. It is enough for us that we have Thy sympathy. And so, with serene confidence we wait for the renewals of the night that we may be better fitted for the tasks of the day to come. Help us to be strong against intruding doubts and the depression of weariness, and bring us to the new day in such a temper of mind that we may go forward and finish our course with joy! Amen.

HENRY IRVING CUSHMAN.

*When a soul
Burns with a godlike purpose to achieve,
All obstacles between it and its goal
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.*
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

*I could not keep on with the fight;
I could not face my want, my sin,
The baffled hope, the urgent foe,
The mighty wrong, the struggling right,
Excepting that I surely know
Some time —
Some time, some dear time, — I shall win.*
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Gracious Father, we want to feel Thy Presence now, we need to know that Thou art here, and that Thou art interested in what we do and say at this hallowed evening hour, as we take an upward look of thankfulness before retiring to rest. May we realize that to-day we have co-labored with Thee, that in Thy great tasks Thou hast needed strong men and women to help Thee, that our work has been Thy work, and Thy work has been our work, and all our triumphs have been Thy triumph and Thy joy. May we rest in the Lord this night, and on the morrow go forth in Thy strength to overcome every adversary, resist every temptation, bear every burden, endure every trial, and win every victory over ourselves and the world. Amen.

RALPH E. CONNER.

*You groped your way across my room i' the drear
dark of night;
At each fresh step a stumble was; but, once your lamp
alight,
Easy and plain you walked again: so soon all wrong
grew right!*

*What lay on floor to trip your foot? Each object, late
awry,
Looked fitly placed, nor proved offence to footing free
— for why?
The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown simple
symmetry.*

*Be love your light and trust your guide, with these
explore my heart!
No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and souls
apart!
Since rooms and hearts are furnished so, — light shows
you, — need love start?*

ROBERT BROWNING.

O God, who givest light and darkness, joy and sorrow and life and death, help us amid earth's changes to be steadfast and serene. Thou hast taught us to say. "In the beginning, God." May we come to Thee for succor not only at the end of life when the mortal mist gathers round us, but at the beginning of each day, and in the formation of each new plan. May we look to Thee not at the end of our resources, but at the beginning of our toil. Give us evermore to realize that Thou art closer than any earthly friend, nearer even than our doubts and fears. Amen.

W. H. P. FAUNCE.

Whether any particular day shall bring to you more happiness or suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand it. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Heavenly Father, whose banner over us is love and whose tender mercy is toward all Thy children, we know not what a day may bring forth, we only know that the hour for serving Thee is always present. In the time of prosperity temper our self-confidence with thankfulness and in the day of adversity suffer not our trust in Thee to fail. Grant us patience under any afflictions that may come to us and in whatsoever state we are, herewith to be content. Especially we ask Thee to remember in pity such as are destitute, homeless, or forgotten. Uplift those who are cast down and mightily befriend innocent sufferers. Cheer with hope all discouraged and unhappy people, and grant us grace to know no happiness greater than bringing sunshine into others' lives, to count no day complete without its deed of kindness that so at evening time it may be light and our lying down may be in peace. Amen.

REGINALD H. HOWE.

*God keepeth not His angels
 All in Heaven;
 The ministries of some
 To earth are given;
 And oft the shades
 That seem to mar life's day
 Are but their shadows
 Falling on our way.
 By every troubled soul
 Some angel stands
 And stretches forth
 Her gentle, pitying hands.*

E. W. SHURTLEFF.

O God, our Heavenly Father, we would remember that Thou hast made us and not we ourselves, — that we come to Thee and go to Thee, and that our lives are lived in Thy presence. Grant unto us in this night as well as in the day that all Thy blessed ministries may make music in our souls, bring balm to our wounded spirits, and the peace that passeth understanding in fulness of power as we rest ourselves within Thine all-embracing arms. So inspire and lead and guide us all, that at the last we may lay us down to rest, evermore secure in Thee. Amen.

GEORGE W. COLSON.

*The cynics say that every rose
Is guarded by a thorn which grows
To spoil our posies:
But I no pleasure therefore lack;
I keep my hands behind my back
When smelling roses.*

*Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,
The inner half of every cloud
Is bright and shining:
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.*

*My modus operandi this —
To take no heed of what's amiss;
And not a bad one:
Because, as Shakespeare used to say,
A merry heart goes twice the way
That tires a sad one.*

ELLEN T. F. FELKINS.

O Infinite Lover, we thank Thee for our creation. Grant unto us clear vision that behind all apparent confusion, wrong and mistake, we may discern the infinite order, the everlasting righteousness, the perfect certainty of Thy sufficient providence. Convince us of the vast profit of human life. Teach us the beauty and duty of hope and good cheer. Cause our hearts to sing. Bless unto our good the day now drawing to its close, and so influence us that because of what we have thought and wrought during its fleeting hours we may grow in trust. Amen.

GEORGE E. HUNTLEY.

No pure and simple life, true to itself, true to its maker, was ever lived on this earth that was not a voice on God's behalf, however still and small, and that did not, in its sincere and humble way, declare a hope and reveal a faith which might well be the evidence of things unseen.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

Whoever produces order in one little corner of the world is a co-worker with God. To make a kitchen clean, to set a chamber in order, that it may not offend, to dust the furniture of a parlor, to shovel the snow from a sidewalk, to remove the weeds from a garden, to make a little of the desert arable, to replace thistle with rose, to drive ignorance out of some mind, to bring in knowledge and morality! Is not any one of these tasks enough to relate us to God, who has, from all eternity, been working against chaos and disorder?

GEORGE L. PERIN.

We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for Thy gift to us in the day now closing. Forgive us that we have so dimly seen its worth, so poorly understood our birthright, as to misuse or neglect its opportunities for filial service. Show us the meaning of our daily cares and duties, and make us glad in the knowledge that fidelity binds us to Thee and makes for righteousness. Let the consciousness that we are in Thy gracious keeping fill our minds with peace, and the night with gratitude and rest. May we fear no evil, because Thou art our Father and our God. Amen.

COSTELLO WESTON.

I tell you the soul shapes to itself a life, whether the outer life conform to it or not. What else is imagination given for? Outside may be cold and darkness. Your hands may stretch into an unresponsive void. Yet in your spirits are ye blessed. There find ye, wide open, the door into the kingdom! As in a dream, paths impossible to sense show plain and sudden transit into distant places, — so from your shut souls widens out an entrance-way into God's everlasting joy!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Thou Creator of life, we thank Thee that we too may command the light to shine. Thou hast placed the tools of creation in our hands. Thou hast bidden us to imitate Thy work. We thank Thee that we too may be creators in the field of life. We are glad that we may turn the trial into a blessing and the cross into a highway, and use all things in building up a richer life. It is good to remember that nothing can keep us from Thee. Forgive our failures, Father. Receive us this night and refresh our spirits. Tomorrow may the weariness be forgotten and hope be strong. Daily with Jesus, may we find old things passing away and all things becoming new. Amen.

ARTHUR S. BALDWIN.

Then the moon slips up into the sky from behind the eastern hills, and the fisherman begins to think of home, and of the foolish fond old rhymes about those whom the moon sees far away, and the stars that have the power to fulfil wishes — as if the celestial bodies knew or cared anything about our small nerve-thrills which we call affection and desires. But if there were Some One above the moon and stars who did know and care, Some One who could see the places and people that you and I would give so much to see, Some One who could do for them all of kindness that you and I fain would do, Some One able to keep our beloved in perfect peace and watch over the little children sleeping in their beds beyond the sea — what then? Why, then, in the evening hour, one might have thoughts of home that would go across the ocean by way of Heaven, and be better than dreams, almost as good as prayers.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in whom is no darkness at all, we lift up our hearts unto Thee. Abide with us, we pray Thee, through the watches of this night. After the labors of the day, renew us with Thy peace. Quiet Thou our troubled spirits with Thy serene and shining presence. Be with our beloved wherever they may fare, and use the affectionate thoughts of our hearts as paths for the imitations of Thy grace. And as our bodies sink to slumber may our souls repose profoundly in Thee, that, refreshed and quickened by Thy spirit, we may arise to a new day of service and joy. Amen.

FREDERIC W. PERKINS.

*Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And thus, alas! — since God the Maker drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us and our souls in pain —
We miss the prospect which we're called unto.*

*. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother, hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch, along
The sunset, consummation-lights of death.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Almighty God, who art Thyself light, and in Whom there is no darkness at all, let us know that evening mists are wholly of the earth and not of heaven. Since our dim eyes can see Thee but imperfectly at best, leave us not to increase the obscurity of our vision by the evaporations of doubt, murmuring and self-will. May the medium through which we look be that of a crystal-clear faith, and may we see Thee and duty and privilege and blessing, as Christ saw them, and because He bade our opened eyes see them too. O, let nothing divine escape our view here, and prepare us for the sunrise vision hereafter. This we plead in the name of Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

FREDERIC CAMPBELL.

Some botanists were one day hunting for specimens of mountain plants in the Highlands of Scotland, and descried several scarce and beautiful plants growing at some distance down the face of a steep precipice. The precipice was fully two hundred feet high. They saw a boy near, and offered him a handsome present of money if he would allow himself to be lowered down by a rope and fill a small basket with the flowers. The boy shrank back at first, but he remembered that his parents were poor, and that the money would be of great use to them, and at last he bravely said, "I will go if my father holds the rope." And then, with unshrinking nerves, and his heart strong and bold, he suffered his father, when he came, to put the rope round his waist, lower him down the side of the precipice, and hold him there while he filled his basket with the flowers. It was a daring deed, and it was only the boy's trust in the strength of his father's arm, and in the loving care of his father's heart, that enabled him to perform it.

WILLIAM MOODIE.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that Thou dost never call us to any task which is too hard or dangerous for us. It may look difficult, even impossible, but with Thy love caring for us, Thy wisdom watching over us, Thy strength made perfect in our weakness, nothing that Thou dost command is impossible. So we will go forward, trusting Thee in the dark as well as in the light, knowing that Thou wilt cause us to go through no darker rooms than Christ our Lord has been through before. At last our tasks will all be done, our perils over, and we shall dwell with Thee forever. Amen.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

*A little spring had lost its way,
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink —
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.*

LORD HOUGHTON.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, who hast almighty power, and needest not that any man help Thee, we thank Thee that Thou dost entrust to Thy children some share in the fulfilment of Thine infinite purpose, and dost give unto each of the lowliest the privilege of working with Thee. Inspire us with gladness in the discharge of our daily duties; teach us that nothing is common or unclean which ministers to the good of our brethren; and illumine our humblest task with the glory of Thy presence. Forbid that we should be hirelings, laboring only for the praise of men; but so grant Thy strength and Thy blessing that we may serve in the spirit of Him who counted not His life dear unto Himself, and left us an example that we should follow. Amen.

MARY DANFORTH DODGE.

*In the deep night a little bird
Wakens, or dreams he is awake;
Cheerily clear one phrase is heard,
And you almost feel the morning break.*

ANDREW HEDBROOK.

*Through the long voyage we may welcome day,
Glad when the night is gone,
So many threat'ning perils of the way
Vanish before the dawn;*

*And yet a deeper darkness we may crave
When strife indeed is past,
And we from stress of tempest and of wave
Are nearing port at last.*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Our gracious Heavenly Father, though the night darkens, the stars are shining; and even though we cannot always see them shining because of storm-clouds, we know they still shine above the clouds. Help us to spiritual vision and knowledge. Help us always to grip the certainty of Thine unfailing love and care. So may we have songs in the night. So in our deepest hearts may there be an undisturbed gladness. Give us, we beseech Thee, this boon of trust and cheer for Jesus' sake. Amen,

WAYLAND HOYT.

*About Ben Adhem — may his tribe increase !
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in the room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blessed—
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.*

LEIGH HUNT.

Heavenly Father, abide with us this night. Let not earth’s evening shadows reach into our souls. Refresh us with Thy presence while we rest in sleep by night, and while our thoughts are fixed upon our work by day, that we may transmit to others the impulses of our love as unconsciously and effectively as Thou dost transmit them to us. Abide with us that we may learn of Thee how to love and serve our fellow-men. Create in us a clean heart and renew a right spirit within us. Amen.

JOHN B. LEMON.

Silence, solitude, the flocks noiselessly moving about him, the eagle sailing in slow circles above his head, the dawn struggling with night on the far-away hills, the dewdrops sparkling on the grass, the loud stream rushing through its rocky bed, the black shadows deepening in the narrow glen, the sheep gathering nearer to him and couching themselves in the twilight, the distant roar of the lion, the great stars sliding through the night, the trembling fugitive sharing his plain food as they looked down together from some safe eyrie upon the pastures below, — these were the forms and colours of David's early life; and out of them he weaves a beautiful garment to clothe his thought of God.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Here in our quiet home, Thou God of Nature and our God, we prepare us for the night, knowing that the holy stars will guard and the sentinel planets will keep safe our slumbering forms. "Even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." Thou hast given Thine angels charge over us, and they will keep our feet from stumbling and our path from leading us over a cliff. Sweet be our sleep, happy our dreams; and may we arise on the morrow to lives of cheerfulness and courage, eagerly ready to take up our daily work, for we know and believe that we, even we, have a part in that great moral order of Thine by which all things are working together for good. Amen.

HENRY R. ROSE.

*Mother Earth, are the heroes dead!
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn,
Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?*

*Gone? In a grander form they rise.
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever the right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.*

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

O Thou whose gifts are beyond words, Thou in whose loving Fatherhood we are content to abide, help us to know that Thou art near us today, and every day of our life on earth. Give us, we pray Thee, that faith in the conquering power of good deeds and purposes which may enable us to contend successfully against the infirmities and temptations to which our nature is subject. May a sense of the true values of life keep us in the faith appointed for us. May we seek the patience of Thy saints and the wisdom of Thy prophets, and the self-devotion of Thy martyrs, and may our worship give us a place in the great Church Universal of love and service forever. In Christ's name. Amen.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

One hot July morning a boy was hoeing corn in a field. Apparently oblivious to the heat and indifferent as to the exactions of his toil, he whistled while he worked. A dust-laden traveler stopped his horse, drew up to the fence, and called out, "Hello, my lad, I am curious to know how you can hoe corn on a day like this and whistle while you work." "Well, sir," replied the lad, "I don't know unless it is that I feel somehow that I am a doin' somethin' that even the Almighty couldn't do if I wasn't here to help Him." What fine faith is that! In partnership with God! So is every honest, earnest man who does well some work that needs to be done. How the task is dignified! There is no drudgery to the man who feels that he is working with God.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Father of all, help me to hear Thy high and holy call in every homely duty and every humble task: in the drudgery of housekeeping; in the dreariness of accounts; in the difficulty of study; in the hardness of toil; in the competition of trade; in the claims of society; in the fight with appetite; in the struggle with poverty; in the management of wealth; in the love of friends, in courtesy to foes. In all the common experiences of life help me to see Thy love going before me to point out the way my love must take: help me to feel Thy strength within me making hard things easy, and translating the otherwise impossible into accomplished fact. Amen.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

*Strive: Yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of today
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.*

*Wait: Yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.*

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Infinite and loving God, my heavenly Father, I pause in the evening hour that my trust in Thee may be strengthened. Too much, I run the race alone, relying upon my own strength, taking satisfaction from the vantage ground of the present hour. Realizing that the race is long, and coming upon the difficult way I sometimes falter. Help me to press on with that energy and patience which should characterize the child who is conscious of his divine heritage. Fill me with Thy spirit, for in likeness to Thee I shall attain the true heart's desire and accomplish those things that are worth while. I thank Thee for this moment of communication. Amen.

EUGENE L. CONKLIN.

*I wonder if ever a song was sung
 But the singer's heart sang sweeter !
 I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
 But the thought surpassed the metre !
 I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
 'Til the cold stone echoed his ardent thought !
 Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
 The dream of his inmost heart portrayed !*

*I wonder if ever a rose was found,
 And there might not be a fairer !
 Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
 And we dreamed not of a rarer !
 Ah ! Never on earth shall we find the best !
 But it waits for us in the Land of Rest ;
 And a perfect thing we shall never behold
 Till we pass the portal of shining gold.*

JAMES CLARENCE HARNEY.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the songs heard in the heart, and the fair creations seen in the mind, this day. Though some of them are now too hard for our willing lips and hands, make them blessed prophecies of things to come. May we not lose heart because of failure to do as well as we purpose. May we rejoice in vision that ever exceeds achievement. Give us either quietness or songs in the night to strengthen us for wider vision and better deed to-morrow. Help us to wait and work with courage and patience for the day when that which is perfect shall come, and that which is in part shall be done away. Amen.

T. P. FROST.

We're in a world of choosing and beating, — or getting beat. Every step of the way we're letting something get the upper hand, to be the biggest part of us, whether it's the bats and owls, or the singing birds, or the little children of us, or the growing angels.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

"Every little atom in the whole world of worlds has its face towards God."

"What do they pull away for, then?"

"God gives them a will of their own, to go a little way of their own; but they cannot get beyond His will. The two wills make the beautiful, glad motions, and all the life and glory."

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Dear Father in Heaven, if this day mystery and doubt have been about us, keep us steadfast in our faith. If sadness has beset us, open to us, we pray Thee, the way to Thine abiding peace. If joy has been in our hearts, may we not forget that, in obedience to Thee is the gladness that endures. Help us to face our own weakness and error, our unfaithfulness and neglect, and to remember Thine infinite patience and strength. In Thy forgiving love may we find inspiration and purpose and power. Help us to seek diligently Thy will and way and to make Thy will ours; and help us so to use day by day the precious gifts and powers which Thou hast given us that, through us Thy will be done and Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen.

WARREN S. WOODBRIDGE.

How many different kinds of friends there are! They should all be held close at any cost; for, although some are better than others perhaps, a friend of whatever kind is important, and this one learns as he grows older.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Travel as a friendly man wherever you go; make new friends; trust men as often as possible; be glad at every glow of kindly feeling that warms your heart; look for good and not for evil in all kinds and conditions of men. Find out their best thought. The humblest may teach you something. Praise whatever is good. Carry the signs of a new free masonry. You shall make fast the ties which bind the world; you shall put an end to war.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Our Father, as we fall asleep tonight in the arms of Thy protecting love, we thank Thee for the sunlight and joy that this day has brought us. We thank Thee for new proofs of friendship; for the glints of heavenly light and joy we have caught from the eyes of little children; for the added courage that has come to us as we have seen brave and trustful men and women uncomplainingly bearing their burdens of sorrow; and we praise Thee for a clearer vision of "that far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves." Waking or sleeping, O God, may we ever trust in Thee! Amen.

FRANK C. LOCKWOOD.

*The dear, long, quiet summer day
Draws to its close.
To the deep woods I steal away,
To hear what the sweet thrush will say,
In her repose.*

*Beside the brook, the meadow rue
Stands, tall and white,
The water softly slips along,
A murmur to the thrush's song,
To greet the night.*

*Over and over, like a bell,
Her song rings clear;
The trees stand still in joy and prayer,
Only the angels stir the air.*

*I bow my head and lift my heart,
In Thy great peace,
Thy Angelus, my God, I heed,
By the still waters wilt Thou lead,
Till day shall cease.*

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

Heavenly Father, Thou art bringing us onward a day at a time. We bless Thee for the black night when we can see nothing: it is good for us to have no eyes. We bless Thee for letting down a great curtain we cannot see through. Even in the quietness of the night, come into our imagination and reveal what our senses are unable to comprehend. In the silence speak to us as Thou only canst whisper to the heart. Amen.

JOSEPH PARKER.

*Fear not the day. The cooling shade
Shall rest your eyes and bless your feet;
The lark's voice crest the dalliant breeze
That stirs within the vibrant heat.
The spring that trickles from the rock
Shall moist your throat and lave your hand;
The sun that melts away your strength
Shall emerald the waiting land.*

*Fear not the night. The vesper dews
Shall spread their pearls upon the plain;
The nightingale shall wake and sing;
The hosts of stillness be your train.
The stars shall be your steady torch
To light you on your forward way,
And dawn shall lead you to the gates
Foreknown in dreams but yesterday.*

IO SHAMUS.

Venturesome and headstrong, O Lord, where we should have been fearful and timid, and fearful where we should have trusted in Thee, we pray that Thou wilt compassionately receive us at the close of this day. Surely Thou hast tenderly and wonderfully led us, filling our souls with radiance and giving to us strength and peace. Let us think of all that Thou hast shown us this day, clouds and sky, far-stretching waters, fruitful fields; movement, order, beauty; throngs of men and busy cities, and at the evening hour beloved faces. As we consider it all, our hearts rejoice in Thee. Surely, O Lord, Thou takest away trembling and givest confidence. Thou wilt make the darkness to be light about us. Hear us, we beseech Thee, Thou who art the Light of Life. Amen.

WILLIAM I. HAVEN.

*The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.*

*The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Our Father, as we come to Thee again tonight to get in close communion with Thee after another day of varied activities, we wish to thank Thee for the opportunities granted, for the discipline received, and for the instruction Thou hast given us. But we must also ask Thy forgiveness for permitting our spirits to be perturbed by the interruptions in our plans and the cares which have annoyed us. Help us to trust Thee fully, and to recognize Thy hand in all that befalls us. May we catch the note of continuous praise and trust that goes up to Thee from the natural world about us, and never permit a murmuring discord to sound forth from our hearts ! May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, guard our hearts and our thoughts in Christ Jesus. Amen.

ROBERT W. BEERS.

We must be led. We trust to be. But we shan't be dragged. We've got to take every single step ourselves, and choose to take it as it comes. Experience is realizing in one's self what one believes. That can't be done in a minute, though it is always in some minute that everything is begun. . . .

What good would it do me to go to heaven, even, . . . if behind me was a piece of life unlived, a piece of loving that I hadn't learned or done?

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Father, Thy plans are far-reaching and I am but a single workman; let me not become discouraged when I cannot see the distant issue of my works and sufferings. Let it ever be my chief concern to be one of Thy workmen; and, assured of this, to toil on faithfully; even in darkness believing that all honest endeavor and patient suffering will be employed by Thee to bring to pass Thine all-wise designs. When clear vision is impossible and I must walk by faith, help me to do so cheerfully and hope-fully. Help me to feel that I am working for a Father who sees the end from the beginning; and may I find my joy and my confidence in my relationship to Thee, rather than in my assurance of the value and ultimate issue of my labors and experiences. Amen.

JAMES D. MOFFAT.

"Behold, all souls are mine," saith the Lord. Not only all saints, that goes without saying. The simple, gentle, pure, truthful spirits that have passed over — the multitude that no man can number — they are obviously, manifestly His. But all souls, — the soiled, the sinning, the degraded, the outcast, — they, too, are His. He made them, He is responsible for them, He cannot be defrauded of them, He cannot lose them. Wherever they are, to whatever distance banished, He holds them, trains them, influences them, unfolds them, remelts them, effects their ultimate moral restitution, because they are His and His name is Love; and, as Jesus told us, "no man can snatch aught out of His hand."

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Father, we thank Thee that all souls are Thine: Thine now: — Thine evermore. Wherever the feet of Thy children may tend, there are we ever Thine. Help us, O Father, to feel this; to realize it in our lives. Day by day the perplexities of life are with us; yet, must we ever conquer in them, because we are Thine and Thou art with us. At the close of day, with its tasks done, its burdens borne, its responsibilities met, we turn to the silences of the night for rest and refreshment. Peaceful shall be our sleep for we are with Thee, and in the morn we shall rise to greet the new-born day with courage and strength, for we know that Thou art ever with us. Amen.

HOWARD BURTON BARD.

*Now came still Evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.*

MILTON.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the quiet of the evening and the silence which steals in upon us with the growing gray of the deepening twilight. We remember the words of a day long gone calling on us to be still and know that Thou art God, and we bless Thee that as men of old found Thee in the breathless stillness, so may we. Speak to us, Our Father, as we are wrapt in the mantle of this night's silence, and may our ears be so quick to hear and our hearts so swift to respond that we shall be very conscious of Thy loving presence and filled with a serene and abiding peace. Amen.

EDSON REIFSNIDER.

*O ye who drive upon the rocks of Chance
Or drift upon the shoals of Circumstance,
Or fail to reach the port of high emprise
Through, on Life's seas, some patient sacrifice,
Who, following Duty's beacon o'er the main,
Love's golden galleon mark another gain,
Take heart! None knows how fair the meed may be
In God's green islands of eternity!*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

O God, infinite in power, perfect in wisdom, unchangeable in love, in Thy hands are all our ways, and the success of our purposes proceeds from Thee alone. Help us, we beseech Thee, never to fail nor be discouraged. May ceaseless change bring no distrust of Thee with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning. In times of darkness when we see Thee not; but only change, decay, darkness and death, even then may our faith fail not; rather let us rejoice, for the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. Comfort us with the exceeding great and precious promises of Thy word. By Thy gracious Spirit encourage us in the expectation of all good things from Thee, the God of hope, that we may continue and labor with a cheerful and courageous spirit, united to Thee and to all men with a perfect charity, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

RICHARD WRIGHT.

*Happy the man taught by the truth itself;
Not by the shapes and sounds that pass across his life
But by the very truth.
Our thoughts and senses often lead us wrong;
They see one side alone.*

.
O God of truth,
*Make me one with Thee in eternal love.
Oft am I weary, reading, listening,
But all I wish and long for is in Thee.
Then silent be all teachers, hushed be all creation at
the sight of Thee:
Speak Thou to me alone.*

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Infinite God, our Father, guide us in the way of life. The path is sometimes so rough and rugged and uncertain, we stumble and are afraid. Thou knowest what is in the darkness, may we see light in Thy light. Guide us by Thy Spirit each day, and at night may we lie down as in Thine arms of love. As we have received the light, may we walk in the light, and may we have fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. Deliver us from evil; and save us from all insincerity, and error, and unworthy purposes. May we know the truth which liberates and makes free, and in the liberty of the children of God, may we walk to-morrow and every day, knowing that Thou art with us and for us; and that "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Amen.

JOSHUA STANSFIELD.

*Where do you go with a face so bright?
I seek the Bourne of the Fadeless Light.*

*And what if the end be distant far?
Still, the sunset peace and the evening star.*

*But ever at eve the sunset dies!
Yet memory lives and hope defies.*

*And what if the end be death at last?
Not death, but life, with the shadow past.*

*Who are you, Spirit, with heart so true?
I was once your dream, and I might be — you.*

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER.

Spirit of the Infinite and All Infolding Life, into the repose of this evening hour I gather all the fortunes of this day, and in each and every one of them I would discover some reflection or token of the eternal purpose which Thou dost cherish for me in Thine infinite heart. The brightness of the morning wreathing all the world with smiles and quickening the elastic step, the faith and hope stealing into the strokes of industry or animating the more quiet tasks, the shadows of evening and that other shadow which falls across the paths of all men. Through these and all other experiences may I find Thee, O Infinite Life, and finding Thee I shall find my greater self in the Infinite Child of an Imperishable Love. Herein will I rest and find inspiration for all the life I live. Amen.

E. L. REXFORD.

*A perfect day! I tried to hold it fast;
To make each hour my own, and sip its sweets,
As if it were a flower, and I its bee.
No one should come between me and my joy,
My will should rule my actions for one day.
Ah, yes! it slipped away, its secret kept,
And hid from me behind the sunset clouds.*

*Another day: "God help me use the hours!"
I said, "And let Thy will be done, not mine."
I watched if might be someone needed help,
If I might speak a word of cheer, or give
A hand, or even softly step where wounds
Were aching. Day of sweet revealing! When
It passed, it left its perfume in my heart.*

M. F. BUTTS.

Gracious Father, this day the creation of Thy wisdom and the gift of Thy love has brought blessing to my life and gladness to my heart. The hours have revealed fresh evidences of Thy good will to me and to those I love. Its opportunities for serving other lives have not passed wholly unimproved, and this thought brings peace of mind and refreshment of spirit. Do Thou forgive in the days that are gone any sins of omission in ministering to the needy, and my failures in all social duties. May Thy Spirit guard me through the night, and at the dawn of another new day fill me with the desire to do more for the comfort and happiness of others, that thus I may become a truer disciple of the Master and worthier of Thy loving care. Amen.

I. J. MEAD.

In many persons, and not in poets only, a beautiful sunrise, or a gorgeous sunset, or the starry heavens on a cloudless night, create moral impressions, and something more; these sights suggest to them, if vaguely yet powerfully, the presence of Him from whom came both Nature and the emotions it awakens. The tender lights that fleet over sea and sky are to them

*“Signalings from some high land
Of one they feel, but dimly understand.”*

J. C. SHAIRP.

Heavenly Father, by whom all things were made, help me to see in all the glory of Thy wonderful world some dim foreshadowing of the splendor of Thy presence, and grant that, as I lay me down to rest tonight, my soul, filled with the beauty of this material universe, may gain in quiet communion with Thee some deeper insight into Thy love so that I may be more fit to dwell with Thee. Amen.

ROBERT H. GARDINER.

*Is it not meant that everyone should see
God's wondrous miracles in night and day,
Sunshine and shower, cloud, star-gemmed canopy,
As speeds our globe its never-ending way?*

*All laws of nature are His gifts divine,
God-given to all alike. Yet some but stare
And see naught beautiful and so repine;
While happier souls find His touch everywhere.*
JUDITH SPENCER.

I praise and bless Thee this night, my Heavenly Father, for a sense of Thy presence. The life of forest, field and stream, the faces of my friends, the light of sun and stars, the passing cloud, and every form or motion in the outward world but manifest the operation of Thy power and wisdom. How gladly I resign myself to Thy gracious keeping. May all my faults be covered by Thy pardoning mercy, and every good be chastened and perfected by renewing grace; and when the darkness shall once more have been chased from off the face of nature by the growing day may I arise refreshed and strengthened for a better service and a truer joy. Amen.

WILLIAM T. BEALE.

*A weaver standing at his loom one day,
Wrought with uncertain hand some strange design;
A tangled mesh it seemed, line blurring line,
Unsuited contrasts — warp and woof astray
Sometimes he paused, and pushed his work away,
“The task is hopeless,” said he, and sighed,
But patiently resumed; and one by one
The broken threads were mended.*

*When ’twas done
He turned the frame, and lo! Upon that side
A radiant light his startled eyes did greet,
What seemed confusion had been hidden law,
And the designer’s dream at last he saw,
Resulting, lovely, perfect and complete!*

LORD HOUGHTON.

Our Father in heaven, our loving Provider, and Helper, we have finished another portion of our day’s work for Thee, and for our generation. Through the warp of time which Thou hast unrolled in the loom of life, we have flung the shuttle of free will, carrying the thread of destiny, and weaving the web of experience after the pattern of Christ Jesus. The warp is Thine, the weft is ours, and we are so weak, so wilful, and so wavering. O God, grant that the piece of work we have done today may not make us ashamed when it is outspread in the white light of Thy judgment throne. We pray for mercy, for Thy loving kindness endureth forever. Let Thy arms be under us, Thy face over us this night. Amen.

ROBERT MCINTYRE.

*Be glad of life with its chances to be
A brave and cheerful toiler of earth;
 With a little play,
 Mixed in by the way,
Make others glad for the day of your birth.*

*Be glad of life with its chances to know
Of the best things, the bright, the good, the true;
 Then climb to the heights
 Of the soul's delights,
And seek and find all there waiting for you.*

.

*Be glad of life with its chances to love:
For loving is living on mountain height
 Where the air is clear —
 Heaven's atmosphere, —
And breathing and being a pure delight.*

OPHELIA G. BURROUGHS.

O God, Thou art the Source of the solemn mystery of existence. By Thy fatherly love have I enjoyed another day with its manifold possibilities of trial and triumph, gladness and gloom. I thank Thee for this day's token of Thy continued care. I thank Thee for health and strength, for happiness gained and given. And as I am about to yield to the serene rest of another night, I commit my spirit praying that Thou wilt guard and restore my soul. If the sweet rest of this night enables and leads me so to live, may mine be the enjoyment of the consciousness of Thy special protection ! Amen.

ALEXANDER LYONS.

Let us never say "I have no money," "I have no time," "I have no friends," "I have no power," "I have no opportunities." We should live in the thought of opulence in all these things.

CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

"Yes, indeed I'm rich," said Hiram. "Look at the sky up there! Ain't that mine? Don't I have the use of it while I live? No, I don't exactly own it, but then my Father owns it, and what my Father owns I have a right to enjoy."

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Almighty God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift: we come into Thy presence this evening, sure in the knowledge that the heirs of God receive from the Father's boundless store more than either they desire or deserve. Accept our humble thanks for all the wealth with which Thou hast endowed us, — for sunlight and earth and sky, for the glad beauty of the day and the silent peace of the night; for the riches of Thy love and the grace of Thy Holy Spirit. Help us to remember that, as we go to our rest Thy bounty ceaseth not; but in sleep Thou givest to Thy beloved. And may we, as faithful stewards, use all the riches Thou hast given us to Thy glory and the good of our fellowmen. Amen.

JOHN M. FOSTER.

Was it long ago, or was it but yesterday, that we prayed for strength to perform a certain duty, to bear a certain burden, to overcome a certain temptation, and received it? Do we dream that the Divine force was exhausted in answering that one prayer? No more than the great river is exhausted by turning the wheels of one mill. Put it to the proof again with today's duty, today's burden, today's temptation. Thrust yourself further and deeper into the stream of God's power, and feel it again, as you have felt it before, able to do exceeding abundantly. Remember and trust.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

O God, the lamp of our experience maketh bright this eventide. Memory is counting up her treasures. Blessed pictures of the past are in review. We see, again, the day when first, in full consciousness and torment of guilt, we knelt alone in prayer to Thee, and arose from that tryst in assurance of forgiveness, and experience of peace. Here, too, is the day when at the parting of the ways we stood, and knew not how to choose our life work, but Thou didst direct our steps and we found the path of helpfulness. Another day we were bereaved, burdened, and amid the shadows ready to die. It was Thy hand, O our Father, that upheld us, and Thy grace which has renewed our minds to this present hour. Surely we are as those to whom Thou givest songs in the night. And tomorrow, O God, tomorrow and every day of life, may we add to our experience such fulness of trust, that Thy word may go before us, a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, even forevermore. Amen.

WILLIAM H. MCGLAUFLIN.

*Forget thyself and all thy woes,
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet. Good night! Good night!*
ANONYMOUS.

*Leave God to order all thy ways,
And trust in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.*

*Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love, has sent.*

*Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on a rock that cannot move.*

GEORG NEUMARK

Our Father, in the evening hour, inviting to meditation and prayer, we pray that we may be conscious of Thee. Thou givest unto us the blessing of work and it is to Thee that we raise our hearts in thanksgiving for the benediction of rest. May our sleep be sweet and our rest refreshing, because we have tried to do well the duties of the day. And when the morrow comes may it be our portion to find joy in the work of the new day, and the peace that comes as a reward of faithfulness. Amen.

THOMAS EDWARD POTTERTON.

*Where there is Faith, there is Love;
Where there is Love, there is Peace;
Where there is Peace, there is God.
Where there is God, there is no need.*

ANONYMOUS.

*I longed for love, and eager to discover
Its hiding place, I wandered far and wide;
And as forlorn I sought the lone world over,
Unrecognized, love journeyed at my side.*

*I craved for peace, and priceless years expended
In unrewarded search from shore to shore;
But home returned, the weary seeking ended,
Peace welcomed me where dwelt my peace of yore!*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

To Thee, my Heavenly Father, I come at this evening hour with no note of complaint to sound, and with no disposition to doubt Thy love. Forgive me for failing to perceive Thy presence in the hour of darkness and sorrow as truly as in the hour of light and joy. Thou hast not hidden from me: Thou art nearer than hands or feet. Thou art in my home and in my business. Thou art in the commonplace. In the love of parent and child, and husband and wife, and brother and sister, and friend and neighbor; Thou art here. To Thee I come in faith and love. I am humble before Thee. I am amazed at Thy longsuffering and patience with me. I shall wander no more. In Christ, Thou art by my side. My soul radiates with Thy light; overflows with Thy joy; dwells in Thy love, and rests in Thy peace. I am in Thee. Amen.

CHARLES H. RUST.

Into the silent starless Night before us,

Naked we glide:

No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,

No comrade at our side,

No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,

Our footsteps fare:

The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow —

His love alone is there,

No curse, no care.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Our Father, whose gracious Spirit broods over us at all times, we come to Thee at the close of this day grateful for its blessings. We thank Thee that the light of Thy love shines through the darkness of the night, and that in our unconscious moments we are in Thy care. Fearlessly we lay aside the duties of the day, for we know that Thou dost give peace and rest. We pray for such faith in Thee that our slumbers may be untroubled by any worldly anxiety, so that the new day may find us refreshed and strengthened, awake to Thy call, and ready for service in the Spirit of the Master. Amen.

SAMUEL GILBERT AYRES.

*I, too, have been a dreamer, — I have knelt
To truth and beauty in Arcadian meads,
The rapture of the poet I have felt
And all his keen desire for noble deeds.*

*And, though my money-minded neighbor deems
Of little worth the things that I have done,
Far dearer to the dreamer are his dreams
Than all the wealth by worldly wisdom won.*
DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Our Father who art everywhere, for a moment we would pause before the rest and sleep of the night to think over what this day, now closing, has brought us from Thee. We have labored at the tasks that we found to do. Accept our offering of labor, and bless it. Bless Thou also our offering of this day's efforts, though we may not have toiled with our hands. Bless, O God, the noble thoughts entertained by us this day. We bring before Thee this evening empty hands, perhaps, but full hearts and lives made richer and truer because of what we have longed for, and what we have felt and seen in the deeper experiences of the soul. We know no day is a lost one when our endeavor is made as for Thee. Now, as we go to our nightly repose, may Thy peace fill all our hearts. Amen.

THEODORE A. FISHER.

*The little sharp vexations,
And the briars, that catch and fret,
Why not take them to the Helper,
Who has never failed us yet?*

*Tell Him about the heart-ache,
And tell Him the longings too,
And tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce knew what to do.*

*Then leaving all our weakness,
With the One, divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.*

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Father, I thank Thee that Thou art our refuge. When I remember the greatness of Thy love, and all Thy mercies, then fears and disappointments and troubles fall away, and my heart is filled with comfort and peace. I remember with shame my shortcomings, but Thou art waiting to forgive them. Help me to live tomorrow better than today, to bear my trials more sweetly, to fulfil my duties more nobly, to win larger victories. Thou who canst make the storm a calm, let there be calm within my soul, — the calm of perfect trust in Thee. Grant sweet visions of faith through the darkness and the night, while I commend myself and all that I have and all that I hold dear to Thy care and keeping. Amen.

ABRAM CONKLIN.

What will you say to the man who has failed in business, or who has failed in his moral life? You must not mock him with even well-meant reproaches. Answer him as Napoleon is said to have answered one of his marshals. The marshal rode up and said, "General, I fear that the battle is lost." Napoleon coolly looked at his watch and replied: "Time for another battle. Summon the army to a fresh charge." I do not know what you will say to the man who has failed, but I know what I will say. I will say, "Never mind, dear friend; in God's economy, no failure is ever final. You and God must win at last."

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Heavenly Father, again and again in deep humiliation we have seen our hopes fail and our plans fall asunder. Again and again the night has come on and found us in some valley of despair. Yet with all the memory of our defeats and the consciousness of our humiliation, we come to Thee again with hope. Help us to see that the battle of life is never lost to him who has the courage to face the foe. Let us go forth once more with full faith that in Thy providence no failure is ever final. So at last shall our souls triumph and our lives be crowned. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*The peasant stands beside his field,
His brow contracted from displeasure;
"I have," he argues, "tilled the land,
Have taken care pure seed to measure;
And now, see here, weeds everywhere —
The devil must have put them there!"*

*Up bounds the boy in high delight,
Gay-colored flowers his arms up-piling,
Cornflowers and poppies, cockles too,
All from the field; and he shouts, smiling,
"See, father, see, how rich, how rare!
The dear God must have put them there!"*
LIZZIE DEAS.

O God, our Father, we are glad that this is Thy world and that all its affairs are in Thy hands. Thou art able to make things that seem evil work good in some way. Thou canst so order the events which to one are troubles and annoyances that they shall give pleasure and happiness to others. Help us always to find the good in our circumstances. Give us a wider view of life so that we may not see things only from our own viewpoint, but see them with others' eyes as well. May we be glad that others are made happy even if we have inconvenience and discomfort. Give us the love for all men that shall make us willing to suffer loss ourselves that others may be benefited. Amen.

J. R. MILLER.

*Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten
The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
The work your high purpose has planned.
Your notes to the lives that are saddened
May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened
By songs they shall sing in return.*

*Keep a task in your hands; you must labor,
By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neighbor,
Rejoice, there is much to be done.
Endeavor, by crowning life's duty,
With joy-giving song and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you were in it a while.*

ANONYMOUS.

Ever blessed Father, let us abide this night beneath the shadow of Thy conscious presence. Strengthen us in our weakness, shed light into our darkness, guide us in our perplexities, increase our love for Thee, and for all that Thou dost love. Let us lie down with such perfect trust and peace, that we may rise, refreshed, with a song in our hearts, to the tasks of the new day. So may Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done in us. Amen.

J. M. THOBURN.

*Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.*

*So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn;*

*And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.*

*The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.*

CELIA THAXTER.

Heavenly Father, help us in this hour of sadness to rise above the clouds that we may behold Thee on Thy throne, so cognizant of the minutest acts of our lives and so tender in Thy care for us that we may yield ourselves up to the slumber of the night with a consciousness that we are nestling in Thy bosom and that, as the God of all comfort, Thou wilt make our tomorrow a day of sunshine and gladness. May not our sadness estrange us from Thee, but may it prompt an exercise of greater care and stimulate greater activity that the thought of our mind and the desire of our heart may be toward Thee. Cause Thy face to shine upon us and bless us. Amen.

T. N. BOYLE.

I have stood upon Mount Holyoke when I heard the thunder below; and I have seen men traveling up the side, and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped both the rain, the wind, and the roaring thunder; and they, going up through the storm, got on the top, and were also free from it. Many, many storms there are that lie low, and hug the ground; and the way to escape them is to go up the mountain side, and get higher than they are.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our Father, grant unto us the spirit of aspiration and trust. May we seek escape from the perplexities and annoyance of life in the upper altitudes of faith. If love meets with disappointment, may we love more. If hope is baffled in its desires, may we look for larger things. If our poor labors for righteousness or reform seem to be lost in a storm of prejudice, may we remember that the truth still shines above the clouds. May we never lose our confidence in Thee. May belief grow brighter as life lengthens. May our path be one that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Amen.

GEORGE H. FERRIS.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of Tomorrow creep.
Tomorrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Our Father, we have a little faith but we desire that which will remove the mountain difficulties. We have a little love but we desire the passion for service. We have a little zeal but so often without knowledge. We have some patience; grant us that measure of patience which will enable us to endure to the end. Open our blind eyes to see values as the Master saw them, the place of the material, the worth of a child and the riches of human ministry and fellowship. Bless, we beseech Thee, all toilers of the night, the unrequited, those who work without joy or love-compensations, and speed the dawn of the tomorrow when in all the world none shall hurt or destroy or hate. Our hearts are filled with unquenchable hope, for we have always with us Thy Pledge of Love in whose name we pray. Amen.

CHARLES LUTHER KLOSS.

I remember reading an incident once about a little girl whose father was a minister. She had cut her finger, and rushed into the study, where perhaps her father was writing his sermon, and he said, "Run away, run away: I can't be bothered or troubled now." And she goes away; and by and by, possibly with a touch of penitence in his mind, he says to her, when he meets her again: "You know I was very busy, and I couldn't do anything. You had hurt your finger. I couldn't change that fact any: I couldn't do anything." And she said, "Yes, papa, you could have done something: You could have said 'Oh!'" Simply saying, "Oh!" sometimes has a mighty power to lift a burden that is crushing the heart.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Our Heavenly Father, as the shadows of evening draw near, may we feel that Thy arms of love are ever encircling us. We thank Thee for what the day has brought forth, whether of joy or sorrow; and, in the silent watches of the night we know that Thy goodness is never withheld. In small things as well as in great is the consciousness of Thy constant sympathy always ours. We are Thy children. All our manifold needs are clear as light to Thee. Sometimes the desires we express may seem of little worth to the uncomprehending heart; but to Thy infinite compassion they appeal, and call for instant reply. So watch over us, we pray Thee, that our trust in the divine leading may deepen as the shadows deepen, and give us strength for the daily task. Amen.

EDMUND Q. S. OSGOOD.

*Only a whispering gale
Flutters the wings of a boat;
Only a bird in the vale
Lends to the silence a note
Mellow, subdued, and remote:
This is the twilight of peace,
This is the hour of release,
Free of all worry and fret,
Clean of all care and regret,
When like a bird in its nest
Fancy lies folded to rest.*

*This is the margin of sleep;
Here let the anchor be cast;
Here in forgetfulness deep,
Now that the journey is past,
Lower the sails from the mast.
Here is the bay of content,
Heaven and earth interblent;
Here is the haven that lies
Close to the gates of surprise;
Here all like Paradise seems —
Here is the harbor of dreams.*

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Heavenly Father, we acknowledge Thy goodness to us in the day that is now drawing to its close. We thank Thee for its inspirations and for its discipline, for all of its joys and accomplishments. And now that the shadows gather, we praise Thee for the promise of the night. Forgive us our sins, and may our lying down bring us rest and peace, and when the morning comes, may we be ready for the new duties that shall meet us. Amen.

CLARENCE E. RICE.

The man is blessed who every day is permitted to behold anything so pure and serene as the western sky at sunset while revolutions vex the world.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

*When the sun is in the west,
And with backward smiling goes,
Then the past is flushed with rose.
Clouds that have been stormy-heaped
Rest in tranquil purples steeped;
Where with white-hot stress and strain
Peace spreads azure calms again.*

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

O Thou, Giver of the day and its beauty and joy, its friendly work, its wholesome cares and cheerful fellowships, we come now at nightfall for rest and the refreshment of sleep. We lift up our hearts to Thy sky and the stars. We trust ourselves and all dear friends to Thy continual love and watchfulness. The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee; they are alike good for Thy children. May we lie down to rest with happy thoughts, free of doubt or fear, and rise again with another new day, glad to do Thy bidding and to live the honest, faithful and generous life of the children of God. Amen.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

*All the night long the gray embracing mist
Has held in tender arms the tired world;
The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed,
And over hills and meadows it has curled.*

*Its white cool finger it has gently placed
On weary stretches of the desert sand;
The noisy city, and the far-off waste,
Have felt the benediction of its hand.*

*The drowsy world rolls slowly toward the day:
The fresh sweet wind of morning softly blows;
The willing mist no longer now may stay;
With first expectancy of dawn, it goes.*

MARGARET DELAND.

O God, the day is Thine, the night also is Thine. Thou makest the outgoings of both the morning and the evening to rejoice. Thy goodness is as benignant and sure in the night season as in the flooding light of noon. Thou art not bound by times and seasons, but as Thy providence preparest the light and the sun, so Thou rulest in the night as well. We thank Thee for the light and blessings of the day now gone, and would equally mellow our evening moments with thanksgiving. As night and day are both alike to Thee, may our faith make them both alike to us in their testimony to the Heavenly Father's unceasing care. Thus what time it is dark and we are afraid we will still trust in Thee. Hear our prayer through Christ the light of life. Amen.

CHARLES T. BERRY.

*Blessed be the Lord that maketh my meat at nightfall
savoury:*

And filleth my evening cup with the wine of good cheer.

*Blessed be the Lord that maketh me happy to be quiet:
Even as a child that cometh softly to his mother's lap.*

*O God, Thou faintest not, neither is Thy strength worn
away with labour:*

*But it is good for us to be weary that we may obtain Thy
gift of rest.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

The day is Thine, O Lord; the night also is Thine. In the morning we wait on Thee to renew our strength: in the evening, to find the shelter of Thy wing. Thou art our Sun; and apart from Thee our toil is blind and weary, and there is no glory in our joy. Thou art our Shade; and only when Thou closest round us, can our spirits find their rest. Blessed and abiding God! let us not seek Thee far, for Thou art here; but only lay our hearts low before Thee, and Thou wilt enter in. Quiet our fears, sweeten our affections, and lift us above the fretfulness of the world into Thy divine repose. Amen.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

The mind wants steadying and setting right many times a day. It resembles a compass placed on a rickety table; the least stir of the table makes the needle swing around and point untrue. Let it settle then till it points aright. Be perfectly silent for a few moments; . . . there is an almost divine force in silence. Drop the thing that worries, that excites, that interests, that thwarts you; let it fall like a sediment to the bottom, until the soul is no longer turbid; and say, secretly, "Grant, I beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful servant pardon and peace; that I may be cleansed from all my sins and serve Thee with a quiet mind."

BISHOP HUNTINGTON.

We thank Thee, our Father in Heaven, for the patience and loving kindness that have followed us all through the day. We have been distraught by its duties, and cares, and perplexities, and even now we find it hard to free ourselves from the burden of these. Wilt Thou not come to our help? Breathe upon our spirit Thy holy benediction: grant unto us forgiveness for our thoughtlessness and waywardness, and our forgetfulness and distrust of Thee. And as the curtain of night closes about us, may we have such a sense of Thy nearness, and love, and Fatherly protection that in peace we shall be able to possess our souls. Amen.

JAMES ALEXANDER.

*When evening steeps the world in rest,
A sigh steals from the sea's deep breast
Like echo of an ocean's roar.
What means this sound from far-off shore,
Brought home by the incoming tide?*

*Can it be grief for words unsaid?
Is it the pain of tears unshed?
The longed-for truth we never knew?
The ghost of dreams that proved untrue?*

*The murmur borne across the sea
Is faith that lives eternally,
The hope of things that are to be, —
'Tis Love, unbounded, wide, and free,
Brought home by the incoming tide.*

MARIE RUSSELL.

Thou, O Lord, hast added another day to our life. Its opportunities for service have come and gone. We have reason to fear that we have not made the most of them. We were not alert enough, or we thought we were too busy, or they seemed too small. We cannot recall these opportunities, but we can supplicate Thy pardon for our failures, and we can resolve, in Thy strength, to do better. Teach us to believe in the life of service, after the pattern of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. Amen.

REUBEN KIDNER.

Like the beacon-lights in harbors, which, kindling a great blaze by means of a few fagots, afford sufficient aid to vessels that wander over the sea, so, also, a man of bright character in a storm-tossed city, himself content with little, effects great blessings for his fellow-citizens.

EPICETUS.

A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life.

SCHILLER.

O Heavenly Father, how often has it seemed to us that we have been like fagots thrown together by chance to burn our lives out at the mere sport of circumstance! And how hard it is, sometimes, for us to keep our feeble flame from going out or our light from becoming merely a dull glow of selfish existence! At the close of another day of striving, we bow before Thee, confessing our weakness. In the consciousness of Thy presence and of Thy patient love, we are ashamed to have so magnified our failures and shortcomings, as though we could judge whether this day we have failed or succeeded in doing Thy will. Forgive us this greater sin of distrusting our own power, and, after refreshing sleep, awaken us to share with Thee the glory and the joy of patient, loving service in another day. Amen.

WILLIS A. MOORE.

*Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand,—
'Twill soon be dark:
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*If you would lift me up, you must be on higher
ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free.
If you would correct my false view of facts, hold up to
me the same facts in the true order of thought.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

O Lord, give us grit and grace enough to climb. Save us from the monotony and drudgery of the dead-level. May today's visions and tasks overtop those of yesterday; and when we have scaled the heights may there ever be a backward glance and helping hand for those who follow on, and may many a heart song float out upon the breeze to cheer the fainting ones. Grant that our prayers may be more than speech; may they have feet shod for the rough path and the steep climb, and hands whose finger tips are as soft as a mother's cheek, and shoulders broad enough to carry many a load. Help us through busy hours to ever look up and laugh and lift. When at last the lengthening shadows tell us of the sunset, give we pray Thee, the rest and sleep which only the beloved know. Amen.

FREDERICK T. KEENEY.

Courage for the great sorrows of life, and patience for the small ones; and then when you have accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

VICTOR HUGO.

*The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.*

.

*And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O God, our Father, grant us Thy peace at the eventide. Still the day's pulse within us and lead us into the night's stillness and rest. While light is withdrawn from the outward eye let light eternal be given to the inner vision. So beholding the glory may we be lost in Thy rest and all renewed within. Amen.

ROCKWELL HARMON POTTER.

*Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still.*

*What God has ordered must be right;
Then find it in thine own delight,
My will.*

*Why shouldst thou fill today with sorrow
About tomorrow,
My heart?*

*One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that He will give thee too
Thy part.*

*Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest.*

*Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all His creatures, so for thee,
The best.*

PAUL FLEMING.

Our Father in Heaven, with gladness we began the day with Thee not knowing what it would bring us. Tonight we thank Thee because our steps have been ordered by Thy will. Thy care has been our constant comfort and Thy faithfulness our precious guide. Give unto us now that peace which Jesus called "My peace," and that joy which He called "My Joy." We pray for divine peace and the fulness of joy. Hear our evening supplication, that we may delight in Thy will, be the subjects of Thy loving care, and learn that He who made all creation very good will give His children all that is best for them. Amen.

CHARLES H. DANIELS.

*I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on!"*

*Night and day it brings the message,
Sings it while I sit alone;
Sings so that the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on!"*

*Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on!"*

*Farther on? Oh! how much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one.
No! no counting — only trusting
"It is better farther on!"*

ANONYMOUS.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the perennial allurements of hope. When it is night we wait for the day, when it is winter we wait for the spring, when we have failed we try again, when misfortunes assail us we refuse to accept them as final; we rest in no achievement and are dismayed by no disaster, but ever and ever we say "It is better farther on." Oh, keep alive this alluring dream, let us triumph through our faith. So may each day be a better day, each year a better year, and while the days and years recede, may life grow rich and fruitful. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*Comes there to you a pause in all the day,
When angels borrow burdens in their play?
Know you the sweet forgetfulness and rest
Of yielding sorrows at His dear behest?
If not, O storm-tossed soul, come home tonight
Into God's harboring heart of peace and light!
So shalt thou find, when troubled and distressed,
Between the reverent hours an holy rest.*

PAUL PASTNOR.

Father of all comfort, look Thou upon me in my restlessness, and calm the turbulence of my heart. The day's experiences have turned my thoughts away from Thee and disturbed the serenity of my mind. Now, as the evening draws near I come to Thee for rest and quietness of spirit. Mourning the weakness of my sin stricken nature, that I should have so easily forgotten Thee, I draw near Thy mercy seat in humble contrition, craving Thy pardon and Thy grace. Take Thou away the dimness of my vision that I may more clearly recognize Thy presence, quiet Thou the throbbing of my troubled mind that I may find peace. I bring to Thee no plea but my need, I present no argument for Thy favor but my unrest, I prefer no claim but Thy love. Now, as the shadows lengthen and the clouds fold themselves about the twilight, I bow before Thee and wait for a benediction of peace. Amen.

DWIGHT E. MARVIN.

*Smile, though the very heart of thee
Be wounded to the quick; .
The candle bright alone sheds light,
But ne'er the blackened wick.*

*Smile, though just beneath thy smile
Despair's brood croucheth fierce;—
Of sunlight through the darkest clouds
A shining way can pierce.*

*Smile, though every fibre, nerve,
Be quivering with pain;—
The rainbow's hues are brightest
Where falls the heaviest rain.*

MARY G. GROSS.

O God, all-complete and eternal, if this day mine eyes have beheld Thee as love and kindliness and joy, let not my thankful heart forget Thy rectitude, Thy faultless justice. And if this day mine eyes have beheld Thee as austere and relentless might, whelming my life in unmerited tempests, and making me the helpless victim of forces I have not set in motion, come to my aid with the reminder that my knowledge of Thee is but partial; calm my terror with Thy gift of faith, to whisper unto me of Thine unseen tenderness and pride. Let not sleep surprise me with reproaches in my heart, but let faith restore unto me its perfect confidence and peace and cheer, before I close my eyes for rest. Amen.

CHARLES E. PARK.

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion, but if God be there a cottage will hold as much happiness as will stock a palace.

JAMES HAMILTON.

Happiness is a very shy goddess to the lover who is as blunt as Miles Standish and seeks her before she has been fairly wooed. Indeed, she is not quickly won by the man who is all the time seeking her; she flies away and hides. But when he goes about his business and shows by his faithfulness that he deserves to be happy, she comes on silent wings, steals into his heart, weaves her magic charm about him, and without knowing why, he smiles and is glad.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

We thank Thee, O God, for the privilege of having lived this day in Thy beautiful world. We have found the hours precious not alone because Thou hast given us our heart's desires, or ministered to our happiness. But if at any time in the day Thou hast given us some high task that for a little while has taken us out of ourselves, or hast permitted us to forget our own happiness in service for Thee or Thy children, it is for this that we thank Thee, now that the day is ended. When morning breaks upon our sight may it come with the glad anticipation of some work to do, into which we may put our whole heart and soul. Amen.

LOREN B. MACDONALD.

*"I will seek joy and only joy
Without alloy."*

*Amidst the tangled maze of doubt and sin
A sorrow seems to flit with dusky wing;
Impending gloom seems slowly creeping in;
But light breaks through the clouds as still I sing,
"I will seek joy and only joy
Without alloy."*

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*"I will feel love and love alone
And self dethrone."*

*A sordid spirit all about me reigns —
The greed for gain in all around I see,
And selfish law our selfishness sustains;
Amidst it all my song shall ever be,
"I will feel love and love alone,
And self dethrone."*

FREDERIC A. BISBEE.

O Jehovah, Thou art our joy. From morning until evening Thou hast been our song. Amid evening shadows Thou shalt be our trust. Even in our dreams we'd be "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Thy joy fills heaven with song; let it fill our hearts in the night watches. "In Thy presence is fullness of joy;" fill us with a sense of Thy presence. Let us lie down to rest in Thine arms of mercy and power, and awake to Thy smiles of love. If crosses should come on the morrow, help us to bear them in the spirit of Thy Son, who for the sake of the joy that was set before Him redeemed the cross. Thou art love. Help us to love Thee supremely, and from the fountains of Thy pure love to drink joy unalloyed. Amen.

SAMUEL L. BEILER.

*Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above,
and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom
is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.*

JAMES I. 17.

*It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, truth is so
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

*My little fellow, about four years old, whom I
brought with me, gave himself no trouble amid the
boats, omnibuses, and railway coaches on sea, land, and
in dark tunnels; his father was at his side, and never
a care or fear or doubt or anxiety had he. May we
have grace to be led by the hand, and trust to the care
and kindness of a loving God and Father.*

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

O Thou, who art the Giver of every good and perfect gift, we bless Thee for Thine unchanging Providence and for Thy loving kindness which is over all Thy works. Thou hast been mindful of us this day, though we have forgotten Thee. Thou hast cared for us even while we were not careful of ourselves. Forgive us that we have wandered so far away from Thee. May we rest in the knowledge that Thou art, and that Thou art Love. May we know that the Eternal God is our dwelling-place and feel underneath the everlasting arms. May our hearts be stayed on Thee in perfect trust, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CHARLES F. AKED.

*Happy the man and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate are mine;
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.*
HORACE.

We have come through this day with its varied duties, Thou who art our Lord and our God, rejoicing that all its experiences have strengthened our trust in Thy Providence and our faith in Thee! We have had the past! We know nothing of the future, but the present is ours and we pray to use its opportunities and meet its obligations in the way that makes for life. Help, Lord, our inadequate efforts! Beaten down, we would rise again in newness of courage, because conscious of Thy nearness, and Thy willingness to serve us. Blessed art Thou upon whom we lean! We pray Thou wilt not withdraw Thy companionship which can hold us in a sense of duty. Help us that we be more faithful servants of Thine and closer disciples of Him in whose name we are asking it all! Amen.

CAROLINE E. ANGELL.

*Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends;
For once in my life has a day
Passed over my head and out of my sight
And my soul has naught to unsay,
No querulous word to the fair little child
Who drew me from study to play;
No fretful reply to the hundred and one
Who questioned me gravely and gay;
No word to the beggar I fain would take back;
No word to the debtor at bay;
No angry retorts to those who misjudge,
And desire not a nay, but a yea;
No word, though I know I remember them all,
Which I would if I could e'er unsay.
Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends,
For the patience that lasted all day.*

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

This night I thank Thee, Power Divine, that all day long I have been kept from the fever and fret of anxiety and of impatience. Help me always to bear with the weakness of others and with my own unreasonable solicitude. Give me to help the child and to console grown man; to hear complaints cheerfully and answer questions with courage; to keep myself with perfect sweetness in the bustle and the roar as I go about my work. And evermore may some glory cast from these brief years be around me as I near the Gates of Twilight; and kindly faces I have loved look into mine as I tread at last the flowered path to Sleep. Amen.

PETER MACQUEEN.

*Holy, Holy! — in the bush
Hearken to the hermit-thrush;
All the air
Is in prayer.*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

*The night is sanctified with holy seeming,
All nature joins to worship the Divine,
Like newly lighted altar-candles gleaming
The stars begin to shine.*

*Like incense is the perfume of the valleys,
The winds like voices sing along the coast,
While high above the ocean's brimming chalice
The moon hangs like a host.*

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Blessed Lord, we enter the portals of the evening, but there is no darkness where Thou art. The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. The serenity of the night fitly closes the commotion of the day that is past. We seek for the rest that comes with Thy presence. Under Thy blessing we repose while even in splendor the night excels what has been the splendor of the day. Grant us the repose unbroken by distrust and doubt. May our trust in Thee be perfect. Amen.

DAVID O. MEARS.

*The last light lingers in the west
Upon some bits of floating cloud
Which ever gleam and gleam, while to the rest
Are but allowed
Fainter, reflected rays to light them forth
Into the chill, black north.*

*This lot be mine:
To catch the glow direct from some world-light
Whose influence, serene and bright,
Shall tinge my night,
And, by reflection, shine
On darker dust-clouds back along the line.*

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

O Lord, Light of the world, dispeller of darkness, with Thee is no variableness nor shadow of turning. To us the night cometh, to Thee there is no night. Angels with holy visage illuminate our darkening rooms and while we sleep beneath their vigilance Thine eye beholdeth clearly. Thou, who art light, dispel our gloom within. Thou canst penetrate all barriers we would put up to cover our thoughts; within our souls there is no hiding-place from Thee. Keep our minds open to thy radiance: may it purify every mental vision since we know that each is placed in the light of Thy countenance. Put Thine arms around us and give us to feel their inviolable security. Amen.

JOSEPH PARKER.

*God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so steep
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burdens by the hour.*

GEORGE KLINGLE.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the close of another day. Thou hast led us to a new resting place in our journey, where we may again halt our tired steps, and lay our burdens down. Give us sleep. Grant us forgetfulness of the day's sorrows, difficulties and disappointments. We thank Thee for this day's kindness received and given; for temptation resisted; for difficulties overcome. We commune with Thee and with ourselves, counting our mercies and recounting Thy blessings. We ask pardon for the day's shortcomings, and Thy benediction upon our true endeavors. Keep us from harm this night, and from all evil; and teach us never again to doubt nor to fear. Amen.

M. J. BIEBER.

*Hast thou been down into the deep of thought
Until the things of time and sense are naught;
Hast sunk — sunk — in that tireless underdeep
Fathoms below the little reach of sleep?*

*Hast visited the depth where he must go
That would the secrecies of being know?
Hast been a guest where, lost to smiles and tears,
The quiet eye looks on beyond the years?*

*Hast thou been down into the deep of thought
Beloved of prophets, where their work is wrought?
Then doubt is whelmed in hope, and care in calm,
The tumult melts in music of a psalm.*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Heavenly Father, from the great invisible world that broods us may we be able to put to silence the noise of this life; and from out of its abundance may we be able to supply the lack of this life, and live by the soul and the spirit. Thou knowest our inmost thought, Thou knowest what we know not, — the remotest necessities, — of our souls; and what can be better for us than to rest with unspoken requisitions before the God who created us, who knows us, who loves us, who gave Himself for us? So may we be able, day by day, to live in sweet contentment, and rest in Thee. Amen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

*Into the basket of thy day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along the way.*

*Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall
That day can scarcely hold them all.*

*Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.*

*So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share,
And finding blessings everywhere.*

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

For the light of this day which called us to conscious life and duty, by which we have beheld the wonders of earth and sky, and looked into the faces of those we love, we give Thee thanks, dear Lord. What we have put into the day of true endeavor, of kindness and good cheer, hold Thou for the lasting betterment and gladdening of the world. Point out to us our errors; cleanse Thou us from faults. And now that darkness is upon us, as under the shadow of Thy wings soothe and comfort us. Close our eyelids in peaceful sleep. Restore strength to worn bodies and weary minds. And when the morning comes, with faces radiant as the dawn and energies eager for service, may we joyfully set forth as workmen of God. Amen.

HARRY L. CANFIELD.

Will not a tiny speck close to our vision blot out the glory of the world, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self.

GEORGE ELIOT.

*If a man could feel
Not one day in the artist's ecstasy,
But every day, feast, fast, and working day
The spiritual significance burn through
The hieroglyphic of material shows,
Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings.*

ANONYMOUS.

Tonight, dear Father, may we truly say, "How good it has been to live in Thy world and under Thy beneficent laws, know ourselves Thy children, feel the stir and thrill of Thy life as we have applied ourselves with resolution to our tasks, experience Thy blessing in our hearts as we have wrestled manfully with evil propensities within or trials without that seemed bound to defeat our good purposes." But if in our little narrow world of personal interests, some plans have been frustrated and we have been irritable or rebellious, oh, grant that, still taught by Thee, we may see how our selfish preoccupation has blinded us to Thy glory and robbed us of Thy inspiration. So because of this day, help us to live henceforth less unto ourselves and more in sympathy with all life, and thus find the divine meaning and joy in every experience. Amen.

J. M. ATWOOD.

*The melancholy of the woods and plains
When summer nears its close; the drowsy, dim,
Unfathomed sadness of the mists that swim
About the valleys after night-long rains;
The humming garden, with its tawny chains
Of gourds and blossoms, ripened to the brim;
And then at eve the low moon's quiet rim,
And the slow sunset, whose one cloud remains,
Fill me with peace, that is akin to tears:
Unutterable peace, that moves as in a dream
'Mid fancies sweeter than it knows or tells;
That sees and hears with other eyes and ears,
And walks with Memory beside a stream
That flows through fields of fadeless asphodels.*

MADISON CAWEIN.

O God, Almighty Father, in whose hand our breath is, and all our ways, we seek Thee in the great temple of Nature, now, in the most fitting hour of worship, in the twilight of the closing summer. The harvest is passing, "Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me." With gratitude for the season's fruitfulness, so varied and so abundant everywhere, we pray Thee to grant unto the children of earth the assurance that the Giver of every good and perfect gift will supply all the needs of life, both temporal and eternal. With the setting of life's sun, may the evening Star of Hope shine clear and bright, pointing the way to the Land of Eternal Summer. Amen.

CHARLES C. EARLE.

*Spirits I love —
Voice of the brown-flanked rapid;
Soul of the hemlock gloom;
Bring your peace to my heart,
Here in this room.*

*Spirits I love —
Spirits of dusk and dawn;
Hush of the shadowed valley;
Pride of the noon withdrawn;
Courage of crimson sunset,
Lips of the hill-side gloom;
Bring your peace to my heart,
Here in this room.*

*Spirits I love —
Ghost of the rotting-tree-trunk;
Soul of the strong young fir;
Kiss of the twilight wind
In the forest spires astir;
Scent of the slim cone's bloom;
Bring your peace to my heart,
Here in this room.*

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Ah, how many-voiced is Thy presence, Spirit of God. How narrow and dim the faith that finds Thee only in one form of self-utterance. Empower us to take possession of what is ours in nature, to become seers and prophets of the spiritual values in all ordinary scenes and experiences. So shall we have a "closer walk with God," when we find Him everywhere, and so shall our finite become attuned to Thy Infinite. Amen.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

"Don't measure God's mind by your own, Euphra. It would be a poor love that depended not on itself, but on the feelings of the person loved. A crying baby turns away from its mother's breast, but she does not put it away till it stops crying. She holds it closer. For my part, in the worst mood I am ever in, when I don't feel I love God at all, I just look up to His love. I say to Him, 'Look at me. See what state I am in. Help me!' Ah! you would wonder how that makes peace. The love comes of itself."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

And lo, Thou art so near! the mists are mellowed
With Thine effulgence, shining from above,
And all the dim, dim way grows sweet and hallowed,
Warmed, lighted, glorified by Thy strong love.

Thou art so near! As to the little lisper
Who sobs a wish none else may understand,
The mother bends — so Thou to my faint whisper
With ready ear and tender, outstretched hand.

Thou art so near! through all my joys and sorrows
Thou ledest, though Thy face I may not see;
My yesterdays were Thine, and my tomorrows
I leave with Thee — I leave them all with Thee!
Amen.

FRANCIS MOORE GEIGER.

*Child of My love, "lean hard,"
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers:*

*"So shall I keep My child within the circling arms
Of Mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel My child reposing on My breast.
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not then:
But, loving Me, lean hard.*

PAUL PASTNOR.

O Thou great Father Soul, all the day long we have leaned confidently upon Thy love, and found light to guide us, strength to sustain us in right thinking and clean living. Now as the shades of night close in upon us, still leaning trustfully upon Thee, we would lie down to peaceful slumber assured that no harm can come to us since Thy love is stronger than evil and Thy life stronger than death. We hear Thee, Father, always calling, "Come nearer, My child, lean harder, I will not forsake thee, thou art Mine and I am thine; trust, obey, love and be free." Keep us, O Father, in this childlike faith and confidence now and always, and Thy name be hallowed ever more. Amen.

HENRY N. COUDEN.

*Into thy lap, O Night, I fling me down,
My broken body and my baffled soul, —
Let me forget the runners and the goal, —
And the set faces straining toward the crown,
The quickly-fading wreath of men's renown;
Into thine arms, O Night, thy still control,
I give my spirit trembling with the roll
Of the great earth-din, seared by failure's frown.
Gone is the haughty lust for high command,
Gone the imperious rage for place and name;
As a child's toys from out its listless hold;
Lay on my throbbing lids thy healing hand,
And, piteous, draw around my spirit's shame,
The blessed oblivion of Thy mantle's fold.*

ETHEL A. MURPHY.

O Thou in whose presence we have sought to live another day, grant us now the forgetfulness of peaceful sleep. Help us to dismiss every care which has engaged our thought and leave our unfinished tasks to Thee. Make us glad, O Lord, that we do not toil alone or bear responsibility in our own strength, for Thou art ever with us in each high resolve and worthy strife. And as children go to rest, attended by parental love, may we believe that after our work and play Thou sendest us repose. If the day has brought grief or shame, may we hope for a tomorrow all bright with the unfulfilled purposes of Thy love. We pause to think of Thee and to give Thee our thanks. We rejoice that Thou art and that we are safe in Thine unfailing care. Forgive us, O Father, for all which Thou canst not bless, and give us Thy peace. Amen.

ELIJAH A. HANLEY.

*Who's seen my day?
'Tis gone away,
Nor left a trace
In any place.
If I could only find
Its foot-fall in some mind,
Some spirit-waters stirred
By wand of deed or word —
I should not stand at shadowy eve,
And for my day so grieve and grieve.*

ANONYMOUS.

*At eventide search through your ways —
What you have said this day,
What done, what thought,
For more than once you may have sinned
Against your neighbor and your God.*

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

We acknowledge, O God, with grateful feeling Thy gracious leading through another day. We praise Thee, if today we have been able to resist temptation and make progress in the heavenly way. We thank Thee, O Father, if we have ministered this day, by word or deed, to the welfare of others. We rejoice in the prompting to wholesome living and benign service that comes from our Great Master, — walking in the light of whose example our souls are enriched and glorified. We commit ourselves to Thy watchcare for the night that has come. We know that the darkness hideth not from Thee. We pray to be made confident of spirit, relying upon the promise: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Amen.

HENRY W. RUGG.

"Seems to me it's pretty cold, and the wind is keen and sharp," complained a woman, who was sitting in the shade on the north veranda. "Everybody who passes calls it a nice day, but when you get out into it, it's cold and raw." "Of course it is," called her husband from the yard, "when you are sitting in the shade on the north side of the house. Come out here into the sunshine; the yard is full of it." One might as well expect to get into a perspiration sitting on an iceberg, as expect to realize true blessedness with a complaining spirit. Everything God has made or does is ordained to bring us blessings, but if we put on blue glasses, wrap shadows about us and drearily sit on the north side of life, how can we expect to know much about blessedness?

IDA Q. MOULTON.

Thou gracious Father, we thank Thee for the blessed sunshine. It is always making a glad and beautiful world. When it is actually shining let us live in it and when it does not shine let us live in the memory of it. And we thank Thee too for the sunshine of Thy love which penetrates to all the dark corners of our world and of our hearts. Nor have we to live in the memory of it at any time, for Thou lovest us every day and hour. Let us lie down to-night with the consciousness of Thy love and not be afraid. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

“ God bestows his gifts during the night,” says the old German proverb. Sleep itself is a great blessing; and while we sleep the clouds are storing their supplies of moisture, the rivers are performing their ministry of labor on our behalf, the seeds are swelling in the earth, the grain is springing in the fields, the fruits are ripening on the tree, the harvest is growing golden in the mellow darkness of the autumn night; for in truth, if we are wise and diligent, nature is on our side, and all God’s world is busy preparing our bread.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

At the close of this day, Our Father, we turn to Thee in prayer, thanking Thee for its blessings of pleasure and work. As the night shadows gather upon us, may Thy peace be our portion. Watch over us and ours during the night. Grant to us Thy blessing of sleep and rest that we may arise to our duties, new or old, with strength and courage. We thank Thee for Thy care of us; for Thy manifold provisions for our welfare that go on while we take our rest. With grateful hearts, we commit our souls to Thee, not afraid of what may come to us before the dawn — for we will still be with Thee. Amen.

O. HOWARD PERKINS.

*A dewdrop falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Into a pearl of marvelous beauty grew,
And happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die,
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by a diver's hand from its ocean bed.
Oh, unbelieving! So it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.*

FROM THE PERSIAN.

O God, our Infinite Father, as the drop of dew became pearl, and from the monarch's diadem radiated beauty to the world, so may all realize that Thy Christ image, which is implanted in every child born to earth, when developed, will make all mankind Thy diadem, and radiate Thy love and truth and beauty throughout the world, as Thou art the Eternal Monarch of the Universe. As when we retire to sleep at night, we have faith that there will be a sunrise and a new day, when we awake in the morning; so may we have faith that as we develop Thy Christ life in our lives, there will be a divine sunrise to our souls, opening into Thy Kingdom of Heaven, when we will all come together in righteousness and love with Thee and with each other. Amen.

WALTER DOLE.

*One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
 His nimble shuttle to and fro,
 In and out, beneath, above,
 Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
 As if the fairies had helping been —
 One small stitch which could scarce be seen;
 But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
 And a weak spot grew in a fabric stout;
 And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
 By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.*

ANONYMOUS.

Almighty God, at the close of the day we are tired, for we have been sorely tried. The archers of the world have hit us and our wounds are in the heart. We come unto Thee who art able to keep us from falling. We come unto Thee for Thou hast the power to heal. "O God most hidden and most manifest," grant us Thy peace, we beseech Thee. Give to us that deep sense of Thy love and pardon and then the deeper depths of our lives will be quiet though the surface rufflings are ever present. In Thy hand even the trials and troubles of life work together for our good. Help us to say with Thee "Thy will be done." Then shall we know that though weeping may endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning. May the "peace that passeth all understanding" be ours at the close of this day. As we rest in Thee, may we be wiser and truer and more obedient for this day's doings. May we be more loyal stewards because more loving children when the new day dawns. Amen.

HAROLD PATTISON.

But thank God He has not left us there. . . . When we tremble — and we sometimes must — at the hideous misery of the world, at the dread possibilities of evil within and without, we know that the Father-arm is round us, we hear the Spirit-whisper, “soft as the breath of even,” saying: “Fear not, only believe; all souls are Mine. There is no immediate solution for the terrifying mystery of evil, but you are not bubbles on the ocean of time — you are here by My act, in the midst of a vast system of training, correction, and recovery.”

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the day now closing. Thou knowest the temptations we have met and the burdens we have borne. Forgive us for falling short of our high calling. We place our trust in Thee; Thou wilt finally give us the victory and humanity a triumph over evil. Increase our faith in Thee and grant us patience to await Thine appointed time. When assailed by evil may we preserve our integrity; in suffering our hope; in betrayal our faith. Help us to feel that these are Thy ministers bringing out our divinity as the cutting reveals the value of the diamond. Amen.

OTIS F. ALVORD.

*No wrathful wrecks of yesterday
Shall shut the sunlight from my face;
Nor bar my upward-climbing way
Nor trammel me in my soul-race.*

*Done deeds are dead. Let those who will
Falter and fall before old ghosts;
For me the sweet, exultant thrill
Of marching with the conquering hosts.*

*For me, no dreaming doubtful dreams,
Nor pondering on gone defeat.
Before me lies the road which gleams
With all its triple-millions feet*

*That bravely strive unceasingly
To reach that far tall-towered height,
Whereon the sun shines dazzlingly
And where there is no bitter night.*

*No hand may help, no word may cheer,
But by whatever Gods there be
Within my heart there lurks no fear
And I shall wrest the victory!*

LUCIUS WITHERS.

Gracious Lord, our Heavenly Father, another day is done. We turn to thank Thee at this evening hour. We know that Thou hast blessed us. We have come short of our desire to serve Thee, but Thou wilt have compassion and forgive. Grant us the rest that we need this night. May we leave our burdens with Thee. Refreshed when the morning comes, may we be prepared to go on in the blessed and victorious way of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

GEORGE POWELL PERRY.

Sometimes I have thought in my meditation, "If Christ would descend but as a beam of light, that I might see Him, it would be such a help to my senses!" And I have listened at night, I have listened in hours of sorrow, and I have heard nothing. I have called, and none has answered. I have reached out imploring hands, and nothing took them. I have said, "My Lord and my God, if Thou art, speak to me!" and there has been no response. And yet out of these hours I have come, feeling still that a silent and invisible God can be more to me, taking life all through, than if He were actually present and visible in a bodily form. I take hold of the invisible by more sides than I do of the visible.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Almighty God, grant that our meditation of Thee may be constant, joyous, and blessed! We give Thee thanks, O God, that Thou hast revealed Thyself as light, life, and love; and we praise Thy name for the assurance that the pure in heart shall see God. May we trust Thee, invisible though Thou art, and thus know by a blessed experience that God is, and is the rewarder of those who seek Him! Grant that we may lay ourselves down and sleep, and in the morning awake filled with courage, hope, and joy; knowing that Jehovah sustained us in the night and will support us in the day. Speak to us, O God, in nature, in providence, and in revelation; and, in response to Thy manifold voices, may each one say, "My Lord and My God!" Amen.

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.

*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for
Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*

PSALM IV. 8.

*Good night! good night!
Far from us flies the cheerful light:
But like a lamp bestowed of heaven,
God's goodness still to us is given:
We shall be safe beneath His sight.*

Good night! good night!

BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY.

O Thou wha keeps the stars alicht, an' our souls
burnin' wi' a licht aboon that o' the stars, grant that
they may shine afore Thee as the stars for ever and
ever. An' as Thou hauds the stars burnin' a' the
nicht, whan there's no man to see, so haud Thou the
licht burnin' in our souls, whan we see neither Thee
nor it, but are buried in the grave o' sleep and for-
getfu'ness. Be Thou by us, even as a mother sits by
the bedside o' her ailin' wean a' the lang nicht; only
be Thou nearer to us, even in our verra souls, and
watch ower the warl' o' dreams that they mak' for
themsel's. Grant that more an' more thochts o' Thy
thinkin' may come into our herts day by day, till
there shall be at last an open road atween Thee an'
us, an' Thy angels may ascend and descend upon
us, so that we may be in Thy Heaven, e'en while we
are upo' Thy earth. Amen.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

If my counsel is of any avail, we shall at all times, under persuasion that the soul is immortal and equal to the burden of every evil and every good, hold on the upward path, and strive in every way after thoughtful rectitude, that we may be in friendship with ourselves and with the gods, not only while abiding here, but when as conquerors we go round and gather in the prizes of our victory; and that both now, and on the millennial journey we have described, it may be well with us.

PLATO.

We thank Thee, our Father, that we have come to know the immediacy of the life immortal through friendship with Christ. By Him it has been given us to know, that, "Now are we the sons of God," and that, "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." So, while we have been busy this day with the necessary duties of life, we have tried to do them in the spirit of Him, who said, "Because I live ye shall live also." Forgive the blunders, and add Thy blessing to every earnest endeavor. As we seek Thy face at the close of this day, strengthen us for each forward step in the eternal journey which we have started. Amen.

ANDREW GILLIES.

Constantly endeavor to do the will of another, rather than thy own;

Constantly choose to want less, than to have more;

Constantly choose the lowest place, and to be humble to all; and

Constantly desire and pray, that the will of God may be perfectly accomplished in thee, and concerning thee.

Verily, I say unto thee, he that doeth this, enters into the region of rest and peace.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Grant us the blessed knowledge that the Heavenly Father's will is not only good will but the best will, and give us grace to freely choose and gladly *do* it. Save us from consuming desire for all things except the unsearchable riches of Christ, but for these give us the hunger and thirst to which belong the beatitudes of promise. Grant us that humility of soul which finds supreme contentment as a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord and which seeks its highest honor in the service of the least of the Master's brethren. And in these things of our desire may there come to our lives the benediction of heavenly peace. Amen.

MATT. S. HUGHES.

*I grudge no more the playtime,
Midsummer's dreamy hours,
When all the sunny day-time
Was rest for languid powers.*

*Each breath upon the mountains,
Or in the forest shade,
Or by the sea's cool fountains,
My spirit stronger made.*

*And strength was made for spending;
My soul no miser be,
But to thy tasks now bending
Give self in service free!*

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

O God, our Father, we lift our hearts to Thee, and send our wishes heavenward. We thank Thee for Thyself and all Thou art to the creatures of thy constant thought and love. We thank Thee for the summer days we have *seen*, and all their wondrous ministry to our welfare. We have proved again how good Thou art. Thy presence in the seed time and harvest was most wonderful. The miracle of the manna has been repeated. The season has passed, but Thou remainest. We praise Thee for autumnal rest and reflections. May we know the Giver, and rejoice in Him more than in the gifts. Repeat Thy former mercies, and help us to bring our lives up to this act of devotion. Let the pillar of cloud and fire ever sentinel our dwelling, that whether we sleep or wake, live or die, we may be Thine. Abide with us. Amen.

JAMES M. THOBURN.

*Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded:
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.*

*Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us:
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.*

*Home's not merely roof and room,
Needs it something to endear it:
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.*

CHARLES SWAIN.

O Thou from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, we bless Thee for the human love with which the day now closing has been gladdened; for the courage which came in the thought that loved ones believed in us; for the enlargement of our life made possible in their service. Forgive us, if we have seemed unmindful of these mercies; renew our love, if it have grown careless or cold; and purge us from all selfishness that we may be more loyal to those whom Thou hast given us. Give us a vision of what our homes should mean. From the shelter which it gives and in the strength which it supplies, send us forth daily to battle for all good things. Amen.

EDWIN R. SMITH.

*I sent my soul through the Invincible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;
And by-and-by my soul returned to me
And answered, I, myself, am Heaven and Hell.*

OMAR KHAYYAM.

*I was young. I prayed to the gods above.
Prayed and struggled and lost my prayer.
And I beat my breast and cursed and raved.
I was young. I thought that the gods were there.*

*I am old. I commune with the gods within.
Listen and learn and have no fear.
And the sunlight's good and the hills are fair.
I am old. I know that the gods are here.*

LUCINE FINCH.

Help us, O Lord, to compass the knowledge of our kingdom here and now, — to obey and to rule in it. As the stars tonight are shepherded in the sky by Thy care, so in our souls reigns Thy everlasting love. Within our hearts are deathless sentiments; within our minds shines the eternal right: Sinai and Calvary, law and gospel are there. Restrain, we pray Thee, our vain wishes and roaming desires. Enable us to dwell in honor with our consciences, and to give to others peace, courage and guidance. Amen.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

The wind that blows can never kill

The tree God plants;

It bloweth east, it bloweth west;

The tender leaves have little rest.

But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants

Strikes deeper roots, grows higher still,

Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will

Meets all its wants.

ANONYMOUS.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that Thou art the Great Husbandman. Our lives are not determined by chance, but Thou hast planted them, and Thou dost keep them night and day. When we are tempted to say "My way is hid from Jehovah," comfort our hearts with the assurance that Thou dost nurture each life of Thy planting that it may bear much fruit. Make us patient under pruning. May we be so rooted and grounded in the certainty of Thy love that every wind that blows shall toughen our moral fibre and strengthen our hold upon Thee. Make us sure of God. Supply the secret sources of life from the fountains of living water, that we may bring forth fruit in due season and that our leaf may not wither. So shall we rejoice continually in Thy love and praise Thee forever. Amen.

EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES.

Right over against the gloomy face of fear stands the Lord Jesus Christ and these words of ineffable cheer: "Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts." I cannot read such a passage as this without feeling that it is like a mother's putting her hand on her child's head, and soothing it, and stroking down its curls, and fondling it, or putting her arms about it and caressing it. As a mother not simply speaks, but in a thousand winning ways carries out the words in practice, so, when I read this passage, it is as though God's spirit caressed me, and was bringing me comfort.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Thou blessed Father, we come to Thee because Thou lovest us, even as a mother loves her child. We are children and sorely need a mother's forgiving caress. Wilt Thou fold us within Thy circling arms and speak to our spirit the word Thou knowest we need. In Thy love over-rule our mistakes that Thy rule in the hearts of all be not hindered; and sanction and seal today's effort and thought for the coming of the Kingdom. Enable us to now yield ourselves entirely to Thee through the hours of the night until the morning break and the shadows disappear. Amen.

ORISEN C. SARGENT.

*O Happiness, our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

Say, Epicurean, what things make happy; he answers — "The pleasures of the body." Say, Stoic; he answers — "The virtue of the soul." Say, Christian; he answers — "The gift of God."

ST. AUGUSTINE.

God of gladness, Thou, who dost fill the heart of the lark with bliss and grant it the gift of song for the outpouring thereof in Thy praise: Thou who dost give its beauty to the lily and brim its cup with fragrance in which Thou takest delight as Thou dost in the prayer of the pure in heart: Thou, who dost make Thy dwelling among men the joy of the whole earth, for the love that flows an ever-deepening river from its mercy-seat; share with us, we beseech Thee, Thy rapture of goodness. Grant us Thyself, O Spirit of love and of holiness, and we shall rejoice evermore in Thee, and Thou shalt have joy in us. Amen.

NEWELL WOOLSEY WELLS.

*One thing we know that is worth the while,
As we dream or watch, by night or by day:
Wherever we go there's a wonderful smile
That comes to us all from the heart of things.
Earth with her creatures leaps and sings,
And night divine with her myriad stars
Rains peace and joy with each falling ray,
Till the soul bursts forth from her prison bars,
And sings, as we watch and dream and strive:
"God's thought is good and His world is alive!"*
JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL.

Our Father, we thank Thee for another day. It has brought everything to our door. If we have been able to take any of Thy gracious gifts and build them into fine living we give Thee thanks. If we have been too tired and selfish, too dull and busy about the world, to see Thee or Thy gifts we pray for pardon. Call us back to Thee this moment. Be patient with us, Thou who rememberest that we are dust. Let us know that Thy thought is good and this world alive with Thee. If we have seen it today we give Thee thanks for the splendid vision. If we cannot always see it, help us to walk by faith. In the spirit of Jesus we would live and speak to Thee. Amen.

L. B. FISHER.

*There's never a rose in all the world
 But makes some green spray sweeter;
 There's never a wind in all the sky
 But makes some bird wing fleeter;
 There's never a star but brings to Heaven
 Some silver radiance tender;
 And never a rosy cloud but helps
 To crown the sunset splendor;
 No robin but may thrill some heart,
 His dawn-like gladness voicing;
 God gives us all some small, sweet way
 To set the world rejoicing.*

ANONYMOUS.

We thank Thee, Father, for the possibilities of blessed ministry that exist in small and common things. If this day we have failed of the great ideals and goals of service, may we yet be able to retain the consciousness that our lives have blessed and brightened the lives of others. Because we use our capacity for helpfulness, may we see our power to minister increasing. When we are discouraged, let it be our fortune to receive some message from some one we may have helped in other days. Let this be to us the evangel that shall lead us to gird our loins for another day of service and blessed ministering. Amen.

CHARLES ELBERT HAMILTON.

*Be merry while you may,
Sweet lady o' the morn,
For each rose has its day,
And every night its thorn.*

*Laugh while your youth is fair,
Dance while the sun is bright,
Ere comes the evening care,
The trouble of the night. —*

*So, were it time at last
For you and joy to part,
The dusk would glow with past
Stored sunshine from your heart.*

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Our Heavenly Father, amidst life's rough way we pray for the habit of cheer and hope. Let it not be alone the joy of health or fortune or youth. Let it be the joy of faith and trust. May we go forth to each task with such conscious Divine alliance that we may be able to laugh at storms and misfortunes and smile in the face of adversity. Through the habit of hope born of faith let there come some permanent increase of courage that shall last through night and storm. Then shall we not part from joy at all, but shall find our joy in Thee. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*As we wax older on this earth,
Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,
And mean as dust and dead as dreams,—
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,
Some recompense the Fates have sent:
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,
The things that are more excellent.*

.
*The grace of friendship,—mind and heart
Linked with their fellow heart and mind;
The gains of science, gifts of art;
The sense of oneness with our kind;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent:
These are the goods in life's rich band,
The things that are more excellent.*

WILLIAM WATSON.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the world about us, and for the men and women of great steadfastness of soul, who bear faithful witness against iniquity, who light the torch of truth and pass it from hand to hand, and sow the world with seeds whence in due time the white flowers of peace shall also spring. We thank Thee for the great truths which are old, and the new truths also which are great, and for the light of justice. O Lord, we thank Thee that the glories which kings and prophets waited for have come down to us, and Thou hast revealed unto babes and sucklings those truths which other ages yearned for and found not. Amen.

THEODORE PARKER.

*The storm had passed me, and I lay
Upon the bosom of Life's ocean, derelict;
Far off the thunder echoed, and beyond
I heard the sullen roar of angry surf
Beating a rock-bound shore; nor hope had I
That ever ray of dawn could penetrate the gloom.
At length a star appeared, — and through the night
A tender voice I heard: "Fear not! Thou art
Not all bereft. My child, come thou to Me;
When earthly joys take flight, true peace is born!"
Then from the deeps of my unmeasured woe,
Stretching my empty hands, to Him I cried;
And when from darkness unto light I turned,
Lo! it was day!*

MARY LLOYD McCONNELL.

The way is steep, the path is narrow, the conflict of life is severe. And how tired our feet are! How weary our eyes become! We need that rest which Thou hast in Thyself. Thou art at eternal labor and eternal ease. Thou sittest rejoicing, Thyself calm, sending forth the storm, and rebuking and laying it low. Thou hast in Thyself all that we need in the conflicts of life; and we desire to rise into Thy presence with our thoughts, and with all the needs and inward and unspeakable wants of our soul. We desire to feel the atmosphere in which Thou dost dwell, and to go away as those that have walked in the garden, and borne the very perfume of all that grows and is beautiful. O Thou, who dost command the morning to come forth from the night, shine upon our dark and troubled souls — and grant us Thy joy and peace. Amen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

*Some day, some day, 'twill all come right,
The tangled skein will all unwind,
And we will grasp the colors bright
And leave the sombre threads behind.
The sun is low and rest is sweet,
Yet fears draw round us when it sets.
And sorrow comes with winged feet
And joy but heralds new regrets.*

*E'en while we taste, sweet draughts will turn
To bitterness that hurts us sore;
We learn to love and, loving, learn
To feel the loved one's loss the more.
And yet, when Reason's light grows pale
There shines through darkness still a ray
Of faith untaught which cannot fail
And leads us onward to some day.*

PHILANDER C. JOHNSON.

Give us, O God, implicit trust in Thee. May we seek not to be protected from Thee, but grant us the assurance that Thou always art our protection. Especially in sorrow, perplexity and darkness, be Thou our Comforter, Guide and Light. May the pressure of human hands and the sympathy voiced by human lips be tokens of that Divine love that never fails and is adequate and available for every need. Even though love of friends and kindred should be denied and our night be without a star, still may we know that underneath are the everlasting arms. Calm and strong in child-like trust, may we this night yield ourselves to Thee and find refreshing sleep.

RICHARD E. SYKES.

*A fire swept the forest growth away —
All the green thicket deeds of tender Earth;
And every sapling Hope had given birth
Burned red, then white, and crumbled to decay;
While blackened trees stood stark in mute dismay.*

*So like our lives, consumed by some distress,
When trusting hearts, blithe in the spirit of youth,
Are blasted by the flames of sorrow's truth
And withered in Pain's fire of faithlessness —
Until where Beauty bloomed no man can guess.*

*Yet, lo! a miracle when time is told: —
As trees and flowers shall bless that sod again
And lift their fervent lips to summer's rain,
So may our hearts arise from ashes cold,
To give new growth to God a thousandfold.*

EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH.

God of all power and might! Thy secret place shall be our shelter still. On one thing our heart is fixed, that we will put our trust in Thee, though terrors also are around Thee. Thou hangeest the world upon nothing: yet we dwell thereon in peace. Thou barest Thine arm in the lightning: yet we work in the fields which Thou smitest, and own it as the messenger of Thy perfect will. Darkness and tempest are often round Thee; yet we expect Thy light behind every cloud. In every sorrow which awaits us, may we look up without despair. If we are driven by strong trouble, as a bird before the storm, may we find shelter in Thee, as in the clefts of the everlasting Rock which the tempests cannot shake. Amen.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

*'Tis the front toward life that matters most —
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;*

*For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Heavenly Father, give me the courage never to be content with things as they are, or myself as I am; but ever to welcome Thy call to progress and reform. I like to do things I can do easily because I have done them before: Thou art ever calling me to do new things, for which I have no ready-made aptitude. I like to do things which everybody will approve, because they are familiar: Thou art ever calling me to do new things which the good misunderstand and the evil misinterpret. I like to do things that succeed, because the world wants them: Thou art ever calling me to do new things for which the world is not quite ready, and therefore at the outset are doomed to fail. Give me the brave heart to rise above the cowardice men call conservatism, and obey Thy call. When Thy clear orders come; doubly attested by manifest duty without, and the stirring of latent power within; then may I have the courage which implicitly obeys; counts no cost and fears no foe; and leaves results entirely in Thy hands. Amen.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE.

*Dwell deep! The little things that chafe and fret,
Oh, waste not golden hours to give them heed!
The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget,
Be self-forgot in serving others' need.
Thou faith in God through love for man shalt keep.
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!*

*Dwell deep! Forego the pleasure if it bring
Neglect of duty; consecrate each thought;
Believe thou in the good of everything,
And trust that all unto the wisest end is wrought.
Bring thou this comfort unto all who weep,
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!*

JAMES BUCHANAN.

O Thou whose depths no man can sound, and whose resources can never be exhausted; we turn unto Thee at this holy hour that we may be re-enforced, and that our little cups of need may be filled. We are stepping into the Silence to woo the goddess of Slumber. The remembrance of the petty and mean things which have asserted themselves during the day may disturb our sleep. We need to learn the divine art of forgetfulness, that we may hold in glad remembrance only the larger, the more wholesome, the real things. Do Thou, O Infinite Depths of Wisdom, teach us! Then our appeal for rest will be heard, and we shall be invited into the sweet realm of glad dreams. May angels of tenderness brood over us tonight; and may we awake, eager to answer Thy call to service. With perfect confidence, we commit ourselves to Thee, O Thou who art the Unfathomable! Amen.

JAMES HARRY HOLDEN.

*The day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to their fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.*

*Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night;
The shadows deepen over sea and land;
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home.*

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou, in whom Thy children rest, receive us as we turn unto Thee. We are weary with the cares and toils of the day, with the clamor of tongues, the bustle of trade, and the ceaseless going to and fro. We thank Thee that from it all we may turn to Thee for quiet; that the deep calm of the Infinite may be ours; that in Thy presence our earthiness falls from us, our strength is renewed, and our emptiness replenished. And yet it has been a good day, a day of privilege and blessing. Thou hast been with us as we have busied ourselves about our tasks, making our burdens light and our labor a joy. Be Thou with us always and make our days all beautiful and useful. And when the last sun sets may we rest eternally in Thee. Amen.

CHARLES M. MELDEN.

*Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.*

*I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.*

*Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.*

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Our Father, dear and trusted, all that is dark to us is perfect light to Thee, and we who have learned to let the darkness of the night enfold us and bring to us its rest, would leave whatever else is dark in happy confidence to Thee. Our fate is hidden, but its ends are safe in the keeping of Thy love and wisdom. Tomorrow's path will lead us we know not where, but Thou knowest, and will not forsake us. We pray Thy will be done, whatever it may be, for we have come to trust Thy will as infinitely good and true, and not to change it is our hearts' desire, but to make it our own. Amen.

GEORGE KENT.

*I have a little brook in the deeps of my heart,
What does it matter if the day be chill or clear?
Colored like a tourmaline, and winged like a dart,
Voiced like a nightingale, it sings all the year.*

*Small bright herbs on the banks of the stream,
Moon-pale primroses and tapestries of fern;
This is the reality, and life is just a dream—
Iridescent bubbles that the moon-tides turn.*

HELEN HAY WHITNEY.

Our Heavenly Father, another day is closing and we come into Thy presence to thank Thee for the lesson we have learned. As the evening shuts we are reminded of the rapid passing of our days in this beautiful world of Thine. We are one day nearer home, and one day richer in experience. And while there is a feeling of sadness in our hearts tonight because of the failures of the day, there is also great gladness because down deep in our lives is the consciousness of our possession of an eternal spring of the water of life; and for this we heartily thank Thee. This it is that brings the song into life, makes life real and worth while. We humbly crave Thy forgiveness for all that has been mean and ignoble and that may have defiled the pure stream of the water of life this day. Grant unto us, we beseech Thee, Thy watch care during the night, and help us to awaken with a new consciousness of Thy love and a redoubled ambition to serve Thee more perfectly. Amen.

FREDERICK E. TAYLOR.

*Without haste ! without rest !
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
Haste not ! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed !
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might !
Haste not ! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
Rest not ! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die ;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time !
Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate !
Duty be thy polar guide —
Do the right whate'er betide !*

GOETHE.

Father of all, I thank Thee for the place where Thou hast put me; with persons on every side whom I must either serve or injure; work which I must do either well or ill; things I must either beautify or mar. It is at once Thy will and my duty to treat these persons so kindly; to do this work so well; to order these things so nicely, that happiness, goodness, beauty shall be the harmonious result. Help me to contribute with joy my little part to Thy vast harmony. When my little plans clash with Thy larger purposes, may I gladly give up my personal preference to serve Thy mighty aims; and find therein not hardship, but a dear delight. Amen.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE.

Am I to thank God for everything? Am I to thank Him for bereavement, for pain, for poverty, for toil? . . . Be still, my soul: thou hast misread the message. It is not to give thanks for everything, but to give thanks in everything.

GEORGE MATHESON.

If then you would maintain a fearless, undoubting attitude in such a world as this; if you would keep your head when you read the newspapers; if you would trust God, though "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain;" clear your mind of generalities, and platitudes, and second causes, and limitations, and stand face to face with the Universal Soul.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

We thank Thee, our Father, that Thou hast not clothed Thyself with terror; that Thou dost not fill the future with fear. We draw near to Thee by Him who is called *Saviour, Friend, Redeemer*; and, when we are taken by His hand and presented to Thee, we behold Thy name. It is *Father*. We are taught to call Thee by this endearing name. In Thee is refuge and rescue to those that are outside of Thee, tossed with fear and with dread. We take refuge as children in our Father's house. We run to Thee in every time of fear, that we may be saved. And we rejoice. Amen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Say not "I have a soul," I am a soul,
And have a body builded for my need,
That I, a soul, may in this great world-school
Study the Master's works. My earthly house
Has wondrous windows; mimic galleries lead
Divinest sounds to me — deep lessons spelled
By loving lips, and vast world melodies.
I am a soul, set in a sphere compact
Of transient elements.
Of these a little handful serves for home,
For medium touch 'twixt me and earth,
The while I stay — gives fire and food and rest.
Shall the base stuff strike into me a stain,
Leave pungent, earthy odor? Soul of all,
Attract me, lest the body should
Transcend a dwelling's use.

MARY F. BUTTS.

O Thou, whose glory filleth all things! whose greatness we can never find, but whose presence we would always seek! whose excellency is more than we can know, yet all that we adore! from the confused voices of our life we turn to Thy silent presence: from our dark and bounded sky we issue forth into Thy pure and infinite light. O, come, Thou Holy Spirit, we beseech Thee! and even to our dull clay bring Thy sanctity and dwell. O Spirit of grace, who withholdest Thy blessing from none! take from us the tediousness and anxiety of a selfish mind, the unfruitfulness of cold affections, the weakness of an inconstant will. Amen.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

*Where tends this hard and toilsome way?
It is the straight and narrow road
That leads to God from man's abode.*

*A cross my burden all the way?
Ay, 'tis a sign that thou wouldst feel
Beyond thine own another's weal.*

*Stands there no inn beside the way?
Nay, wouldst thou wish to dream awhile?
And dear-bought hours with play beguile?*

*And if I faint along the way?
Then shalt thou know, as ne'er before,
His sorrow who did suffer more.*

*Goes there no guide to point the way?
Ay, One — the first to share thy woes.
Thou canst not think how near He goes.*

*How shall I know where ends the way?
There One whose face thou wilt recall
Shalt meet with thee, and tell thee all.*

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER.

O Lord, we remember the sorrows with which Thou triest us, which make our eyes run down with tears, and we pray Thee that there may be in us such serenity to trust in Thy providence that every tear shall be changed to a far-prospecting glass, whereby distant glories shall be brought near, and things seemingly small shine out in their real grandeur before our eyes, and ourselves be comforted even by the affliction Thou givest us, and grow strong by what else would weaken heart and soul. Amen.

THEODORE PARKER.

*A lone soul came to Heaven's hard gate,
Low at the warder's feet she fell;
Sobbing, she said she had not knocked so late
But for the many roads to Hell.*

*Stroking her bowed, unmothered head,
Up spoke the good old warder gray;
'This child, too fair, high up let her be led,
Past them that never lost their way.'*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Our Heavenly Father, we too have sometimes lost our way. But we rejoice to believe that Thou hast followed us with the allurements of Thy love into all the lonely and dangerous paths. Thou hast waited patiently for the awakening to come, always ready to speak gently when we are ready to come home. O Father, from all our vain and unfruitful wanderings, we come back to Thee tonight. Let us not knock in vain at the door of our Father's house. Let us in, out of the homesickness and out of the storm, that we may dwell with Thee and find comfort and peace. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.*

.

*The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er today, tomorrow, brings,
It is His will!*

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

Our Father who art in Heaven, who art the soul of Love beneath all Providences, who art all kindness, all strength and wisdom; we come to Thee out of our great need to learn the lesson of trust. We are weak. Thou art strong. We cannot see our way. Thou knowest it from the beginning unto the end. Help us to know that Thy wisdom and goodness have worked it out for us. Help us to interpret life through Thine unerring Love. Human love often faileth. Thine never. Others often grow weary and impatient with us. Thy patience is long-suffering, but never lessens and never ends. So teach us, in the darkest as in the lightest hours to trust the unfailing love, and never to doubt that Thy ways with us lead evermore to peace and victory. Amen.

A. B. HERVEY.

*As I go speeding to the Western Gate,
Let me not murmur at unwelcome Fate,
But rather Life's unnumbered joys relate —
As I go speeding west.*

*Beyond the sunset lies effulgent dawn,
I would not make men sad while journeying on,
Nor give them food for tears, when I am gone.
I would not make men sad.*

*Too much we talk of gloom, and grief, and shade,
Forgetting that kind law a just God made,
Whereby small woes with mighty joys are paid,
Too much we talk of gloom.*

*Yea, there are vast delights on this good earth,
And he who counts them, from his hour of birth,
Shall find this life a thing of precious worth.
Yea, there are vast delights.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Heavenly Father, we have not shed one tear too many, nor had one affliction too many. The burden has never been too heavy. The cross has never been cruel to us. We bear witness, that though for the present, affliction has not been joyous to us, but grievous, afterwards it has worked the peaceable fruit of righteousness, in that we have been exercised thereby; and we commit ourselves to Thee for the future. We thank Thee, O God, that there are more smiles in the universe than tears and more love than hatred. Amen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

*Drop a word of cheer and kindness —
 Just a flash and it is gone;
 But there's half a hundred ripples
 Circling on and on and on,
 Bearing hope and joy and comfort
 On each splashing, dashing wave,
 Till you wouldn't believe the volume
 Of the one kind word you gave.
 Drop a word of cheer and kindness —
 In a minute you forget;
 But there's gladness still a swelling —
 And there's joy a-circling yet,
 And you've rolled a wave of comfort
 Whose sweet music can be heard
 Over miles and miles of water
 Just by dropping a kind word.*

GUSTAVUS WILLIAMS.

O Lord, Thou art ever speaking to us, though often we do not recognize Thy voice. When we speak a kind word, Thou dost always give us Thine assurance of pleasure; Thou dost speak kindly to our hearts. If through this day, we have failed to say the word of cheer and kindness, of hope or comfort, where the word was needed, speak to us now Thy gentle rebuke. Teach us, our Father, that our speech does not die; that it lives forever in human spirits; and that our word of peace, even when rejected, returns to live with us always. Help us so to speak by the grace of Thy Son, Thy word of Life to us, that in this evening time, and in the final evening time, we may hear Thine own benediction of peace. Amen.

EDWIN H. HUGHES.

*Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be grectly dark,
The moving Why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye inark,
How far perhaps they rue it.*

*Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.*

ROBERT BURNS.

O Thou who knowest our downsitting and our uprising and art acquainted with all our ways, as once again Thou foldest the curtains of night about us, we lift our prayer to Thee. In Thy Fatherhood we find faith and hope. Thou art mindful of our mistakes and our shortcomings, but Thou knowest as well our efforts to be true, and our shame when we fall short of our ideals. Help us, we beseech Thee, to nearer attain unto what is right, and may we be just and kindly in our dealing with each other. Keep us as under the shadow of Thy wings and lead us in the way everlasting. Amen.

R. PERRY BUSH.

*Humble are we when good in little ways, —
In faithful doing of the common things.
The gentle passing of the nights and days
O'erfilled with storied blessings, outward flings
A simple message, yet befitting kings!
Who sees a duty, and his hand not stays
From its completion, hears a song and sings
To hearts through misery dumb; who softly prays
The noble, silent prayer that, half expressed,
Leaps up to heaven unhindered by man's ear,
Straight from the purified, Love-guarded breast;
Who stands serene amid the world's dense fear, —
This one hath found a ladder to the sky
Whose every rung is brave humility.*

EVELYN SYLVESTER KNOWLES.

Thou Perfect Life, illumine our being that we may discern not great, not little, but the superlative; that little is great if so be that its inspiration is genuine and its doing carry blessing and cheer, and that great is little if imbued with ignoble feeling. Reveal to us that where pain is lulled in human experience, where the bereft is companioned by sympathy and fellowship, — the divine, the perfect has transpired. Thus in Thy light we shall see light whether the morning or the evening be round about us. Amen.

STANFORD MITCHELL.

*If things don't go to suit you,
What use to frown and sigh?
You can't frown back the sunshine
That's missing from the sky.
Nor frown away the winter
In wishing it were spring.
The wisest thing to do, my friend,
Is just keep sweet — and sing!*

*Don't fret, and fume, and worry,
And make things worse, say I,
Since we can't help what's happened;
So laugh away the sigh,
And trust that on the morrow
The clouds will all take wing,
Believing God knows what is best;
So just keep sweet — and sing!*

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the life and light of this day, for the rest and strength which Thou hast given us. We trust Thee and know Thou wilt care for us in the night as in the day, and in the morning we shall be still with Thee. Help us to put away from our minds all anxious care and to go to our nightly sleep in tranquillity and rise from our slumber strengthened for the new duties that are before us. May there be in us such love of Thee that we shall joy in Thy service, and keep every law which Thou hast given us in body, mind and spirit now and evermore. Amen.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN.

*Do well thy part
With hand and heart,
Nor let dull care
Thy spirit wear;
And when thou feel'st how poor and weak thou art,
Lean thou thy head on God's almighty heart.
The fight is long,
The foe is strong;
Thy strength is small
And fears appall;
Fret not thyself to know how soon the strife will end,
For thou may'st safely leave it all to God, thy Friend.*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

O God our Father and our mother too, Thou art nearer to us tonight than the air we breathe. Help us to realize that the everlasting arms are underneath and that so long as we trust in Thee no real harm can befall us. Help us to know Thee as Lord of the day and of the night also. Grant us refreshing sleep now as we lay us down and so live in us tomorrow that the divine incarnation may be perpetuated and that our unselfish conduct may make Thee visible to some who otherwise would never understand Thee. Give us patience and courage. Keep us brave and true. Teach us all the lessons Thou wilt have us learn, and when our earth's school days are over, when the shadows fall and it is time for us to go home, grant, O Blessed Master, that we may awake from that sleep we miscall death in Thine arms and in Thy likeness too. For Thy sweet name's sake. Amen.

DILLON BRONSON.

*From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,—
His high endeavor, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh, Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.*

COWPER.

O God, Our Father, another day of life is gone. Thou didst give it, like all Thy gifts, not to keep, but only to use. That which we tried to keep for self alone already fadeth with the light of day. That which we tried to use in service abideth, we trust, in riches of the soul, a heavenly treasure to bless each coming day. We thank Thee, Lord, for the tasks that challenge all our powers, for the triumph and the spirit that in the triumph makes us more than conquerors; for sin's aftermath of forgiveness and the tried gold of character which is more than innocence, for both the good and ill of life and the promise of the wheat that remaineth after the threshing of the years; for all which Thou hast given without and the more upon more which Thou hast given within, we thank Thee. Amen.

CHARLES S. HAGER.

*Not they who soar, but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God,
Are heroes; they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.
'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar!*

*High up there are no thorns to prod,
Nor boulders lurking 'neath the clod
To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare;
But heroes they the soil who've trod.
Not they who soar!*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

O Thou with whom there is no great or small,
No high or low, I thank Thee for the path
By which Thy love hath led my feet today.
When it was rough, if I but thought of Thee,
I felt Thee near and straight was strong and glad
When I have lack'd for strength, it was my fault,
In that I did not trust Thee as I should.
Now will I lay me down as in Thine arms,
And trust Thee for the night, — all time to come,
With all that it may bring: it can but be
The best my heart can wish to live in Thee.

Amen.

II. G. MITCHELL.

"Hope Thou in God," seems to me the key with which to unlock all mysteries, the light with which to drive away all shadows, the warmth with which to melt all the snows of life. Hope is the interpretation of sorrow and of sin. Winter comes, the frost touches with its blight the things I love, storms arise, pestilence rages, friends forsake me, death strikes down those I hold dear, while of the meaning of it all I know so little! But let me only believe in a Father who knows all about it, who loves me, and I can wait patiently upon His will. O this is God's world; all the needed reforms are God's reforms; all the necessary battles are God's battles! Patience then! "Hope thou in God."

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Most merciful God, in all the changing scenes of life, in joy, in sorrow, in light and darkness, in prosperity and adversity, in sunshine and shadow, in calm and storm, our hope is in Thee, the living God. Captives of sin, we hope for deliverance; walking often in mist and gloom, we hope for light; tempest-tossed, we hope for the sunlit harbor; wandering and prodigal children, we hope to reach the Father's house. Strengthen, we beseech Thee, our hope, and clarify our vision of spiritual things. Turn our expectation into fact, our hope into reality, and help us to wait patiently and to work well for the advancement of the kingdom until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away. Amen.

DAVID G. WYLIE.

Millet's "*Angelus*" does not present some great general, or hero, or martyr. It includes a potato patch, a few brown clods, a large rake, with two peasants in humble garb. These peasants, however, have accepted their task and their temperament. Above all else, they love each other, and they love and trust God. When the evening bell rings, in beautiful resignation and in happy hope they bow their heads in gratitude to the unseen Father. And the happiness in their hearts appears upon their faces in the moment the setting sun falls upon them with heaven's own tender benediction. For, a heart gentle and sweet can flood with spiritual beauty the anvil, the yardstick, the plow, until all tools and tasks become sacramental and divine.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Our Father, in the glory of the day's retreating hours, we too bow reverently before Thee. We bring for Thy supervision, our unfinished tasks. As Thou lookest upon them, be patient with our imperfect service and pardon our mistakes. Help us to do better work on the morrow if in Thy grace we are to have its added privilege afield with Thee. Somehow the sense of Thy presence brings relief to the heart. The things which stood out in the hard lines of the noon are softened in the shadows of the evening, as we look to Thee. The vesper song of Thy comforting word brings peace and rest to our tired spirit, and this companionship with the Christ of our faith transforms our humble estate into heavenly likenesses. May it be so for us always until toiling days are done. Amen.

CLAUDE KELLY.

The man who does not hope for better things, and does not believe that better things can be brought about, is not the man likely to bring better things about. . . . Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Never give way to melancholy. Nothing encroaches more. I fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is, to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till tomorrow or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and many of them shadows of your own making.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that we have lived another blessed day. Thou hast permitted us to bring to a close our daily tasks with peace and serenity. Thou lettest the curtains of the night fall gently around us, and callest us to rest. We yield ourselves to the unconsciousness of sleep confident that Thou who never slumberest nor sleepest wilt guard us and wake us to another useful and happy morning. Let no impending gloom cloud our vision. Help us to make the most of present blessings, and strive to renew them from hour to hour and from day to day. Let us be evermore Thy loving children, serving Thee with willing hearts. Amen.

E. M. GRANT.

*One who went singing on the long highroad
Upon his shoulders bore a heavy load.*

*A sobbing child delayed him with its clinging,—
Tender, low, and strangely sweet his singing.*

*And when he shared a drooping comrade's ills,
His song rose cheerily to meet the hills.*

*A woman walked beside him for a space;
He bore her load, and matched her feeble pace.*

*Then laborers in distant fields stood still
To hear his song, and felt their hearts athrill.*

*Footsore, he plodded on through evening dew;
Yet still his song rose bravely to the blue.*

MAY TURNER.

We will sing unto Thee, O Lord, a new song: we will praise Thee for Thy goodness unto the children of men: for Thou who hast given power unto the faint will quicken in us the spirit of wisdom and of might, the spirit of hope and of joy. In all times of sorrow and in all times of burden bearing Thou wilt keep our hearts from failing and our minds from fear: Thy mercy and Thy loving kindness endure forever and none of them that put their trust in Thee shall be desolate. O Thou lover of souls, keep our faith in Thee supreme, I pray Thee, so that in all our days we may be full of cheer and in all our nights we may know Thy peace. Amen.

THOMAS VAN NESS.

*I'll not confer with sorrow till tomorrow, but joy shall
have her way this very day.*

T. B. ALDRICH.

*While I sought happiness, she fled
Before me constantly;
Weary, I turned to duty's path,
And happiness sought me,
Saying, "I walk this road today,
I'll bear thee company."*

ANONYMOUS.

O Father in Heaven, who hast given us life that we might glorify Thee, and therein find the joy of life, we give Thee thanks for Thy purpose in our creation and for Thy continual blessings, fresh each morning and renewed at eventide. Be pleased to hear our prayer, to inspire us anew with the grace of Thy guidance. Make duty plain in our sight and grant us strength to follow in the highway of service, turning from all by and forbidden paths, that so the coming day may be one of happiness and peace, walking in the faith and fellowship of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

FREDERICK HARLAN PAGE.

*"Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple manners that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,—
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers—is better than gold."*

*One's chiefest duty here below
Is not the seeming great to do,
That the vain world may pause to see,
But in steadfast humility
To walk the common walk, and bear
The thousand things, the trifling care,
In love, with wisdom, patiently.
Thus each one in his narrow groove
The great world nearer God may move.*

MATTHEW HUNT.

O Lord, we love to love Thee, Thy yoke is easy, Thy burden light. Bearing them we find rest for our souls. Thou forgivest our sins. Thou helpst our weakness, Thou rememberest that we are dust. We bless and magnify Thy name. But we know that prayer and praise are acceptable only as they lead to service. We can minister unto Thee only as we help the helpless, cheer the sorrowing, lift up the fallen. Oh, how good, how merciful, how gracious Thou art! May every knee bow and every tongue confess Thee! Amen.

DAVID H. MOORE.

*Be not much troubled about many things,
Fear often bath no whit of substance in it,
And lives but just a minute;
While from the very snow the wheat-blade springs.
And light is like a flower,
That bursts in full leaf from the darkest hour.
And He who made the night,
Made, too, the flowery sweetness of the light,
Be it thy task, through His good grace, to win it.*
ALICE CARY.

Our Heavenly Father, the Father of lights, with whom there are no shadows, we thank Thee for our daylight in which to work and our night in which to rest. Graciously pardon our sins this day and guard our slumbers this night. As we enter shadows of discipline, teach us not to be afraid of the dark, for to Thee the darkness and the light are both alike. May perfect love take away all our fears. When placed in darkened rooms that our spiritual vision, diseased by sin, may be prepared for the coming glory, may we have with us the Great Physician to heal and to comfort us. In due season bring us to heaven's eternal day. Amen.

WILLARD T. PERRIN.

*I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's.*

Be comforted!

*And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge! What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod*

*To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

We give Thee thanks, our Father, that it has been ours this day, to live "Where cross the crowded ways of life" and that Thou hast not put us here to play, to dream, to drift, but that we have hard work to do,—loads to lift. Help us in the busy life we lead to keep ourselves open to the skies as did the Shepherds on Bethlehem's plain. We desire to be faithful in the performance of these daily tasks, yet not so closely bound by them as to miss the splendors of the upper world. Give to us wisdom so to order our lives that we shall neither fail to hear the Angel's song nor slight the Shepherd's task. In the name of Him who perfectly lived the earth life and yet obeyed the vision of heaven, we ask it. Amen.

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH.

*If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
 With my better self, that cannot show
 In my daily life that rushes so:
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still towards the shining goal,
 I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—
 If I had the time!*

*If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and in my life take a part,
 To look about and to stretch a hand
 To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
 I think that my wish with God's would rhyme,—
 If I had the time!*

RICHARD BURTON.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the gift of the Holy Spirit, which has filled our hearts this day and enabled us to live in close touch with Thee, and so in close touch with humanity. Grant we beseech Thee a blessing upon every word we have spoken this day, that it may prove a message of cheer to some fainting soul,—every smile we have given that it may come as a light of hope to a cheerless heart—every note that we have written to a friend in distant lands, longing for home and love of kindred souls. Take us all in Thy keeping, as the night closes about us and we are one day's journey nearer to that fair city where angels sing—"There shall be no night there." Amen.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

*I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true;
I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up
to what light I have.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

*Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"*

OWEN MEREDITH.

God of the still, cool darkness, after the labor and care of the hours of light, lay Thy soothing hand upon our tense and fevered spirits that we may relax from strain and allow the overtaxed pulse to subside to a peaceful rhythm. Have our endeavors and experiences this day wrought out profit or proved impotent for true gain? Thou alone knowest; our standards are so faulty we cannot tell. Of one thing alone are we humbly sure; in thought, in feeling, in purpose, we have striven to be nobly sincere, searchingly honest. The issue is Thine; we would leave it in Thy hands without misgiving, for there is a cheering whisper in our deeper hearts that even our halting, faulty best, because it is our best, is not in vain. Close our eyes! Good night! Thou watchest, and all is well. Amen.

THOMAS W. ILLMAN.

My little four year old boy lay sick and restless, fever-flushed at night, while I lay beside him in the dark. Every now and then the child half sleeping, half waking, would speak out, "Fadder!" "Yes, dear," the answer came. "Hello, Fadder," the little one would say and drop again to sleep. Thus it is that we, children all, fever-flushed and troubled, as if in dreams, call out "Father" in the dark. He answers, "Yes, dear, I am here," and in Him we find peace and rest.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Our Heavenly Father, how sweet it is to feel that Thou art ever near enough to hear our troubled cry! We are often tired, sick or lonely. We are tried beyond our strength. We sometimes fail and deem the struggle useless. Then like the little child in troubled dreams crying out for love, we come to Thee. Nor do we come to Thee in vain. Thou speakest, if hearts will listen, in tones more tender than those of mother love. O speak to us tonight and give us peace. Amen.

FLORENCE H. PERIN.

Pity me not: it makes me pitiful.

*Grieve not for me; 'twill see me grieving, too.
Come not forbodingly, but courageous,
And speak the shining word that's strong and true.*

*If you would have me fearless, have no fears;
If you would have me light and sorrow-free,
Then give your steps the music of the spheres,
Make your eye steadfast as eternity.*

ANONYMOUS.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for the faith, the hope and the love Thou hast implanted in our souls, that enables us to be brave and tender, strong and patient at all times and seasons. And we thank Thee for that splendid courage that is our inheritance from Thee, by and through which we may pass through the Valley of the Shadows of sorrow and loss unharmed, aye! even triumphant. And help us to give to those about us something better than pity. Help us to give courage to endure, faith to believe that Thy guiding hand is leading, and to feel assured that all is well. Help us that in thought and word and deed we may be to others a source of good cheer and courage. Amen.

FLORENCE KOLLOCK CROOKER.

*Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed;
for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will
help thee.*

ISAIAH XLI. 10.

*I have talked with old colored men, who, storm-
driven, have gone to God, because they had nothing
else to go to, and who had a richness and wonderfulness
of experience that I had no parallel to myself, though
I was a preacher, and my business was to study. A
God that you have studied out can never be such a
God as you have felt out.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Be Thou my guide, and I will walk in darkness
As one who treads the beamy heights of day,
Feeling a gladness amidst desert sadness,
And breathing vernal fragrance all the way.

Be Thou my wealth, and reft of all besides Thee,
I will forget the strife for meaner things,
Blessed in the sweetness of Thy rare completeness,
And opulent beyond the dream of kings.

Be Thou my strength, O lowly One and saintly.
And, though unvisioned ills about me throng,
Though danger woo me and deceit pursue me,
Yet in the thought of Thee I will be strong.
Amen.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day
And left my work but just begun.

So clear, I see, what I thought
Was right, or harmless, was a sin,
So clear, I see, that I have sought
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

So clear, I see, that I have hurt
The souls I thought to win, or save,
That I have selfish been, inert,
Deaf to the call my Leader gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdom, vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me.
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast.
Let me, repentant, work for Thee.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

*Once the daisies gold and white
Sea-like through the meadows rolled:
Once my heart could hardly hold
All its pleasures,— I remember,
In the flood of youth's delight
Separate joys were lost to sight.
That was summer! Now November
Sets the perfect flower apart;
Gives each blossom of the heart
Meaning, beauty, grace unknown,—
Blooming late and all alone.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Dear Father of us all, Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice, and visitest with equal favor the early and the later year. In this evening of an autumn day we thank Thee for Thy varied gifts,— for swift, changing, multitudinous gifts which make glad the eager, uncritical heart of youth; for detailed perfection which satisfies the discriminating needs of wise maturity. Help us, we pray Thee, so that our varied tastes and blessings may not separate us one from another. On the other hand, move us to such appreciation of the common Source of all our joys that we may be kept, like the parts of the day, like the parts of the year, in perfect unity. In everything keep Thou us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CHARLES R. TENNEY.

*When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add,
divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lec-
tured with much applause in the lecture room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to
time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.*

WALT WHITMAN.

O God of the heavens, wherever we look for support and consolation out of Thee, we find nothing but weakness and distress: and if Thou dost not revive, strengthen and illuminate, deliver and preserve me, the friendship of mankind can give no consolation, the strength of the mighty brings no support, the counsel of the wise, and the labors of the learned, impart no instruction, the treasures of the earth purchase no deliverance, and the most secret places afford no protection. All persons and things that seem to promise peace and happiness are in themselves vanity and nothing, and subvert the hope that is built upon them: but Thou art the supreme, essential, and final good; the perfection of life, light, and love! Unto Thee do we lift up our eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens! In Thee, the Father of Mercies, we place all our confidence! Amen.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

*Just whistle a bit, if the night be drear
And the stars refuse to shine;
And a gleam that mocks the starlight clear
Within you glows benign.*

*Till the dearth of light in the glooming skies
Is lost to the sight of your soul-lit eyes.
What matters the absence of moon or star?
The light within is the best by far.*

.

*Just whistle a bit, if your heart be sore,
'Tis a wonderful balm for pain.
Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er
Till it soothes like summer rain.*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

For the glory of the day, O God, we thank Thee;
for the gracious peace of the night we are grateful,
for Thou art in both, and we are never separated
from Thee. Sometimes we see Thee better in the
darkness than in the day, if we but open our eyes to
the light of Thy glory, our lips with music in Thy
praise, and our hearts to receive Thy love. In the
confidence and joy of Thy conscious presence with
us, may we find peace in this night, which, like the
day, is Thy dwelling place and the home of Thy
loving children. Amen.

FREDERICK A. BISBEE.

*From the vexed shore I watched the storming main;
The trembling earth recoiled and shook again
As from the blows of some gigantic hand
That hurled the billows high upon the strand.
Rejoicing, thought I: "Mighty though thou art,
Less mighty thou, O Sea, than man's brave heart.
Thou canst not heave thy raging waves so high
But some proud keel thy fury will defy;
Thou hast no depths so gloomy or profound
Man with his daring plummet may not sound,
And while thy tempests and tornadoes roar
He whispers through the deep, from shore to shore."*

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who hast made us in Thine own image, our hearts are full of gratitude for all Thy manifold blessings, but above all that Thou hast endowed our humanity with something of the same marvelous power which makes Thee our God and Sovereign Lord. We thank Thee that no wreck or storm, no disaster or defeat, no pain or sorrow has power to overwhelm us, if through faith we keep our heart reverently open to Thy power and love. Thou hast made us only a little lower than the angels and given us dominion over the earth. O grant us mastery over these hearts and wills of ours that we may make them Thine, humbly obedient to Thy every command. Amen.

JAMES F. ALBION.

*O Angel Night! Come close! My weary form
With your star-beauteous draperies enfold!
Lay firmly on my hot, day-wrinkled brow
Your palms, compassionate and cold.*

*Untwine the discontented, tangled thoughts,
Show to my eyes the steady, blinding light
Of the All-Spirit! Teach my tired heart
To rest in Love's unchanging night!*

*Help me to find the calm that buries self
And frees the soul to regions pure and high;
Teach me the inner loveliness of life
And how sublime it is to die!*

*Warn me,—while waiting on that sacred hour
For which I breathe,—to live so that my best
Alone survives! But now,—just now—dear Night,
Give me your kiss of rest!*

MARY VICARIO.

Heavenly Father, as children that are hurt are caught in the bosom of a mother's love and hushed, and scarcely know what hath comforted them, or what strange joy hath befallen them, so be pleased to fulfil that declaration that Thy love and remembrance are more than a mother's, and take into the arms of divine consolation those that need Thee, that they may be hushed in Thy bosom, and find there that peace which passeth all understanding. Amen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

*We're old folks now, companion,
Our heads, they are growing gray;
But taking the year, all round, my dear,
You always will find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is come, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.*

*And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.
Aye! God of the night, my darling,—
Of the night of death so grim:
And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him!*

ALICE CARY.

Our Heavenly Father, we rejoice in the thought that in Thine economy there is no night, no winter, no despair, no old age. Whether our hair be white or black, our step be strong and elastic or feeble and halting, we are just Thy children only beginning life. Let us put our hands in thine hopefully as if starting upon a long journey and trustfully as those who are not afraid, and with strength of purpose as those who walk with God. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

In the secluded garden of Christ's College, at Cambridge, there is a mulberry-tree of which tradition says that it was planted by John Milton in his student days. I remember sitting on the green turf below it, a few years ago, and looking up at the branches, heavy with age, and propped on crutches, and wondering to see that the old tree still brought fruit. It was not the size nor the quality of the fruit that impressed me. I hardly thought of that. The strange thing, the beautiful thing, was that, after so many years, the tree was yet bearing.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Our Father, who art in heaven; we thank Thee that, whether we be young and strong or old and weak, happy in the midst of friends or longing for faces out of sight, enduring temptation or triumphant after trial, we have it always within our power to make known in our daily living the spirit of the Master's gospel. To do this is to bless the world around us, and please Thee, and add content unto our own hearts. May we rest in peace this night, our Father, and awake tomorrow grateful and trustful, glad to live another day and do Thy will. Amen.

CHARLES H. PUFFER.

*No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.
All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

There is a sense in which the life of every man, however spiritually stifled by the poisonous atmosphere of the degradation in which he lives, is held in the grip of God, hidden in the bosom of God, the object of God's care and God's responsibility, though, as yet, he knows it not, as the unborn child knows not how near it is to the mother's beating heart.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

All-loving God, who hast made rich with opportunity the hours of this day, and hast opened our eyes to see the smile upon the face of duty, in the hours of rest give us the noble satisfaction which came through the memory of service. If we have seemed to accomplish little, may we remember that every just and loving act has made us co-laborers with Thee. Save us from the discouragements which are Thy judgments upon selfishness, and give us a sense of the grandeur, the glory and the eternal value of the life which sees itself as a part of Thine infinite purpose. With the joy that Thou art with us may we rest in peace this night. Amen.

HARRIS G. HALE.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

ISAIAH XLII. 16.

*God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that!
... So doth Thy right hand guide us through the
world*

Wherein we stumble. God! What shall we say?

... He erred,—

*Save him, dear God; it will be like Thee: bathe him
In light and life! Thou art not made like us:
We should be wroth in such a case: but Thou
Forgivest.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

Abide with us, that we may feel that our sins are forgiven. Abide with us, for we see in the past our follies and our faults, and would wrong no more. Abide with us as we lie down to gentle sleep, that it may be gentle and refreshing to us, that pure thoughts may keep the portals of our dreams, and God's blessing hold watch over us. Amen.

E. H. CHAPIN.

A happy disposition is largely a disposition to make others happy. One life permeates all things, and there is no corner of the cosmos too remote to feel its heart throb.

HENRY WOOD.

*Hast thou no ray of inborn light
To make some shadowed life more bright?*

*Then be a lens! Catch every gleam,
And flash it on, a shining beam!*

*Sunshine reflected can illumine
The darkest corner of a room!*

ALDIS DUNBAR.

Master of Life, we thank Thee for the gift of life. This day has carried us a little deeper into its mystery. Joy and pain, knowledge and ignorance, have come to us out of the infinite. But the heart of the mystery is Thy friendship for us. And Thy friendship knits our knowledge and our ignorance, our joy and our pain, into a seamless robe of the spirit. The light of the sun has gladdened our eyes. The light of Thy love has gladdened our souls. With hearts aglow with gratitude and trust, we lay ourselves to rest, praying that on the morrow we may wake up after Thy likeness, eager to serve our fellows, and in renewed hope of the life eternal. Amen.

HENRY S. NASH.

Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully, and ask its meaning frankly and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities, when they come, whether open-faced or disguised.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Eternal Father, who dost cause the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice; whose mercy is new every morning, and fresh every evening, grant that the close of the day may bring rest and peace to spirits weary and troubled. May the quiet night be beautiful with the shining of the stars. If the record of the day show imperfection and failure, do Thou forgive; if it show success, and worthy accomplishment, then Thine be the glory. Give a proper outlook upon time, and upon eternity, the power to set things in right relations, and to estimate and compare values. Help in the realization of every noble ideal, and the fulfilment of every holy purpose, and at evening time may it be light. Amen.

WALTER D. COLE.

*I've got a gray hair somewhere; . . . I am old. . . .
And yet I feel, today, like a child. . . .*

*I am a child. God's child, with His eternity before
me, and the good in it that I have been waiting for
. . . all these years.*

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

*What will you say to the old man whose friends have
scattered, whose fortune has taken wings and whose life
is embittered? I do not know what you will say. But
I know what I will say. I will say to him: "Never
mind, old man; in God's economy there is no old age.
Each man is just a child of God. Put your hand in
God's hand and do not be afraid."*

GEORGE L. PERIN.

To us, O God, the passing of another day is the shortening of the span of human life, but to Thee a thousand years are but as a single day. The body, as life goes on, bears the scars of years, but it is only the house in which we live and the soul never feels the infirmities of age. It is dowried with eternal youth. May we so realize Thy protecting care that we may know that if this earthly house be wasted with the years, we have another home, a house not made with hands, and if increasing years uncliothe us of our strength, it is not that we shall be naked, but clothed upon. So may we in faith and hope and trust lie down to refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams. Amen.

ALMON GUNNISON.

Every day look at a beautiful picture, read a beautiful poem, listen to beautiful music, and, if possible, say some reasonable thing.

GOETHE.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

O Thou most loving Father, we thank Thee for the sweet picture we hang upon the walls of memory this evening hour, painted so delicately and beautifully as to be a living inspiration, lending rich cheer to our thought and conversation, and that gladness of spirit which transforms touches of sorrow into gleams of joy. We thank Thee that Thou hast led us along the roadway of helpfulness this day! Where we found the Christ coming to us in some disconsolate life, and our word was the touch that opened the door and let in beams of light to that troubled soul. We pray that we may ever be able to sound notes of music in other lives, that will make melody through the years, and life sweeter and richer thereby. Wherever we go may we create sunshine in the world, that its warmth may bathe the lives of those around us, and make pleasant paths for them to walk in. Amen.

MOSES H. HARRIS.

*It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some that hath abundance at his will
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other that hath little asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devise;
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunise.*

SPENSER.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for another day, for life and strength and opportunity, for all the blessings of our outward being. But we thank Thee far more for that divinity within us that has enabled us to use these things for some higher attainment of spiritual excellence, or in their absence to grasp and hold the loftier life, and even in poverty and failure to be rich and blest. For whatever we have attained, for all we have been able to do for others, we give Thee thanks. And now, assured that in future days Thou wilt be still our guide and the light upon our way, we commit ourselves in sleep to Thy faithful keeping, content to know that when we awake we shall be still with Thee. Amen.

J. SMITH DODGE.

*Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
That every dream we thought was lost,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled.*

PHOEBE CARY.

*There shall never be one lost good; what was shall
live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more;
On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect
round.*

ROBERT BROWNING.

Patient Father, bless to our good the day's interruptions. So little remains of our day's plans at evening time. Counter currents have beset us and our work seems so broken and incomplete. But Lord, our incompleteness fits the pattern of Thy purpose. The currents that thwart our day are poured from the hollow of Thy hand. Give us patience to take all of life as from Thee. Save us from insistence on our own way as best. May we recognize the gentle pressure of the Father's guiding hand, and may we know that the pieces of our broken life are being gathered up into His completeness. Thus may we rest in Thee. May our confidence in Thy never-failing goodness bring us peace. We now lie down to rest. May we sleep sweetly while Thou dost knit up our ravelings of the day. Amen.

W. D. PLATT.

What is the very sweetest memory of childhood? Let me put it into a picture: the day is done. The evening shadows are falling rapidly over field and wood and home. The tired limbs have come from school and finished play, and the shadow of the great world has made shadows in a tired little heart. Then, with a true instinct, you have sought the old rocking chair beside the fire where mother sits, and you have climbed into her lap and nestled your head against her bosom. No lesson now, no play, no toil. You sit there, and do not say a word, while the great love of the mother's heart flows into your heart and gives you peace. How good to climb sometimes into God's lap, lay your head upon his bosom, listen to the inarticulate divine lullaby, while all the love of God flows in and gives you peace.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Our Father, with cheerful and joyful hearts we would come to Thee who art the source of all our blessings. Protect us and sustain us, and under the shadow of Thy wing let us rest and trust. May we know that love which casteth out all fear, may we have that faith which never wavers, that hope which accepts the night as the day. Thou hast brought us safely through another day, and again we seek the still hour of meditation. Lift up our minds, warm our affections, and deepen within us the feelings of reverence, of gratitude, of trust, and guide all the longings of our hearts to the true source of peace. Amen.

JOSHUA YOUNG.

*"He shall not fail, nor be discouraged" seems
A very forest oak which we may twine
About, and reach our hands as the woodbine
Does hers, growing upon it with supremes
Of confidence, looking up to the gleams
Of light, which through the windswayed branches
shine,
Sure that this tree will never lay supine
In dust, leaving us crushed and in extremes
Of need, when we would climb up to the height
Of our full strength. Oh, truth of comforting!
I lay my tendril-disks against the might
Of your firm strength, feeling, while so I cling,
Your own most holy life transforming mine,
And causing my exultant soul to sing.*

LOIS LAURIE.

Father in Heaven, we read in Thy word, that Thy servant, whom Thou upholdest, "Shall not fail nor be discouraged," but shall accomplish his purposes, and be satisfied. Help *us* to be so faithful in Thy service that we may be conscious of Thy sustaining might, and so rise above discouragement into the strength that wins success. Grant that at the close of each day we may feel that we have been about our Father's business, and that our labor has not been in vain. Thus shall we feel secure, and we shall rest in peace; and at last, when days and nights shall be merged in the light of the everlasting morning, may we see of the travail of our souls, and be satisfied, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HENRY LOVELL CANFIELD.

After all the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Be noble; and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then shalt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light about thy way be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Father, we thank Thee for the day just ending, for the beauty in Thy world, for the goodness in life and for the love of all our brothers. May we carry into the quiet rest of the night the benediction of this day. May all our dreams be pure and hopeful. Protect the hidden man of the heart in sleep that no fears may come to disturb, or evil imaginings to stain, the soul. On the morrow give us the courage to face our tasks without fret or strain, and the vision to see only the best in everybody and in everything. Amen.

SAMUEL V. V. HOLMES.

*Father, whose tenderness has wrapped me round
In a great need, to what shall I compare
Strength Thou hast sent in answer to my prayer?
Not to the help some falling vine has found,
That trailing listless on the fallen ground
Clings suddenly to some high trellis there,
Lifting itself once more into the air
With timid tendrils on the lattice wound.
Rather to help the drooping plant has won,
That weary with the beating of the rains
Feels quickening in its own responsive veins
The sudden shining of a distant sun.
When from within the strength and gladness are,
My soul knows that its help comes from afar.*

Alice WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

O God, all our springs are in Thee. Not alone the refreshing dews of grace awoke us with the dawn, but the gentle sun wooed us all the day as the flower is wooed into beauty and fragrance, not for itself but to make all the world brighter. Thou dost enfold us at twilight for our silent hour of meditation that the fruit of praise and prayer may the better ripen. Dawn, noontide and twilight are all full of Thee. Thou dost lift up our head after sleep and dost rest us anew on Thy bosom. Thy touch gives both strength and rest. "When I am awake I am still with Thee," and with Thee no less than when I sleep, for God giveth His beloved sleep. It is God's kiss upon our weary brow, albeit the storm may come as it did to our sleeping Master and danger as to Peter sleeping between two soldiers, yet God's whisper is one of peace. Amen.

E. R. HENDRIX.

*Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.*

*I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.*

*We rise by things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.*

J. G. HOLLAND.

Our Father, this day's experiences, whether of sorrow or of joy, have something to teach us of Thee. Help us to learn their lesson, and learning it, to stand nearer Thee tonight than ever before. We know it is our own deeds, thoughts and desires, which most effectually lift us up or drag us down. We know that each deed of this day has left its result in our lives, and in the lives of our fellow beings. Therefore, O God, forgive the wrong we have done and help us to do it no more. Strengthen us in the right, and grant that we may this night rest with Thy peace abundant in our hearts. Amen. .

G. I. KEIRN.

*Happy the man that, when the day is done,
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret —
The battle he has fought may not be won —
The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet;
Folding at last his hands upon his breast,
Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,
He sinks into the last eternal rest,
Breathing these only words: "I am content."*
EUGENE FIELD.

I thank Thee, O Thou giver of the peace that passeth all understanding, for that portion of sweet content of soul which Thou hast granted me at the close of this day. It has not been a day of work perfectly done, nor of duties fully accomplished. No eye, save Thine, may mark the earnest endeavor of a soul that has honestly tried to do Thy will; but Thou dost consider, and if Thou dost approve, I shall rest in peace. Grant unto me the great blessing of quiet slumber this night, that on the morrow, if it be Thy will, I may show forth, with refreshed and gladdened life, far more of Thy glory; and grant that, at the end of life's journey, I may enter into that perfect rest which remaineth for the children of God. Amen.

EDWARD PAYSON DREW.

*A mere acceptance of the fact of Love,
Of God above,
Of all the vast Omnipotence
Of Him, our Maker and Defence,
Is not believing; but to fight
Aggressively to spread His light,
To strive for Him incessantly, without relief,
Unyielding in the Right,
That is Belief!*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Dear Father of all, we thank Thee for the love that never fails. We rejoice in the power that makes all things work together for the good of Thy children. Grant us a true Faith, O Lord, that stands bravely for the right against the wrong; for truth against error; and that deals justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with Thee. Give us the faith that Jesus had, that is patient under all discipline, and is unwearied in its service of others. If we have this day failed in duty, pardon our offences. Make us Thy dutiful children, and help us to rest in Thy love and be at peace. Amen.

FRANK S. HUNNEWELL.

*To Him who hears I whisper all;
And softer than the dews of heaven
The tears of Christ's compassion fall;
I know I am forgiven.*

*Wrapped in the peace that follows prayer,
I fold my hands in perfect trust,
Forgetful of the cross I bear
Through noonday heat and dust.*

*No more Life's mysteries vex my thought;
No cruel doubts disturb my breast;
My heavy-laden spirit sought
And found the promised rest.*

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

O God, we thank Thee for the gift of Thy wondrous compassion! We are drawn to Thee as the crocus is to the light, as the swinging planet to the sun, as love is to love. How good Thou art to us! Thou dost not forget our name is *Frailty*, and that oft we fail because we are weak. Thou knowest too we have not done so well as we purposed and wilt remember the purpose as well as the deed. If Thou wilt forgive aught we have done remiss today, tomorrow — *tomorrow*, we shall be more like our ideals and prayers. Let us rest this night in great peace, as birds do under their mother's wings, in a nest of love. When we wake may it be to serve Thee better than ever before. Amen.

EUGENE M. ANTRIM.

*Watch well the building of thy dream !
However hopeless it may seem,
The time will come when it shall be
A prison or a home for thee.*

WINIFRED WEBB.

God appoints to every one of His creatures a separate mission; and if they discharge it honorably, and faithfully follow that light which is in them, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, according to its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men and be of service, constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be; but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift, also, to his race forever.

JOHN RUSKIN.

We thank Thee, O Father, for home and health, for the adorned earth, interesting toil, and the steady cheer of each day. We thank Thee for the cool of evening, the quieting curtain of night and delicious repose for wearied bodies. Help us learn today's lessons well. Banish torturing envy by the remembrance that the Rewarder will notice every man's work. Enable us to regularly do our best and then rest. Smooth away all sleep-breaking worry. Build faith during night's stillness so that morning light may find us ready to happily take up our own tasks. Steady our tempers. Tame our tongues. Awaken our ambition. Enthuse our smallest activities. Lead us into all our open doors of usefulness. Bring us to life's end with tired hands and clean heart, for the Great Master's sake. Amen.

CHRISTIAN F. REISNER.

Would you find a cure for worry? Believe in God Almighty. Believe that this world belongs to God, that you belong to Him; that, come what will, He will take care of you. A friend of mine assures me that she derives great comfort from this simple little speech, which she makes to herself, "God is here; I will trust Him." And it is a good speech for anyone to make. My plans have failed,—"Never mind, God is here; I will trust Him." My fortune is lost,— "Never mind, God is here; I will trust Him." Yes, God is here. He is mine and I am His. This is God's world. I am God's child. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." "Fear hath torment." Trust hath everlasting peace.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the experiences of this day. They are filled with lessons for us. Some of them have been hard and heavy, teaching us to be brave and strong. Some have brought heartaches and tears to show us the priceless value of love and sympathy. Others have filled us with joy and gladness as they come in kindly deeds from loving friends. Forgive us if in the trials of the day we have doubted Thy presence. Help us to face life bravely without hurry or worry. Give us that peace which is born of trust. As the little child slips its hand into the hand of a mother and sinks into sweet sleep, so let us say with confidence, "My father is here; I will not be afraid." Amen.

E. L. CONGER.

*When I am overmatched by petty cares
And things of earth loom large, and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs*

*Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-unchartered seas
Where swim the stately planets: such as these:
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.*

*I muse on what of life may stir among
Those spaces knowing naught of metes nor bars;
Undreamed of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.*

.

*Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.*

RICHARD BURTON.

Dear Father, we are glad that we cannot get away from Thee on any sea or shore, that we can only forget Thee and become unconscious of Thee. But, even though we do that, we are glad that Thou art close by us; and whenever we will, if we turn towards Thee, Thou wilt come to meet us as did the father of the prodigal, and we may fall on Thy breast and be folded in the everlasting arms. Amen.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

*How beauty fills the world !
Men strive and sin,
And higher heap the burden of Earth's ill,
And weave a web of wrong for her, — and still
'Tis beauty fills the world.*

*No blot in all the world !
The creeping green,
The water flashing down in shining ways,
The light that breaks in drenching color sprays,
With beauty fill the world.*

*If beauty fills the world,
Then all is said.
The secret joy of one small perfect flower
Were proof enough of God, — His love, His power, —
And beauty fills the world !*

LILY A. LONG.

O God, who hast made this beautiful world, and who desirest mankind to worship Thee in the beauty of holiness, we lament the ugliness of sin in our own hearts, and among men everywhere! Wilt Thou so reveal Thyself to us that the love of Thee that must follow will cause us to hate sin, and put it away from our own hearts, and to toil and pray for the cleansing of other hearts from sin's defilement! Rest us tonight with the thought of Thy beautiful world, and the beautiful living that all may have who take Thy Son as Saviour and Lord, and bring us tomorrow's tasks made beautiful by the thought. Amen.

C. H. WHEELER.

*If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain by what I have undone?*

W. D. HOWELLS.

Father in Heaven, I quiet my soul in Thy presence before sleep. I love Thee; I open my heart to Thee; I bathe my spirit in the light and love of Thy spirit. I am grateful for Thy help and companionship during the day, and for all Thy benefits. Forgive what has been weak and wrong in me and cleanse my soul from all evil. Freshen within, O my God, the consciousness of eternal life, so that I may rest as secure in the reality of unseen things as in the visible world about me. May no influence out of my own life, or from unbelieving men, or the mystery and suffering of the world, be able to weaken my faith or draw my soul from Thee. I now commit myself to Thee for the night. While physical and mental vigor are being restored during sleep, strengthen Thou me in the inner life; in faith, hope and love; in power to meet the duties and emergencies of tomorrow: in the desire to live for the good of the world. Amen.

WORTH M. TIPPY.

I feared:

*My heart was filled with great disquietude,
That drove me through each day in troubled mood.*

I yearned

*For strength to put my fear to rout;
For courage firm to drive my terror out.*

I prayed:

*My heart besought my God to give some sign
That He was near. And His soul answered mine.*

I rose.

*"Fear not, for I am with you," God had said.
I grappled with my fear. I won. It fled!*

HAZEN CONKLIN.

My Lord and My Father, since Thou hast so graciously promised, why should I fear and be disquieted, since Thou art my strength, why should not my fears be put to flight? As Thy servant of old rose from his struggle having power with God and man, so, because my spirit responds to Thine, I would rise to share Thy matchless power. All this day, while I have thought I was self-directed, Thou hast continually directed me; therefore am I confident that Thou wilt watch over and protect me during my unconscious moments of the night, and, with renewal of confidence and courage, wilt cause me to rise on the morrow, because Thou art my All and in All. Amen.

THOMAS SIMMS.

*After the darkness, dawning,
And stir of the rested wing;
Fresh fragrance from the meadow,
Fresh hope on everything!*

*After the winter, springtime
And dreams, that flower-like throng;
After the tempest, silence;
After the silence, song.*

*After the heat of anger,
Love that all life enwraps;
After the stress of battle,
The trumpet sounding "taps."*

*After despair and doubting,
A faith without alloy,
God here and over yonder, —
The end of all things, — joy.*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

I am weary tonight. All day long responsibility and work have pressed upon me. The burden has been heavy, and when I saw that the sun was setting, I was glad. Make this a good night, O God, a night of rest and of restoration. May morning find me strong again and brave, weariness gone and fears forgotten. I do not pray for songs in the night, but for quiet and sleep. In the morning give me songs, O God, when the darkness is past and the new day calls me back to my work. My care, my trial, my toil, my temptation — to all these let me go, after the quiet and rest of the night, with a brave spirit and a singing heart. Amen.

O. C. S. WALLACE.

*Smile awhile,
And while you smile
Another smiles, and soon
There's miles and miles
Of smiles,
And life's worth while
Because you smile.*

ANONYMOUS.

*The thing that goes the farthest
Towards making life worth while,
That costs the least, and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart,
That loves its fellow men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom,
And coax the sun again.*

ANONYMOUS.

Thou Spirit of Love, through all the years of our lives, we have lived under the smile of Thy countenance. Sometimes we have forgotten Thee, and have been afraid. Sometimes we have been ungrateful to Thee and have frowned and complained at Thy providence. Tonight in grateful remembrance of Thy love and the gift of Thy fair world, we would forget all the vexations and worries of life, put off the frown from our faces, and let the heart smile. O, let us be glad and so share the contagion of Thy gladness and radiate to other lives until we have helped to make a glad and happy world. So shall we be disciples of Him who dried the widow's tears and bound up the wounds of the broken-hearted. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*Once on a time from scenes of light
An angel winged its fairy flight.
Down to earth in haste he came,
And wrote in lines of living flame
These words in every heart he met:
"Cheer up, cheer up! be not discouraged yet!"
Then back to heaven with speed he flew
And tuned his golden harp anew,
And all the joyful throng came round
To listen to the soul-inspiring sound,
And heaven was filled with pure delight,
For Hope had been to earth that night.*

ANONYMOUS.

Dear Father, Thy tired child instinctively turns to Thee tonight ere to repose I go. It is with a joyous feeling of thanksgiving that I breathe Thy holy name. All hopes have not been realized, all ideals not reached; work may be unappreciated, efforts seemingly futile, prayers unanswered. Still, dear Father, I am not afraid, nor discouraged, nor cast down; for I know that no effort is in vain, no ideals but are blessings, no love fruitless. With this assurance, I thank Thee for this day, its opportunities, its work, its love, its success. Yes, Father, for its defeats, if I but learn the lesson of wisdom which they teach. As I go to sleep, Faith in Thy goodness and Hope for an Eternal Better smile down upon me, and make my bed a couch of peace; and serene I am, in the consciousness of Thy eternal love. Amen.

U. S. MILLBURN.

We do not know whether the future has in store for us calm or unrest. We cannot know beyond peradventure whether we can prevent the higher races from losing their nobler traits and from being overwhelmed by the lower races. On the whole, we think that the greatest victories are to be won, the greatest deeds yet to be done, and that there are yet in store for our peoples and for the causes that we uphold grander triumphs than have ever yet been scored. But be this as it may, we gladly agree that the one plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and, turning toward the light, as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

O God, our Father, we thank Thee for Thy judgments. Thou knowest how to make allowances for us and when to be severe with us, but Thou art never unjust nor unloving. We would not get on nor attain our highest, heavenly best if we were not judged. But men do not know enough about us nor do they care enough for us to judge us righteously or to our noblest profit. We blunder when we judge ourselves, either we are too lenient or too exacting. But Thy judgments, O Father, are true and righteous altogether. We know not where the future leads, but it is always safe to fight Thy battles. Sure at once of Thy judgments and Thy guidance, let us face the problems of each day bravely and hopefully. Amen.

JOHN J. WALLACE.

Let your strivings then, be after contentment. Get out of each passing day all the sweetness there is in it. Live in the present hour as much as possible, and if you live for character your foundations will outlast tomorrow. It is when men build without moral principle that they need fear the future.

* * * * *

It is not the smallness of your life, but the quality of it that is important. You cannot be an elm or an oak, but if you are a violet under a maple, drinking in the sunshine and the dew, you should be content: for in the providence of God humble lives cheerfully lived have infinite value.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Our Father, we turn to Thee in this closing hour of the day not to ask for larger or richer blessings, but to gain an appreciation of the place and the life that is ours. Oft-times we look upon our simple lives and humble tasks with failing hearts, wondering if we are wanted by Thee or needed by Thee, and whether our service counts in Thy great economy. Teach us, our God, we pray Thee, that He who made the ocean shapes the dewdrop, that He who fashioned the elm tree paints the violet. Then shall we know that, humble though we are, our place is Thy place, our task Thy task, our lives Thy life. So may we close the day with the thought that if we are faithful over a few things, we may enter into the joy of our Lord. Amen.

IRA A. PRIEST.

THE VOICE WITHIN

*At dawn it called, "Go forward without fear!
 All paths are open; choose ye, glad and free."
 Through morning's toilsome climb it urged the plea, —
 "Nay, halt not, though the path ye chose grow drear."
 At noon it spake aloud, — "Make smooth the way
 For other feet. Bend to thy task, though weight
 Of sorrow press thee. Others dower, though fate
 Deny thy secret wish." Through later day
 It warns, "Climb on! Heights woo! The waning light
 Bids haste! Yet scorn not those who lag behind,
 Confused by lengthening rays that clear thy sight,
 These, too, have striv'n all day their way to find."
 At eve, when flaming sunset fades, Oh hear
 Dawn's echoing call, "Go forward without fear."*

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Our Father, my Father! Make me conscious of my eternal sonship in Thee, that now while the day is ending, I may realize that I live, and can know no death, no end! Give me that peace in sleep that adds strength for tomorrow's task. And if the task grow harder make me the more gentle, that I may live as I pray, seeking not to rival men but to uplift them; not to outshine them, but to shine for them. Aid me with the joyful sense that Thou and I are partners in a common work. Inspire me with the courage that controls, not because it sees, but believes; and therefore knows that Thy work and mine must reach the final beauty of completion. Give me Thy love, the "perfect love that casteth out fear." Amen.

SYDNEY HERBERT COX.

How the mountains rise above us ! But it is quite in vain that the spiritual mountain peaks rear their heads above us if they never incite us to higher living. It is from the high points of noble living that one's finest visions are inspired. Would you know more of God ? Toil upward from the oppressive valleys of worldliness. Would you look across the plains of time and see where the earth and heavens meet ? Broaden your horizon by standing upon higher ground. Stand a few times upon the high ground of great thoughts ; stand, sometimes, upon the mountain-top of faith where all the forests, fields, rivers, lakes, and plains of experience meet and mingle in pictures of moral beauty which leave their charm upon the soul ; stand there and God shall speak to you, and you shall know the mystery of the Transfiguration.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

O Father, now that the toils of the day are over, and the silence of night falls upon the world, let us raise our thoughts to Thee, and in communion with Thee find peace. Let us be among those who live on the heights—on the hills whence cometh our help. As children knowing they are cared for, guarded, surrounded by watchful love, may we with a quiet mind put our trust in Thee. Here may there be to us as to one of old a ladder joining earth and sky, and here may there go up the story of gratitude and prayer, and come down a message to each of strength for the weak and of peace to the troubled. May life be to us like one long day of joyful service, and at its eventide may we say “ Now we lay us down to sleep, for only Thou, Lord, watchest us to dwell in safety.” Amen.

JAMES DENORMANDIE.

*If song is born within your heart —
Then, like a lark on soaring wing,
Untouched by rules and schools of art,
In sooth you can not help but sing.
Behold the bird, untrained, untaught,
What music from his throat is flung, —
E'en so, the song by you unsought
Will fall in sweetness from your tongue.*

*If song within your breast is born,
Not all the strife of street or mart,
Nor cold neglect nor smile of scorn
Can drive its magic from your heart.
Though years that come and years that go
Their burdens to your soul may bring,
Through all the work, through all the woe,
The singer can not help but sing.*

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

God our Maker, who giveth songs in the night, we look to Thee for spiritual refreshment. At the close of the day, Thou hast the power to take us from a world of work and noise and confusion into a world of peace and song and contentment. May we be disposed to add our joyful notes to the whole creation's vesper hymn of gladness. If the coming years lead us into a strange land, may we not forget how to sing the Lord's song. For the exile who remembers Thee and is accompanied by Thy love never has cause to hang his harp upon the willow. He feels at home in Thy universe always and everywhere because Thy song is in his heart. Therefore, may Thy statutes be our song day and night. Amen.

REIGNOLD K. MARVIN.

*“ Why should I wish to see God any more than this day?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four
and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God and in my
own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one
is signed by God’s name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that
wheresoe’er I go others will punctually come
forever and ever.”*

WALT WHITMAN.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Thou art our light and our salvation. Thou art the strength of our life. Thou art ever pouring upon Thy children streams of blessing. We look at Thee and the spiritual universe through a glass darkly; we look through our bodily limitations and infirmities, but much of our darkness is made by our vain imaginations and desires. Shine into our darkness and lend us Thine aid and may we by earnest search and diligent study seek for that illumination of mind, and docility of heart which shall make us sensitive to Thy leadership. Give us life and healing and freedom. Give us discernment that we may learn to read Thy letters left for us everywhere in this fair world. So shalt Thou speak to us when no voice is and we shall know that we are not alone. Amen.

D. DORCHESTER, JR.

*There is no war between the Old and New;
The conflict is between the False and True.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

If the riddle of life is too much for you, if the mystery of evil tortures you too keenly, if, like J. S. Mill, you cannot — simply cannot — reconcile Omnipotence with Love, then — may I say it? — I have passed through the storm and know it — then, as it were, shut your teeth, and force your emotions to obey your head. Say: “God is Love. I can’t feel it, and I don’t feel it; but, logically, it must be so.”

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

O Lord of Hosts, we lift our eyes to the glory of Thine evening skies, and Thou art there! Thou wast in the dawn and the noonday, and we knew Thee not. But now the tides of life ebb with Thy waning light, and leave our heartshores bare and desolate. We cry to Thee! O Thou of the dawn and the noontide, we can see Thee now. Thy glory descends within our ken. Life is bare and desolate no more. Though day must die and tides must flow, Thou art the promise of the morrow. Gather us, we pray Thee, as Thou gatherest Thy light out of the skies and bring us to Thine eternal dawn with Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM S. MITCHELL.

*"To veer how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too;
Through winds and waves one compass guides;
To that, and your own selves, be true.*

CLOUGH.

*"In the darkest night, my child,
Canst thou see the Right, my child?
Forward then! God is near.
The right will be light to thee,
Armour and might to thee;
Forward! and never fear."*

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the day that is now past. We thank Thee for Thy power, incapable of wearying; for Thy wisdom, incapable of blundering; for Thy love, incapable of upbraiding. We know not what the night may have in store for us. We know not the final issues of tomorrow—its trials, its sorrows and its joys. One thing we know, if the sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the notice of the Father, we shall not forgotten be. Therefore, in loneliness Thy presence will cheer us; in temptation Thy power will sustain us; in sorrow Thy love will comfort us; in weakness we shall feel the undergirding of the everlasting arms. Forgive us the mistakes of the day, consecrate what we are, and order what we shall be. Amen.

ADNA WRIGHT LEONARD.

*What is thy thought? There is no miracle?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shall escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle. Ay, thou thyself,
Being in the world and of the world, thyself,
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the
world.*

*Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself, —
Thou art thy Father's Miracle.*

JEAN INGELOW.

*Patience with God is conscious self-surrender to the
eternal purpose. It is a gentle, tender, mighty trust;
it is a quenchless assurance, an inextinguishable con-
viction that the Infinite and Universal Parent Spirit
has begotten His own nature in us, and that all men
are safe in His Almighty care.*

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Heavenly Father, the day palls upon us. Tired, we would rest awhile in Thee. From Thy abundance, both of might and wise control, we would draw sustenance and hope. Into the night we fearlessly go because Thou art there, whose power has wrought through the day. Yet deeper feeling of intimacy with Thee struggles to our lips and we go to contented slumber in the care of our Father. The heavenly throng of stars is not more constant than Thy love. No turning of errant mind, no miasm of wayward will shall break Thy constancy. In filial confidence we abide with Thee until the freshening day shall find us at labor in Thy vineyard. Amen.

L. WARD BRIGHAM.

*My hands that were reaching so eagerly out
Have closed on the hilt of a star;
My eyes that were scanning the waters of doubt
Have visioned the harbor afar.*

*My heart that sickened of shadow and greed,
That wearied of wantons of woe,
Has found the road to the distant mead
Where the roses with radiance glow.*

*Tired, I turn from the toiling throng
And the harvests of gloom they glean.
Oh, the wind of the heights in my face is strong
With the sweetness of things unseen.*

*In the silence of thought a lamp I clutch,
A glistening, wonderful globe,
And, laved in its glory, I kneel to touch
The hem of the seamless robe.*

MARY J. ELMENDORF.

Protecting Power, while night cometh in, in which no man can work, we turn homeward, in our thoughts, to Thee. We thank Thee for the divine quest on which Thou sendest us from day to day. We thank Thee also for every blessed refuge, every place where rest and new inspiration and fresh courage may be found, which life offers us. May we be strengthened and heartened during the hours of quietness that lie before us, and awake to go forth, filled with cheerfulness, sympathy, and good-will, and eager to be true shepherds of mankind. Amen.

ROGER S. FORBES.

*I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.*

*I would be friend of all — the foe — the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.*
HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER.

Our Heavenly Father, before we turn out the lights we would pause for a moment to review the day. We have wanted to be true for the sake of those who have trusted us. We have tried to be pure for the sake of those who care. In the face of weakness and cowardice, we have tried to be strong and brave. We have tried to extend the hand of friendship to all the friendless, to give where the gift was needed. Tonight we would make no boast of our achievement but simply ask that Thou wouldst bless the day. If we have failed, let us not be discouraged, but make us ready to go forth into another day prepared to look up, and love, and lift. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

*“ Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?*

*Did ye gather them up as they faded fast,
Like buds with an early blight? ”*

*“ I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet ;
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
And were even in falling sweet ! ”*

*“ Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?*

*Do ye wish they were round you again once more
By the hearth that they made so bright? ”*

*“ I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then ;
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again ! ”*

DORA GREENWELL.

Truly, O Eternal One, our lives are made up of vanishings and vicissitudes, and memory is ever adding to her store of things that were and are not. But it is even more true that these seeming losses leave us not emptier but fuller and richer. For what was best and most vital in them we continue to possess, leaving only the “ outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea; ” while our advance is one career of acquisition, ever heaping up treasures new and old. We thank Thee, Father, for all, only asking for the wisdom to discern the gain within the loss, to transmute the pain and bitterness into power, and to grow ever gentler, finer, sweeter under the touch of discipline, and to be grateful for a faith which enables us to feel sure Thou doest all things well. Amen.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

I used to reach home about the time our little girl of four was going to bed. Often I would spend a half hour at her bedside telling her stories. At the conclusion of the story-telling I would hear her prayer and leave her for the night. On one of these occasions she asked many questions about God. As she was a timid child, I tried particularly to emphasize the thought of God's presence with her. As I was ready to leave, she asked, "Will you please light the gas before you go?" "Oh no," said I, "you don't need the gas, for God is with you all the time." "Even in the dark?" she asked. "Yes," I said, "all the time, even in the dark." Then she drew a long sigh and replied, "Well, I'd rather have gas than God." Dear child, how like the rest of the world she was. The light was near and she could understand it, while in spite of all my efforts God was far away. Many a man would rather have gold than God. He understands one, he doesn't understand the other. The lesson of trust comes later. There comes a time in each life when gold will not buy comfort, nor gas light the way. Then God speaks.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Heavenly Father, in the confusion of this day I lost Thy presence. Now my reason hesitates while hope cries out above the blinding lessons of experience. O Father, in Thy white light of Eternity there lurks no shadow. Let Thy love rekindle the glow of sympathy in my heart. Let Thy wisdom light my candle of faith, then I will walk even in the Shadow of Death and fear no evil, for I shall know that Thou art with me. Amen.

J. VAN NEICE BANDY.

*Night's curtain falleth, cold and dark and drear;
Heavy my heart, and sore beset with fear.
When, lo, a message flashes o'er the deep —
"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."*

*Why should I fear, when Thou art ever nigh,
Thine ear alert whene'er Thy children cry?
Shall I not trust? Thy promises are sure;
If Thou in safety keep, I am secure.*

*O Love that rulest over land and sea,
I would be always close attuned to Thee!
O Shepherd who dost ever vigil keep,
I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep!*
MYRA B. LORD.

Father, we thank Thee for the leading by things withheld. We thank Thee that Thou hast not yielded to our impatient pleadings, but hast kept within Thine own hands some things on which we had set our heart. But we thank Thee, too, that Thy withholding is not Thy denying; that with the sweet guile of love Thou dost but lure us on to the better gifts and the larger havings that our eyes, hot with the dusts of earth, and blinded by the glare of the world, have failed to see. May we lie down to our rest this night in the glad consciousness that whatever life has missed this day of things desired, it has not missed Thee, who art better than all things. Amen.

JOSEPH KENNARD WILSON.

*The Isles of Quiet lie beyond the years.
Hoar prophets say it; yet, for all the tears,
I doubt the saying of the seers.*

*I think that whoso seeks them here shall find;
That all with open, patient heart and mind
Shall drink of peace from sun and wind;*

*Shall make their own the hymn of rest begun
When shadows say the summer day is done,
And sky and field are growing one.*

*Idler the fancy, closer it may cling;
Yet I believe the wide air's murmuring,
The sweet far song the thrushes sing.*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Dear Father, from the absorbing occupations of the busy day, we return to Thee. Our feet are weary and our hands are tired, but we are grateful for the help and guidance that have never failed. Now, after toil, we look to Thee for rest. After perplexity and distractions, we look to Thee for peace. In the falling of the twilight, in the hush of the evening, while the darkness closes round us, we wish to realize Thine enveloping Spirit and to feel the consciousness of Thy compassionate and protecting love. Remove from our hearts, we pray, all foolish anxiety. Let us be contented with our many blessings, and do good with what we have. Let this night bring sweet sleep and calm repose. May we gather strength for new endeavors, and courage for nobler aims. In perfect trust, we would leave all to Thee. Amen.

JOHN CLARENCE LEE.

*I fear no more the coming years,
What they may bring.
Days will be sunless, night bereft of stars;
Mayhap the brightest blossoms of the spring
Shall first be bound with winter's icy bars;
But still beyond the cloud is always light.
The stars are in the sky all night,
And deepest snows are those which hide the bright
Green heart of spring.*

*And if the rugged road of life
Doth wind around
The mountain side where heavy clouds hang low,
And, as I climb, the pilgrim staff be changed
Into a cross, still onward would I go!
The peaks of only highest mountains rise
Above the clouds to bluest skies,
And round the heaviest cross is hung the prize,
The brightest crown.*

AMY SEVILLE WOLFF.

Our Father who art in Heaven, we know that Thou dost wish us to bear the fruit of Christian discipleship. There are so many around us who need, as we oftentimes do, encouragement in ambition and cheer in toil, comfort in sorrow, and faith in doubt, and strength in the time of temptation. Help us, our Father, to give something of good each day for the supplying of these human needs. We know Thy love is round about all Thy children. May we feel this night, as we close our eyes in sleep, that Thou art with us, loving us with an infinite love, and guarding us with tenderest care. Amen.

CHARLES H. PUFFER.

*Turn all to love, poor soul;
Be love thy watch and ward;
Be love thy starting-point, thy goal,
And thy reward.*

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitessimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Dear Father, in this sacred evening hour, we rejoice in the thought that we give ourselves to Thee for the hours of the night. By day we are conscious of our life, at night Thou alone art conscious of our existence. As we look back upon the vanished day that now is ended, we ask ourselves, "Have we lived a life of love today? Have we ministered to those who are dear to us?" We know that love is the greatest gift Thou hast given us. In those hours when the mystery of life and the universe overwhelm us, when the tragedies of life perplex our minds and pain our hearts, we know that Love—in us for others, and from others to ourselves—is the supreme witness that Thou lovest us. Help us to love more! Nothing is small to love! Father, may the benediction of loving thoughts, loving words, loving deeds of the day that is gone rest upon our souls tonight! Awakened to a new day may we know that our greatest privilege and our greatest joy is to serve. Amen.

HENRY BLANCHARD.

Fear not your doubt.

Receive it frankly as a friend.

Swing wide the door, let it go in or out;

Make no attempt to force or fend.

Fear not for truth,

Or that your doubt will shake the sure.

Truth triumphs in eternal youth.

The form may change, the fact must still endure.

In truth have faith.

Its gold no acid-doubting can corrode.

Reality can fear no wraith.

Conviction falls not with the crumbling code.

Then let doubt come and let doubt go;

Fear not the outcome, — truth must show.

CHARLES W. CASSON.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for the knowledge that Thy truths are like the everlasting mountains, and that our doubts are like the mists that hide them. We pray Thee for Thy compassion and Thy truth in the hour of doubt, lest we lose the vast and valuable reality for the sake of the transient darkness. By Thy grace, make our very doubts Thy ministers to bring us back to Thee. Through our loneliness and fears, make us to appreciate the joy of Thy presence and Thy peace. Through the desert poverty of our doubt, teach us to love the holier flowers in the garden of the Lord. Forbid, we earnestly beseech Thee, that we bring ourselves under the power of doubt through the blindness of our sins. Help us to walk like our Lord Jesus continually in Thy gracious presence that we may know Thee by Thy living voice and by Thy loving touch. Amen.

HERBERT S. JOHNSON.

*I walk in the stillness of the night,
And my soul uttereth her gladness.
O Night, still, odorous Night, I love thee!
O wide, spacious Night, I love thee!
O steadfast, glorious Night!
I touch thee with my hands;
I lean against thy strength;
I am comforted.*

*O fathomless, soothing Night!
Thou art a balm to my restless spirit,
I nestle gratefully in thy bosom,
Dark, gracious mother!
Like a dove, I rest in thy bosom.*

HELEN KELLER.

O Thou! unseen by me, that like a child
Tries in the night to find its mother's heart,
And weeping wanders only more apart,
Not knowing in the darkness that she smiled —

Thou, all unseen, dost hear my tired cry,
As I, in darkness of a half belief,
Grove for Thy heart, in love and doubt and grief:
O Lord! speak soon to me — “Lo, here am I.”

MARGARET DELAND.

*I have a song within my heart
That I shall never sing.
I know 'tis there, for I can feel
Its joyous fluttering.
Just how it goes I do not know;
And what it is about,
Though I have tried and tried again,
I cannot quite make out.
But this I know: when days are dark,
And sullen is the air,
It does not vex my soul at all,
Because that song is there.*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Almighty God, we thank Thee for the benediction of the night, and for Thy gracious gift of sleep. Even as the darkness steals across the troubled earth to quiet its tumult and confusion, so we pray Thee that Thy soothing spirit may steal across our restless hearts and bring us peace. In the deep silence, O God, may we hear within our souls Thy voice, teaching us of truth and righteousness and love, warning us of error and sin, singing to us the song of cheer and hope. In the hours of light and gladness, we know that Thou art with us, and are unafraid. Bid us also, our Father, to fear nothing in the hours of darkness and temptation. The night comes, and we see the glistening of the watching stars and hear the music of their wheeling spheres. So, dear Father, when the night of sorrow is upon us, may we behold the glory of Thy near presence, and hear the mighty music of Thy brooding Spirit. Amen.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE EVERLASTING ARM

"And underneath are the everlasting arms."

DEUT. XXXIII: 27.

Our Father who *art*,—in heaven and on earth!
without whom is death in life, and with whom is
life even in death:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
I need not pray: "my soul to keep,"
Because I know that I am safe from harm,
Since underneath is still Thy Everlasting Arm.

CHARLES FLEISCHER.

*The stars gleamed soft on Juda's plain,
The night winds whispered low,
While angels carolled their sweet refrain
And radiance streamed below.
Heaven's glad hosts sang,
Heaven's arches rang
With joy on that wondrous morn;
Bright seraphs sped
To the manger-bed
Where the Lord of all was born.*

*Over earth's shadows are ringing yet
The notes of celestial song,
The voices of angels and men are met
And praises high prolong;
Oh love untold,
Hope manifold,
Joy of each Christmas morn!
With succor strong,
In hearts that long
Shall the Lord of all be born.*

MARY DANFORTH DODGE.

O Father, we see that our lives are the world into which the Christ needs — and is destined — to be born. It is not there, in far Judea, but here in our hearts, we should listen for the Advent song. Our selfishness, our barrenness, our fearfulness, our peevishness, all call for a Savior. Would that this night of nights might be the very one of his coming! And why not? No miracle is requisite, but only surrender of our wills and deep self-immersion in the spirit of universal love. Thus being renewed in trust, loyalty, good cheer, and purity, let us welcome the divine stranger as an abiding guest. Amen.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

*There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.*

*In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is king.*
J. G. HOLLAND.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that the evening of that first Christmas day was not less blessed than the morning; that, though the star had gone, the Light, in whose brightness it was lost, remained; that, though the angel choir had vanished into heaven, the song, and the Inspiration of the song, were left on earth; that, though the heavenly messenger had ceased to speak, the King was here to fulfil the "good tidings," and to claim His own. And we thank Thee that He still is here. Oh help us to receive Him as our Light of lights, our King of kings; and give us grace to sing again that song of songs — the "Glory in the highest," and the "Peace, Good Will." So hallow to us the evening of our Christmas day. Amen.

CHARLES R. TENNEY.

*Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.*

*Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

O Thou great Providence, we would give thanks to Thee at this time for the message of the bells. They tell us as never before that the Christ is in the life of the world, that earth is coming nearer Heaven. In all their ringing proclaiming "the larger heart, the kindlier hand" may we hear Thee. We are Thy children, growing better because Thou art with us more, and we are more with Thee. Deeper into our consciousness sinks the fact that souls obeying their natural tendencies towards higher things and drawing on the Eternal for added power will gain a truer vision of the life eternal in the life that is. Tonight may the bells that once were those of prophecy, telling of the "Christ to be," be bells of realization, telling the greater story of "the Christ that is." Amen.

LEE S. MCCOLLESTER.

*Fearest the shadow? Keep thy trust;
Still the star-worlds roll.
Fearest death? sayest, "Dust to dust?"
No; say, "Soul to soul."*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

*I believe in God and the power of truth,
In the wisdom of age and the strength of Youth.
I believe in the pure heart of each little child,
In the atom of worth in a wretch defiled.
I believe in man and womanhood;
In work as humanity's greatest good,
I believe in the fight till victory's won,
And a smile for Death when Life is done.*

CECILIA HOERR DE PACKH.

O Thou, who causest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice, we thank Thee for this day. In the weariness of the evening, however great the trial or the burden may have been, help us to find light and joy and peace through trust in Thee. May love be translated into obedience and service. May our daily work be not a burden but a delight. May the joy of the Lord be our strength. Thou who turnest even the shadow of death into the morning and lightenest the face of the earth, do Thou quicken our hearts and illumine our way, so that we may not walk in darkness but may have ever the light of life. Amen.

WILBUR P. THIRKIELD.

*All day I seek the mean reward
That falls to earthly strife;
All day the thought of Thee, O Lord,
Is crowded out of deed and word,
Is crowded out of life.*

*But when I shake my spirit free
From earthly chains at night,
The vaulted dusk is filled with Thee,
And every star becomes to me,
A holy altar-light!*

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

O God! I cannot ask Thee to forgive;
I have done wrong.
Thy law is just; Thy law must live:
Whoso doth wrong must suffer pain.
But help me to do right again,
Again be strong.
Amen.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

In a sad hour I have seen, through the window, mounted on a rail back of my house, one of those curious-eyed little sparrows. And he was a better preacher to me than I am to you. It was winter, and there was not guaranteed to it one day's food, nor any protection, from any source in this world. It was wholly dependent upon its God. And yet it sang,—sang for its own hearing, and sang for my rebuke, saying to me, "Are ye not much more than I? And God thinks of me, and takes care of me." How much there is in the voice of nature if we only knew how to interpret it!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Almighty God, who maketh the morning and the evening to rejoice, beget in us, Thy children, the joy of Thy presence. All nature responds to Thy supporting care. The flower blooms, the bird sings, by thine own life-compelling energy. We also would be responsive to Thy guidance. And after the labor of the day is done and the quiet of eventide gives rest to all Thy creatures, grant that we may share the quieting refreshing stillness of the Everlasting Arms. Grant us Thy peace this night. Banish all turmoil of spirit. Stay our minds on Thee, and let us sleep in the consciousness that all is well because Thou art lifting upon us the light of Thy face. Amen.

ROBERT MACDONALD.

*Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, " A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid ! "*

*.
So, take and use thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the
aim !
My times be in thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same !*

ROBERT BROWNING.

O Father, we thank Thee that with the lengthening shadows Thy hand is still guiding us through peace to light. We have not always understood the meaning of our life, but Thou hast ever been our hope, and Thou in Thine infinite wisdom hast made us for Thyself. Our way is growing brighter with the passing years; already the setting sun has lavished gold and purple upon whatever clouds have gathered, and we are looking forward with expectation to that which is best of all — Thy presence in which is fullness of joy. With Thee, night shall be no more. Amen.

CLIFTON D. GRAY.

How the stroke of twelve at night makes one stop and think! It is a little more impressive than any other hour of the day or night. Yet more impressive is the passing of a year. It is the last day of the Old Year. The clock ticks loud as if by the swinging of the pendulum of fate. One waits as for a signal to launch his boat upon an unknown sea — a New Year. He knows not what storm or tide may catch his craft nor whither it may be driven. Yet he may not wait, the hour strikes, he must embark. Ah, then he needs a God, bigger than the storms and winds and rocks, a God that lives and stays and speaks.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

O God, who lurketh in the star
And 'neath all living things that are,
Grant us Thy nearness. Let Thy might
Spell itself through the silent night.
In midnight skies, or restless sea,
Teach us to find some touch of Thee.
Teach us the strength of the swaying pine,
The courage to sink our lives in Thine;
And in duties that irk and worries that thrall
To find Thee waiting behind them all.
God grant that in lowliest things we may see
Their link to a reasoned Eternity.
Now the New Year comes and the Old takes flight;
Dear God of our years, be close tonight!

MARY BALDWIN.



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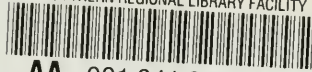
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